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POETICAL WORKS

OF

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER

EDITED BY ROBERT BELL

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POEMS

OF

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

TROYLUS AND CRYSEYDE.

[THAT this was one of Chaucer's early poems appears to be established by several circumstances; although neither the age at which it was written, nor the place to which it should be assigned in the chronology of his works, can be determined. There is no doubt that it was antecedent to *The Canterbury Tales*, which, at whatever period they may have been commenced, occupied the close of Chaucer's life. It certainly preceded *The Legende of Gode Women*, which is represented in the Prologue as having been designed to make amends for the unfavourable picture of the frailties of the sex drawn in the character of Cryseyde. Chaucer himself seems to indicate that it was one of the earliest of his productions, by mentioning it first in the list of those pieces which he tells us he had revoked in his 'retracciouns,' alluded to in the address to the reader at the end of *The Persones Tale*, vol. iv. p. 106; and Lydgate, enumerating Chaucer's works, expressly refers *Troilus and Cryseyde* to his youth. If the conjectures suggested by the internal evidence were of any weight against this testimony, we might be justified in assuming that the poem could hardly have been the production of a very young writer. The tone of the lines inscribed to the 'moral Gower,' and the 'philosophical Strode,' is that of an author who had already acquired the right to pronounce judgments and confer reputations; and the poem itself displays a knowledge of human nature, an amount of learning, and a command of

language ordinarily acquired by the slow accumulations of experience; while the closing address, in which the poet endeavours to elevate the thoughts of the reader from human to divine love, is distinguished by the religious sobriety of matured age. It may be remarked that in *The Court of Love*, presumed to be the earliest of Chaucer's poems, the French school is followed; and that *Troylus and Cryseyde*, possibly written not very long afterwards, is founded, as will be presently shown, upon an Italian original.

The story is extremely simple. Calchas, a Trojan, and priest of Apollo, foreseeing the impending destruction of Troy, deserts to the Greeks, leaving his only daughter, Cryseyde, behind. Troylus, King Priam's youngest son, sees her soon afterwards for the first time at the temple of Pallas, and conceives a violent passion for her, which he confides to her uncle, Pandarus, a young man of nearly his own age. Pandarus undertakes to assist him in his suit, and pleads zealously with Cryseyde on his behalf, contriving at the same time that she shall be at her window as Troylus, returning from a victory over the Greeks, is borne home in triumph by a rout of his countrymen. This spectacle touches her much more nearly than the eloquence of Pandarus, and from that hour the heart of Cryseyde is won. By the ingenious devices of Pandarus they are enabled to meet, and their happiness is at its height when, by an exchange of prisoners, Cryseyde is about to be restored to the arms of her father. The lovers are inconsolable. Several modes of avoiding their cruel fate are suggested, and rejected in turn; and at length it is arranged that Cryseyde shall proceed to the Grecian camp, pledging herself to find some means of effecting her escape, and returning to Troy within ten days. Diomedes, who is appointed to escort her, imagines he has detected an attachment between her and Troylus, and, for pastime on the journey, resolves to supplant him. She scarcely listens to his civil speeches, but in acknowledgment of his courtesy gives him leave to visit her. Day after day passes over, and at last the tenth day arrives, when she is

determined to keep her promise at all hazards. But on that day Diomede visits her. He makes good use of his opportunity by depreciating the Trojans and exalting the Greeks, terminating the interview with a declaration of love. She defers her flight for that day, and permits him to visit her again. The peril of the city, and her own unprotected state, become magnified in her imagination from hour to hour; and she begins to think that it would be madness to return to Troy for the present. Chaucer, with excellent taste, draws a veil over her incontinence, and hastens to the *dénouement*, which we now see to be inevitable. The fatal truth becomes known to Troilus by the discovery of a brooch he had given to her on a 'maner cote armure,' taken from Diomede in a skirmish; and, unable to survive her infidelity, he seeks, and finds, his death on the field of battle.

The reader will observe that the incidents of this story are few and simple; yet the poem in which they are developed is nearly as long as the *Æneid*. It is almost entirely composed of dialogues and descriptions intended to unfold the nature of the universal passion in all its phases, and has not unaptly been described as Ovid's *Ars Amandi* put into action,¹ and treated with new grace, delicacy, and pathos. In Troilus is represented the *beau idéal* of pure and manly love. In Pandarus we have the passion despoiled of every

¹ It would be easy to quote aphorisms from the *Ars Amandi*, of which every sentiment and situation described in this poem might be taken as an illustration. For instance, Cryseyde's unfaithfulness, caused by the absence of her lover, is an illustration in action of the principle—

'Sed mora tuta brevis: lentescunt tempore curæ,
Vanescitque absens, et novus intrat amor.'

The description of Cryseyde's haughty air is contained in the following:—

'Est et in incessu pars non temnenda decoris,
Allicit ignotos ille, fugatque viros.
Hæc movet arte latus, tunicisque fluentibus auras
Excipit; extensos fertque superba pedes.'—iii. 298.

Pandarus's warning to Cryseyde not to wait till crow's feet grow under her eyes:—

'Et tibi jam cani venient, formose, capilli,
Jam venient rugæ, quæ tibi corpus arent.'—ii. 116.

sentiment which gives it elevation and refinement: for he, too, is a lover, base, egotistical, and selfish. Cryseyde, on the other hand, personifies woman's love, not so much in its strength and courage as in its weakness and tenderness; diffident and plastic, slowly won, always requiring to be assured and sustained, and, when its first object is removed, turning by the law of its nature to another. According to this interpretation of the passion, Cryseyde, in accepting the vows of Diomede, is made to obey, rather than sin against, the instincts of her sex. The same thought is observable in the bitter sarcasm contained in the following passage from *The Court of Love* :—

' There may no man,' quoth he, ' the statute know,
That longe to women, high degre ne low.'

In secret wise they kepten þen ful close,
They sound echone to liberty, my frend ;
Pleasaunt they be, and to their own purpose ;
There wot no wight of them, but God and fiend,
Ne naught shal wite, unto the worldes ende.

* * * * *
For men shall not so nere of counsel been
With womanhede, ne knowen of her guise,
Ne what they think, ne of their wit thengine ;
I me report to Salomon the wise,
And mighty Sampson, which beguiled thrice
With Dalida was ; he wot that, in a throwe,
There may no man statute of women knowe.

For it, peraventure, may right so befall
That they be bound by nature to deceive,
And spinne and wepe, and sugar strewe on galle,
The herte of man to ravish and to reive,
And whet their tongue as sharp as sward or gleve ;
It may betide this is their ordinaunce,
So must they lowly doon their observance.

That this was understood to be the tendency of the poem by Chaucer's contemporaries is shown in the fact that he wrote *The Legende of Gode Women* to remove the odium which

Cryseyde's declaration that no husband shall say to her check-mate :—

' Hoc decet uxores : dos est uxoria lites ;
Audiant optatos semper amica sonos.'—ii. 155.

It will be remembered that Ovid's *Ars Amandi* was a favourite book of Petrarch's and Boccaccio's.

The Troylus and Cryseyde drew down upon him from certain ladies of the court.¹

The source of the story is involved in obscurity. Chaucer refers incidentally to Homer, Dares Phrygius, Dictys Cretensis, and Lollius. Except as general authorities on the subject of the Trojan war, he could have derived little assistance from the first three. The story of the loves of Troylus and Cryseyde is not to be found in any of them. The names, but in a different connexion, appear in the *Iliad*; which, however, there can be hardly any doubt was a sealed book to Chaucer. Here we have Chryses, the priest of Apollo, entreating that his daughter, Chryseis (in the accus. case, Chryseida), whom Agamemnon had obtained as his share of the booty of a Trojan village, should be given up to him; and she is accordingly restored by the advice of Calchas. This single incident is all that relates to Chryseis. Agamemnon is afterwards described taking by force from Achilles his mistress, Briseis, who is represented parting from her lover with poignant regret. These actions, distinct in the *Iliad*, and followed, with alteration or addition, by Dares Phrygius and Dictys Cretensis, may possibly have furnished the suggestion of the story of Troylus and Cryseyde, in which the leading points of both are combined. However that may be, the story as it has come down to us, certainly existed before Chaucer's time, and in a shape which seems to have been known to him. The earliest source to which it can be traced is a prose chronicle, or history, of the thirteenth century, by Guido de Colonna;² but as it can scarcely be imagined that the compiler of a work professing to relate actual occurrences would have

¹ See Prologue of *Legende of Gode Women*. Sir Francis Kynaston, who translated this poem into Latin rhyme, observes, 'He (Chaucer) hath made an admirable Epick Poem, describing in Troilus a compleat Knight in Arms and Courtship, and a faithful constant Lover; and in Creseide a most beautiful and coy Lady, who, being once overcome, yields to the frailty of her sex.'

² Guido de Colonna, or de Colempnis, was a native of Messina, and lived about the end of the thirteenth century. His book is a continuous History of the Argonautic expedition, the Siege of Thebes, and the Trojan war, in Latin prose.

taken two separate narratives from the *Iliad*, and blended them into one, we must conclude that Guido drew his narrative from some metrical romance extant in his time.¹ That Chaucer was acquainted with Guido, either through his works or his reputation, may be inferred from the fact that he speaks of him in terms of panegyric in the *House of Fame*.

But the writer to whom Chaucer more particularly refers as 'myn auctour,' and whose 'sentence' or meaning he professes to follow implicitly, is Lollius,² a person of whom nothing whatever is known, and whose very existence has been doubted. Lollius is, indeed, mentioned in the *House of Fame*, where a place is assigned to him on the same pillar with Homer. Lydgate also states that Chaucer translated this poem from a book written by Lollius, called *Trophe*, a name denoting Troylus's change of fortune. Tyrwhitt attempts to solve the difficulty by supposing that Lollius meant Boccaccio, and *Trophe* the *Filostrato*; but he does not venture to explain why Chaucer resorted to so senseless a masquerade.

Whatever theory, however, may be adopted with respect to Lollius, it can be satisfactorily demonstrated that Chaucer's poem is really a free version of the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio.

The leading incidents of the two poems are the same. The identity of plot might be explained on the supposition that both poets derived the story from a common source; but there are minute coincidences of expression which cannot be accounted for on this hypothesis. Several of these are pointed out in the foot notes, and many more might be added. The following are examples.

¹ This view of the origin of the story is, in a great degree, confirmed by the fact that there is a MS. in the Royal Library at Paris, entitled *Le Roman de Troilus et de Briseida ou Criseida*. The confusion in the names shows that the author had the passages from the *Iliad* above referred to in his mind.

² Petrus Lambecius enumerates Lollius Urbicus among the *Historici Latini profani* of the third century. *Prodrom.* p. 246, Hamb. 1657. See also *Voss. Hist. Lat.* ii. 2, p. 163, edit. Lugdun. Bat. Du Fresnoy, in the *Index Auctorum* used by him for his Latin Glossary, mentions Lollius Urbicus as of the third century.

When Hector is comforting Cryseyde, he says :—

— Lete your fater tresoun gone
To sory hap, &c.

This is an odd expression to put into Hector's mouth; but it is almost a literal translation from the *Filostrato* :—

— Lascia, con la ria ventura
Tuo padre andar.

There is a similarity, and a difference, in the descriptions of Cryseyde by the two poets, which, taken together, conduce to the conclusion that Chaucer had the *Filostrato* before him. Boccaccio describes her manner as—

— Alquanto idegnosetto
Quasi dicesse, non ci si puo stare?

The passage is thus paraphrased and amplified by Chaucer :—

— her chere
Which sumdel deynous was ; for she lete falle
Her loke a lytil on syde on such manere
Askauns, What ! may I not stondyn here?

And in this description, it will be observed, Chaucer omits the incident of her removing her *mantilla* from her face, as a trait not likely to be understood by the English reader :—

E con braccio il mantil tolto davanti
S'avea dal viso, largo a se facendo.

The circumstance that in Chaucer's poem the Greek names assume an Italian form, as Monesteeo from Menestheus, Elicone from Helicon, Pernaso from Parnassus, shows clearly that he took the story from an Italian, and not a Latin or French original ; and as the *Filostrato* is the only Italian poem on the subject which is known to exist, the evidence on this point seems to be conclusive.

Chaucer's poem differs, however, from the *Filostrato* in so many and such important particulars, that it becomes in a great measure an original work. Those parts of the story upon which Boccaccio dwells at length, are passed over lightly by Chaucer, who, on the contrary, elaborates with great care those parts to which a less prominent place is

assigned in the *Filostrato*. In both the action is a secondary object; but Chaucer keeps it still more in the background than Boccaccio, and exerts all his strength in painting the passions and emotions. The earlier portion of the poem is expanded by dialogues, soliloquies, and reflections, which bring the reader intimately acquainted with the several characters, and the progress of their feelings; while the latter portion, which contains the pith of the action, is dismissed with brevity. The conduct of the *Filostrato* is the very reverse of this. Troilo wins the lady without the least trouble, and the history of his success is short; while unimportant circumstances are tediously dwelt upon long after the final catastrophe becomes known to the reader, so that the interest of the story, which is skilfully sustained throughout by Chaucer, is prematurely dissipated in the *Filostrato*.

Chaucer's conception of the several characters is also very different from that of Boccaccio. In the *Filostrato* Troilo is a young man of the ordinary worldly stamp, destitute of refined feeling, self-indulgent, and practised in the arts of intrigue; while Chaucer's Troylus loves with all the ardour and freshness of youth, his imagination investing the object of his passion with perfection, and his tenderness making him sacrifice everything to her wishes.

The character of Cryseyde still more strongly marks the contrast between the treatment of the two poets. Boccaccio's Griseida is a comparatively common-place person. She reasons upon her own merits and position in a spirit of careful calculation. She is a widow, rich, young, beautiful, and gay; why should she reject the offers of a young man of distinction? Other ladies amuse themselves with intrigues; why should she lead the life of a nun? The only obstacle is fear for her reputation; and when reassured upon this point, she hesitates no farther. She herself makes the assignation to meet her lover; and when he arrives, throws herself into his arms. That a lady of this disposition, when irretrievably separated from her first lover, should accept the addresses of a second, is a result we should naturally expect;

and therefore the sequel neither touches our sympathies, nor excites our regret.

Chaucer's Cryseyde is cast in a different mould. She possesses every quality which entitles a woman, not only to love, but to respect. Her delicacy is conspicuous; she is won with difficulty after a long courtship, carried on with consummate address under the direction of Pandarus; and is finally overcome by surprise. The moral beauty of her nature imparts a profound interest to her conduct, and we follow her through the gradual course of her infidelity with sorrow and compassion.

But it is in Pandarus that Chaucer chiefly displays his superiority. The Troilo and Pandaro of Boccaccio are almost convertible portraits. Pandaro knows a little more of the world, and is somewhat more shrewd and less scrupulous; but there is nothing in his character which marks him as being peculiarly fitted for the odious part he plays. He helps his friend in an intrigue without suffering in his own estimation, or in that of his author, who apparently had no intention of making the pander a whit worse than the profligate lover. The Pandarus of Chaucer, on the other hand, is specially adapted for the circumstances in which he is placed, and he is drawn with singular power and discrimination. He is one of those men, always to be found in courts, whose shrewdness, wit, and good nature render them agreeable companions; and whose want of principle points them out as useful instruments in any business of doubtful morality, for which a man of rank might require their services. His continual application of low and depreciating proverbs to matters of serious import, his jokes, his loquacity, his willingness to turn himself into ridicule for the amusement of others, are all traits which indicate his contempt for the world, his want of self-respect, and his disbelief in the existence of honour and virtue. But Chaucer does not commit the mistake of representing one who is admitted to the confidence of Troilus, and the society of a court, as utterly destitute of the feelings of a gentleman. Pandarus is ready to

risk his life for his friend, and has the grace to seek in sophistical motives of kindness to the despairing lover, a plea for the baseness with which he acts towards Cryseyde.

Finally, the conclusion which forces itself upon the mind on the perusal of the two poems is, that while Boccaccio excels in elegance of diction and ornament, Chaucer is immeasurably superior in depth of feeling and delineation of the passions. His characters are painted with more vigour and individuality, and he everywhere displays a closer knowledge of life.

It has been conjectured that Shakspeare was indebted to this poem for the suggestion of his *Troilus and Cressida*; but a comparison of the details will show that he must have drawn his principal incidents from some other source, perhaps a translation or version of Guido de Colonna. Neither this poem nor the *Filostrato* furnishes the materials which chiefly occupy his scenes. The action of the play is mainly founded on the siege of Troy, the quarrels of Achilles and Agamemnon, and the death of Hector; the love story being all throughout of inferior importance. The class of feelings, also, sought to be awakened are of a totally different kind from those to which Chaucer and Boccaccio appeal. There is no elevation in the attachment of Troilus and Cressida; and we are not only unmoved by their relations to each other, but can hardly avoid regarding them with aversion. Troilus might sit for the portrait of a licentious young nobleman of the court of Elizabeth or James I., and Cressida at the very opening betrays the coarseness which belongs to a woman familiar with the worst profligacies to which her sex can descend. Her first conversation with her uncle unveils a character which no subsequent vices can sink much lower in our estimation. In the Pandarus alone we recognize any resemblance to the subtle portraiture of Chaucer; here we have the same cunning and love of buffoonery, but with these attributes the parallel ends. Shakspeare's object seems to have been to produce a picture of the life of 'the brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,' as the epilogue expresses it, and the analogy between the poem

and the play scarcely extends beyond the names of the *dramatis personæ*. The characters have nothing in common.

Next to *The Canterbury Tales* this appears to have been the most popular of Chaucer's productions in his own age, and down to the seventeenth century. Manuscript copies of it abound in public libraries, and the text, in the early editions, appears to be somewhat purer than that of his other poems. In these editions, all of which belong to the latter end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, the orthography is, as usual, accommodated to that of the period, which, as has been observed in the introduction to *The Court of Love*, represents neither the ancient nor the modern forms. It was, therefore, indispensable to recur to the MSS., as the only means of obtaining a correct and authentic text. For that purpose three MSS. in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum, numbered respectively 1239, 2280, and 3943, have been selected in the preparation of the present edition. Of these the third, written on vellum in a bold, neat character, is apparently the oldest, and may be referred to a date soon after the year 1410. Unfortunately it is imperfect. The first few leaves, and the whole of the latter part of the poem, appear to have been destroyed, and the deficiency supplied by a later copyist.¹ Nearly contemporaneous with this MS. is that numbered 1239. It is an oblong folio, written from the beginning in a small, clear character, which ceases at an earlier place than the change occurs in MS. 3943, leaving the remainder comparatively useless as an authority. The present text is founded on a collation of these two MSS. as far as the early hands run together, and on MS. 3943 as far as the early hand is carried. This latter MS. is somewhat peculiar in its orthography. The letters *y* and *i* are used in almost all cases where *e* is commonly employed in mediæval writings. For instance, the infinitive mood, and the past participle always end in *yn*, instead of *en*, the usual form, and the genitive case sing. and plural

¹ See *post*, p. 187.

number of nouns, in *is* or *ys*, instead of *es*. This peculiarity, however, is not without some advantage, because it shows at once that the syllable is to be pronounced. The personal pronoun *I* is always written *y*; but as the use of this form would have presented a difficulty to the reader, and as it does not involve any principle of grammatical structure, or rule of formation, the usual form *I* has been adopted. Wherever the MS. has been departed from on any material point, the variation is indicated in the foot notes.

From the place where the early hand ceases in MS. 3943, the reading of that numbered 2280 has been adopted to the end. This is a very beautiful MS. on vellum, with illuminated initials, but of a somewhat later date than either of the other two. The orthography differs slightly from theirs, but its grammatical forms and its system of spelling are uniform throughout.

In the present edition, therefore, the reader of the *Troilus and Cryseyde* will find for the first time a text taken strictly from MSS. which may with some confidence be affirmed to date back to within twenty or thirty years of the poet's death.

The subject of the metre has been so fully discussed in the General Introduction, that it is needless to say much upon it here. It may be observed, however, that the measure of *Troilus and Cryseyde* bears a strong resemblance to the *ottava rima* in which the *Filostrato* is written; but why, having so closely followed it in other respects, Chaucer should have omitted the fifth line of the stanza, which is essential to the symmetry of its structure, it is difficult to conjecture. Perhaps he found that the stanza of eight lines, so admirably suited to the flowing copiousness of the Italian, was inconsistent with the genius of his more concentrated language. Its very symmetry may have struck his ear as monotonous. Certain it is that many stanzas might be selected from this poem which have never been excelled in melody and smoothness.]

INCIPIT LIBER PRIMUS.

THE double sorow of Troylus to tellen,
 That was kyng Pryamys sonne of Troye,
 In lovynge how his aventuris fellen
 From wo to wele, and aftirward oute of joye;
 My purpose is, or I parte you froye.¹
 Thesiphone,² thou holpe me for tendite
 These woful wordes, that wepyth as I write.

To the clepe I, thou goddesse of turmente!
 Thou cruel wighte, that sorrowist ever in payne,
 Helpe me, that am the sorye instrumente
 That helpith lovers, as I can, to pleyne:³
 For wel it sitt, the sothe for to seyne,
 Unto a woful wighte a drery fere,⁴
 And to a sory tale a sory chere.

For I that God of Lovys servants serve,
 Ne dare to love for myn unliklynesse,⁵
 Praye for spede, though I shulde sterve,
 So ferre I am frome his helpe in derknesse;
 But natheles, might I do yit gladnesse

¹ The printed editions read 'er that I part froy,' taking *froy* to be a contraction for *fro ye*.

² Tisiphone, one of the Eumenides or Furies. They personified, in the ancient pantheism, the avenging fate which punishes desperate crime in this world. Tisiphone is properly invoked to inspire a poem which relates the misfortunes of one of the guilty race, who, by aiding Paris, rendered themselves participators in the violation of the laws of hospitality and marriage. The opening of the poem, as far as the ninth stanza, is quite different from that of the *Filostrato*. Instead of invoking Tisiphone, Boccaccio invokes his lady.

³ The printed editions read 'That helpeth lovers as I can complaine.'

⁴ The Harl. MS. 3943 reads *chere*, evidently by mistake for '*fere*,' the reading of the printed edition. *Fere* means companion, helper, referring to Tisiphone, whom the poet has just invoked.

⁵ The poet, as in *The Assembly of Foules*, feigns himself insensible to love.—See vol. iv. p. 188, note 2.

To my lover, or my love availe,
Have he thanke, and myn be the travaile.¹

But ye lovers that bathen in gladnesse,
If any drope of pitee in you be,
Remembre you for olde passyd hevynesse,
For Goddis love, and on adversitee
That suffren other; thinke how somtyme that ye
Fownde how Love durst you displese,²
Or ellis ye wonne it with grete ease.

And preyth for them that been in the caas
Of Troylus, as ye may aftir here,
That Love them bryng in Hevyn to solaas.
And for me praieth that God so deere,
He yeve me myghte to shewe, in some manere,
Such peyn or woo, suche as Lovis folke endure,
In Troylus unseely aventure.

Praith for them that eke ben dispeired
In love, that nevir nille recoverid be:
And eke for them that falsely ben appaired
Thorugh wikkid tungen, be it he or she:
Or thus biddith³ God, for his benyngnyte,
To graunte them soone out of this worlde to pace,
That ben dispeired out of their lovis grace.

And biddith eke for them that ben at ese,
In love that God them graunte perseveraunce,
And send them myght their loves so to plesse,
That it be to them worshipp and plesaunce:
For so hope I my sowle best to avaunce,

¹ The context requires that this line should be 'Have *thou* thanke,' &c. In the *Filostrato* it is—

'Tuo sia l'onore, e mio si sia l'affanno,
Se i detti alcuna laude acquisteranno.'

² That is, 'How the God of Love has dared to be unpropitious to you.'

³ That is, 'Pray God.'—See vol. i. p. 209, note 2.

To pray for them that Lovis servaunts be,
 And write their woo, and lyve in charitee.¹
 And for to have of them compassion,
 As though I were their owne brother dere.
 Now listenyth every wight with goode entencion,
 For I will now go streight to my matere,
 In whiche ye shall the double sorowe here
 Of Troylus, in lovyng of Crisseide,
 And how that she forsoke hym or she deide.

It is well wist, how the Greekis stronge
 In armes with a thousand shippes² went
 To Troye wardes, and the cite longe
 Assegide, wel ten yer or they stynt;
 And in dyverse wise and in on intent,
 The ravysshynge to vengyn of Heleyn,
 By Paris done, they wroughten all hir peine.³

Now fil it so, that in the toun ther was
 Dwellyng a lorde of grete auctoritee,
 A gret dyvyne that clepid was Calcas,⁴
 That in science so experte was, that he
 Knew wel that Troye distroied shulde be,
 By aunswer of his god, that highte thus,
 Dan Phebus,⁵ or Apollo Delphicus.

¹ This is one of the many examples to be found in Chaucer of the use of theological terms applied to the heathen mythology.

² In the second book of the *Iliad*, which contains the celebrated catalogue of the Grecian ships, the number is not exactly determined. Chaucer probably obtained this number from the *Æneid*, book ii. 198.

³ Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.

⁴ The Harl. MS. reads, 'Full besyly they diden their peyn.' Speght's reading has been adopted as better with respect to both the sense and metre.

⁵ In the *Iliad*, Calchas is thus introduced:—

— τοῖσι δ' ἀνέστη
 Κάλχας Θεστορίδης, οἰωνοπόλων ὄχ' ἄριστος,
 ὃς ἤδη τα τ' εἶοντα, τα τ' ἐσσόμενα, πρὶ τ' εἶοντα,
 καὶ νῆεσσ' ἡγήσατ' Ἀχαιῶν Ἴλιον εἰσω
 ἦν διὰ μαντοσύνην, τὴν οἱ πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.

⁵ The Harl. MS., for *Dan Phebus* reads *Deiphebus*, evidently an error of the scribe.

So whan this Calcas knew by calkelyng,
And eke by answeere of this Apollo,
That Greekis sholde such a peple bryng,
Thurgh which that Troye muste be fordo,
He cast anone out of the toun to go:
For wel wist he byfor¹ that Troye sholde
Distroyed be, ye, wold who so or nolde.

Wherfor he to departe al softly,
He toke his ful purpos in this wyse,
And to the Greekis oost ful pryvily
He stale anon, and thei in courteys wyse
Dede him worship and servise,
Hopyng in hym kunning hem to rede
In every peril, which that was to drede.

Grete rumour gan, whan it was erst aspyed,
Thurgh al the toun, and generally was spokyn,
That Calcas traytour fled was and alyed
To her foos; and woldyn fayn be wrokyn
On hym that had his trouthe thus falsly brokyn,
And sworyn that he and all his kyn atoonys
Were worthy brent, bothe fell and bonys.²

Now had Calcas left, in this mischaunce,
Unknowyng of this fals and cursyd dede,
His doghtir, that lyvid in grete penaunce,
And for her lyf she was therfor in drede,
Ne in al this world she nyst not what to rede;
For bothe a widowe was she, and allone,
Of any frend to whom she durst mone.

Cryseyde was this lady name aright;
As to my dome, in al Troyes citee
So fayr was none, for over every wight
So angelik was her natyf beute,
That lyke thing immortal seemyd she,

¹ Speght reads *by sort*, meaning by destiny.

² That is, 'Deserved to be burnt, both skin and bones.'

As soth a perfit hevenly creature,
That doun was sent in scorne of Nature.¹

This lady, which that herd al day at ere
Her fadrys shame, his falsnes, and tresoun;
Wel ny out of her wyt for pure fere,
In widewys habyt large of samyte broun,²
Byfor Hector on knees she fel adoun,
With chere and voys ful pytous, and wepyng,
His mercy bad,³ her self excusyng.

Now was this Hector pitous of nature,
And saw how she was sorowful bygone,
And that she was so faire a creature,
Of his gladnesse he gladed her anone,
And seyde, 'Lete your father tresoun gone
To sory hap,⁴ and ye your self in joy
Dwellith whil yow good lyst in Troy.

And al the honour that men may do yow have,
As though your father dwellyd al here,
Ye shul have, and your body shul men save,
As ferforth as I may enquire and here:
And she him thonkyd oft in humble chere,
And ofter wold, if it had be his wille.
'She toke her leve, went home, and held her stille.

And in her hows she abode with such meyne
As to her honour nede was to holde,
And while that she dwellyd in that citee,
Thurgh out in al, with yong and eke with olde,
Ful wel bylovyd, and folk wel of her tolde:⁵

¹ That is, 'She was so perfect that she seemed to be something supernatural, made to put to shame the works of nature'

² *Samyte broun* is in the *Filostrato* merely *bruna veste*. *Samyte* was a rich silk, perhaps satin, and is derived, according to Du Cange, from *examinus*.

³ Bade, bid, or prayed him for his mercy.—See *ante*, p. 18, note 3.

⁴ This is a very close translation of the *Filostrato*:—

— 'lascia con la ria ventura
Tuo padre andar.'

⁵ Held her in high estimation.

But whethir she childryn had or none,
I rede not, therefor I lete hit gone.¹

The thingis fellen, as they done of werre,
Betwixen hem of Troy and Grekys oft;
For someday boghte they of Troy hit dere,
And oft foundin the Grekys al unsoft
The folk of Troy: and thus fortune aloft,
And under eft gan hem to whelmyn² bothe,
Aftir her cours, ay while they weryn wrothe.

But how this toun come to destruccioun,
Ne fallith not now to purpos me to telle;
For why? it were a long digressioun
Of my matere, and for yow longe to dwelle;
But the Troianys gestes, as they felle,
In Homer, or in Daris,³ or yn Dyte,⁴
Who so can may rede hem as they wryt.

¹ This point is differently stated in the *Filostrato*:—

‘Quivi si stette con quella famiglia
Ch'al suo onor convenia di tenere,
Mentre fu in Troia, onesta a meraviglia
In'abito ed in vita, nè calere
Le bisognava di figlio o di figlia,
Come a colei che mai nessuno avere
N'avea potuto, e da ciascuno amata
Che la connobbe fu, ed onorata.’

² For *whelmyn* the Harl. MS. reads *whilyn*. This may perhaps mean *wheelen*, an allusion to Fortune's wheel; but Speght's reading is adopted as being better on the whole.

³ Prefixed to the edition of Dares Phrygius, printed at Antwerp in 1608, is the following account, from the *Anthropologia* of Raphael Volaterranus, which is, however, apocryphal: ‘Dares Phrygius historicus scripsit bellum Trojanum Græcè, in quo ipse militavit, ut ait Isidorus, primus fere historicorum; qui tandem capto Ilío, cum Antenoris factione remansit, ut scribit Cornelius Nepos, qui opus ejus in sex libros e Græco convertit, dicavitque Crispo Sallustio.’ It is needless to say that Cornelius Nepos is entirely innocent of the Latin translation; the original Greek was extant in the time of Ælian.

⁴ Speght says, ‘Ditis Historicus did write a book of the Trojan war, found in a certain sepulchre.’ Dictys Cretensis is said to have written a history of the Trojan war, which he ordered to be placed in his tomb. Here it remained till an earthquake in the reign of Nero burst open the sepulchre, and discovered the history. This is, of course, a fable,

But though the Greekes hem of Troy in shetten,¹
 And her citee bysegedyn al aboute,
 The old usage nold they of Troy letten,
 As for to honour her god and to loute;
 But althermoost in honour, out of doute,
 They had a relik hight Palladion.²
 That was her trust abovyn everychon.

And so byfel, whan comyn was the tyme
 Of Averil, whan clothid is the mede
 With newe grene, of joly Veer the pryme,
 And swete smellyng flouris, whit and rede,
 In meny wyse shewyd, as I rede,
 The folk of Troy, aftir her observances olde,
 Palladions feste wentyn for to holde.

And to the temple, in all her best wyse,
 In general went every manner wight
 That thryfty was to heryn her servise,
 And that so meny a right lusty knyght,
 So meny a fressh lady, and maydyn bryght,
 Full wele byseyen the moost and eke the lest,
 Ye, both for the seson and eke for the fest.

Among the which was this Cryseyda,
 In wydowis abyte blake;³ but natheles,
 Right as our chef letter is now A,

and the history which now goes under the name of *Dictys Cretensis* is supposed by some to have been written so late as the fifteenth century, a supposition proved by this passage to be false; by others it is thought, with more appearance of probability, to belong to the age of the lower empire.

¹ This line is wanting in the Harl. MS.

² The Palladion was a statue of Pallas said to have fallen from heaven beside the tent of Ilus as he was building Ilium, where it was preserved with great care, as it was supposed that upon its preservation depended the safety of the city.—See VIRGIL, *Æneid*, ii. 166, ix. 151. Chaucer calls it a relic, another instance of the way in which he realizes the spirit of the old mythology, by identifying its ideas and language with those of the theology of his own times.

³ Sotto candido velo, in bruna veste. *Filostrato*, parte i.

In bewte erst so stood she makeles;
 Her goodly lokyng gladyd al the pres:
 Nas never seyn thing to be praysid derre,
 Ne undur black cloud so bright a sterre,¹

As she was, as they scyden echeone,
 That her beheld in her blacke wede;
 And yet she stode ful lowe and stil alone
 Byhynd other folk in litil brede,
 And ny the dore, ay under shamys drede,
 Symple of beryng, and deboner of chere,
 With a ful seure lokyng and a manere.

Daun Troyllus, as he was wont to gyde
 His yonge knightis, lad hem up and doun,
 In thilke large temple on every syde,
 Byholdyng ay the ladies of the toun;
 Now here now there, for no devocioun
 Had he to none, to revyn hym his rest,
 But gan to prayse and lacke² whom hym lest.

And in his walk ful fast he gan to wayte,
 If knyght or squyer of his company
 Gan for to sike, or lete his eyen bayte³
 On eny woman that he couth aspye;
 He wold smyle, and hold it a folye,
 And say hym thus:—‘A, Lord! she slepith soft
 For love of the, whan thow turnyst oft.

‘I have herd told, parde, of your lyvyng,
 Ye lovers, and your lewde observaunce,
 And such a labour folk have in wynnynge
 Of love, and in keping with doutaunce;
 And when your prey is lost, woe and penaunce;
 O, verrey folys! may ye no thyng se?
 Kan none of yow yware by other be?’

¹ This pretty image is not in the *Filostrato*.

² *Lacke* is here a verb active, and means to disparage by pointing out deficiencies.

³ *Bayte* is a verb signifying to feed; it is here used metaphorically.

And with that word he gan cast up his brow,
 Ascauns,¹ lo! is this not wysely spokyn?
 But trowe ye not that Love tho lokyd row
 For that despite, and shope to bene ywrokyn?
 Yes! 'doutless, Lovis bow was not ybroken;
 For, be myn heed, he hit hym at the fulle,
 And yet as proud a pocok he can pulle.²

O blynd world! O blynd intencion!
 How oft falle al the effectis contrair
 Of surquydrie and such presumpcion,
 For caught is proud, and also debonair!
 Daun Troylus is climbyn on the staire,
 And lytil wenith that he must decendyn;
 But alday falith that thes folys wendyn.

As proud Bayard gynnyth for to skippe
 Out of the wey, so prickith him his corn,
 Til he a lasshe havé of the longe whippe,
 Than thenketh he, 'How I praunce al beforne
 Ferst in the trays, ful fat and new yshorn,
 Yet am I but an hors, and horsis lawe
 I mote endure, and as my feris drawe.'³

So ferd it by that fers and proud knyght,
 Thogh he a worthy kyngis sone were;
 He wend no thing had had suche myght,
 Ayens his will, that shold his hert stere;
 Ye, with a loke his herte wore on fire,
 That he that now was moost yn pryde above,
 Wax sodenly moost servaunt unto love.

¹ *Ascauns* means, 'As much as to say'; it appears to be derived from the old French *as quand*.

² In the printed copies, and some of the MSS., the third line of this stanza is 'At which the god of love gan looken low'; and the fifth line, 'He kidde anone his bowe was not broken.' The reading of the Harl. MS. is retained as being more spirited.

³ The Harl. MS. 3943 reads, *was ful fere*, which seems unintelligible.

Forthy ensauple takith of this man,
Ye wyse, proud, and worthy folkys alle,
To scorne Love, which that so sone can
The fredom of your hertys to hym thralle;
For ever was, and ever shal byfalle,
That Love is he that al thynges can bynd;
For may no man undo the lawe of kynd.

That this be soth hath prevedid and doth yet;
For this trow I ye knowyn al and some,
Men redith not that folk han gretter wyt
Than thei that have with love be most ynome;
And strengest folk be therewith overcome,
The worthiest and grettest of degre;
This was and is, and yet men may it see.

And trewly hit syt wele to be so;
For altherwysest han therwith be plesyd,
And they that han be althermoost in wo,
With love have bene comforyd and esyd;
And oft it hath the crewel hert apesyd,
And worthy folk made worthier of name,
And causith moost to drede vys and shame.¹

Now seth it may not goodly be withstond,
And is a thing so vertuous and kynd,
Ne grucchith not to Love for to be bond,
Seth, as hym self lest, he may yow bynd;
Betir is the wand that bowyn wole and wynd
Than that that brestith; therfor I yow rede,
Now folowith hym that so wele may yow lede.

But for to tellen forth in especial,
As of this kyngis sone of whom I told,
And levyn al other thinges collateral,
Of him thenk I my tale forth to hold,
Bothe of his joy, and of his caris cold,

¹ This sentiment is elaborated in *The Court of Love* and *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*.—See vol. iv.

And al his workis, as touchyng this matere,
For I hit bygan, I wil therto refere.

Within the temple went he forth pleyng,
This Troylus, with every wight about,
On this lady, and now on that lokyng,
Whethir she were of toun, or without:
And upon cas byfel, that, thurgh that rout,
His eye perceyved, and so depe hit went,
Til on Cryseyd hit smot, and ther it stent,

And sodenly wax wondur sore astonyd,
And gan her better byhold in bysy wyse:●
'O verrey God!' thoght he, 'wher hast thou wonyd,
That art so fayr and goodly to devise?'
Ther with that his hert gan sprede and rise,
And soft he sykyd, lest men myght hym here,
And caught ayen his ferste pleyng chere.

She nas not with the leest of her stature,
But al her lymys so wele answeyng
Weryn to womanhode, *that creature*
Nas never lasse mannyssh in *semyng*.
And eke the pure wyse of her mevyng
She shewed wele, that men myght in her gesse
Honour, astate, and womanly noblesse.

Tho Troylus, right wondur wele withalle,
Gan for to lyke her mevyng and her chere,
Which sumdel deynous was, for she lete falle
Hor loke a lytil on syde, on such manere
Askauns, 'What! may I not stondyn here?'
And aftir that hir loking gan she light,
That never thoght hym seth so good a sight.¹

¹ The reader will perhaps like to compare this and the foregoing stanza, containing the description of Cryseyde, with the *Filostrato* :—

'Ell'era grande, ed alla sua grandezza
Rispondean bene i membri, tutti quanti;
Il viso aveva adorno di bellezza
Celestiale, e nelli suoi sembrandi

And of her loke in him there gan to qwykyn
 So grete desire, with so strong affeccion,
 That in his hertis botme hit gan to stykyn,
 Of her his fixe and depe impression :
 And thogh he arst had powrid up and down,
 He was so glad his hornys in to shrink,
 Unnethis wist he how to loke or wynk.

Lo! he that lete hym self so cunnyng,
 And scornyd hym that loves peynes dryen,
 Was ful unware that Love had his dwellyng
 Withyn the sotil stremys of her eyen ;
 That sodenly hym thoght he felte dyen,
 Right with her loke, the spirit of his hert ;
 Blessid be Love, that can thus folk convert.

She, this in blak, likyng to Troylus,
 Over al thing he stood to byholde ;
 Ne his desire, ne wherfor he stood thus,
 He neithir chere made, ne woorde tolde ;
 But from ferre, his manner for to holde,¹
 On other thing sometyme his loke he cast,
 And oft on her, whil that the servise last :

And after this, nat fully al a wapyd,
 Out of the temple al eslyly he went,
 Repentyng hym that he had ever yiaped

Ivi mostrava una donnesca altezza ;
 E con braccio il mantil tolto davanti
 S'avea dal viso, largo a se facendo
 Ed alquanto la calca rimovendo.

Piacque quel atto a Troilo al tornare
 Ch'ella fe in sè, alquanto sdegnosetto,
 Quasi dicesse, non ci si puo stare ;
 E diessi più a mirare il suo aspetto,
 Il qual più d'altro degno in se gli pare
 Di molta lode, e seco avea diletto
 Sommo tra uomini e uom di mirar fiso
 Gli occhi lucenti, e l'angelico viso.'

Filostrato, parte i.

¹ The Harl. MS. 3943 reads, ' But from ferre her manner to byhold ; ' but this reading does not agree with the context so well as that of Speght.

Of Lovis folk, lest fully the dissent
 Of scorne fil on hym; but what he ment,
 Lest it were wyst on any manner syde,
 His woo he gan dissymlyn and eke hyde.

Whan he was thus fro the temple departyd,
 He streight anone unto the paleys turnith,
 Right with her look thurgh shotyn and dardid,
 Al feynith he in lust that he sojournith,
 And al his speech and chere he bournith,¹
 And ay of Lovis servauntis every while,
 Hym self to were,² at hem he gan to smyle,

And seyde, 'A, Lord! so ye live al in lyst,
 Ye lovyers, for the kunnyngest of yow,
 That servith moost ententiflich and best
 Hym tyt therof as oft harne as prow;
 Your hire is qwit ayen, ye, God wote how!
 Noght wele for wele, but scorne for good servys;
 In feith your ordre³ is reulyd in good wys.

'In no certeyn bene alle your observaunces,
 But hit a sely fewe poyntis be,
 Ne no thing askith so grete attendaunces,
 As doth your lay,⁴ and that know alle ye:
 But that is not the worst, so mote I the,
 But told I which were the worst, I leve,
 Al seyde I soth, ye wolde at me greve.

¹ The Harl. MS. 3943, reads *unournith*, and Speght *burneth*; the reading in the text is from Harl. MS. 1239. *Bourneth* would appear to mean *restraineth*.

² *Were* here means *ware*, that is, defend. The passage signifies, He began to smile at love's servants, in order to defend himself from the suspicious and jokes that he might render himself liable to, if it were known that he was in love.

³ Troylus calls the servants of the God of Love an *ordre*, as, in the middle ages, those who desired to serve God used to form themselves into religious orders—another example of Chaucer's adaptation of contemporary usages to the old mythology.

⁴ *Lay* here means law or religion.

'But take this, that ye lovers oft eschewe,
 For good, or done of good intencion,
 Ful oft thi lady wole hit mysconstrew,
 And deme hit harme in her opynion;¹
 And yet if she, for other encheson,
 Be wrothe, yet shalt thou have a groyn anon:
 Lord! wel is hym that may be of yow one!²

But for al this, whan that he saw his tyme,
 He held his pees, non other bote hym gaynyd,
 For Love bygan his fethers for to lyme,³
 That wele unnethe unto his folk he feynid,
 That other bysy nedis hym distreynyd;
 For wo was hym, that what to do he nyst,
 But bad his folk to go wher that hem lyst.

And whan that he in chambre was alone,
 He doun upon his beddis feet hym set,
 And fast he gan to sike, and eke to grone,
 And thought on her so ay, withoute let,
 That as he sate and woke, his spirit met
 That he her saw in the temple, and all the wyse
 Right of her loke, and gan hit newe avise.

Thus gan he make⁴ a mirrour of his mynde,
 In which he saw al holy her figure,
 And that he couth wele in his herte fynde,
 Hit was to hym a right-good aventure
 To love such on, and if he dede his cure

¹ The meaning of this sentence is, 'What you lovers avoid, or do, supposing it to be good, or with good intention, this your lady will misconstrue,' &c.

² Ironical.

³ A metaphor from catching birds with bird-lime.

⁴ The words *he make* are left out in the Harl. MS. 3943. The metaphor of the mirror is not in the *Filostrato*:—

'Lodava molto gli atti e la statura
 E lei di cuor grandissimo stimava
 Ne' modi e nell' andare, e gran ventura
 Di cotal donna amar si riputava.'

Filostrato, parte i.

To servyn her, yet might he fal in grace,
Or ellis, for one of her servauntis pace.

Ymagyning, that travaile nor grame¹
Ne myght for so goodly on be borne
As she; ne hym for his desire ne shame,
Al were it wyst, but yn prise and upborne
Of alle lovers, wel more than byforne;
Thus argumentyd he, in his bygynnyng,
Ful unavisid of his wo commyng.

Thus toke he purpos Lovys craft to sewe,
And thoght he wold wirche al privily,
Ferst to hide his desire al in mewes
From every wight yborn, al utterly,
But he might ought recoveryd be therby;
Remembring hym, that love to wyde yblow
Yeldith bitter² fruyt, thogh swete sede be sowe.

And over al this, myche more he thoght
What to speke, and what to holdyn inne,
And what to artyn; her to love he soght,
And on a song anone right to bygyn,
And gan lowd on his sorow tho to wyn:
For with good hope he gan thus to assente,
Cryseyde for to love, and not repente.

And of this song not only this sentence,
As wryt myn autour callyd Lollius,
But eke save that our spechis differens,
I dare wel seyn, in al that Troylus
Sayd in his songe, lo, every word right thus
As I shall seyn; and ho so lyst hit here,
Lo, next this vers, he may hit findyn there.³

¹ The Harl. MS. 3943, for *nor grame* reads *and game*, which is not so good.

² The same MS. for *bitter* reads *litil*, which spoils the antithesis.

³ This stanza is not in the *Filistrato*, nor is there any mention of Lollius, of whom nothing is known.—See Introduction. Tyrwhitt supposes Chaucer to mean Boccaccio, but this is hardly credible.

THE SONG OF TROYLUS.¹

‘ If no love is, O God,² what fele I so?
 And if love is, what thing and which is he?
 If love be good, from whens comith my wo?
 If it be wykkyd, a wondir thinkith me,
 Whens every turment and adversite,
 That comith of love, may to me savery think:
 For more thrust I the more that I drynk.

‘ And if I yn myn owne lust ybrenne,
 Fro whens comith my weylyng and my pleynt?
 If harme agre me, ye, wherto than I pleyne?
 I wote ner why unwery that I feynt.
 O qwyk dethe! O swete harme so qweynt!
 How may I se in me such quantite,
 But if that I consente that hit so be?

‘ And if that I consente, I wrongfully
 Compleyne ywis: thus possyd to and fro,
 All sterles withyn a bote am I
 Middis the see, bytwixe wyndis too,
 That yn contrarie stondyn ever mo.

¹ This song is a translation of the 88th sonnet of Petrarch:—

‘ S’amor non è, che dunque è quel ch’i’ sento?
 Ma s’ egli è amor, per Dio, che cosa e quale?
 Se buona, ond’ è l’effetto aspro mortale?
 Se ria, ond’ è sì dolce ogni tormento?
 S’a mia voglia ardo, ond’ è ’l pianto e’l lamento?
 S’a mal mio grado, il lamentar che vale?
 O viva morte, o diletto male
 Come puoi tanto in me s’io nol consento?
 E s’io’l consento, a gran torto mi doglio.
 Fra sì contrari venti, in frate barca
 Mi trovo in alto mar, senza governo,
 Si lieve di saver, d’error si carica
 Ch’i medesimo non so quel ch’io mi voglio,
 E tremo a mezza state, ardendo il verno.’

² The Harl. MS. 3943, for *O God*, reads *y good*, probably by mistake for *Ey*! or *Eigh*! God.

Alas, what a wondre is this maladye?
For hete of cold, for cold of hete I dye.¹

And to the god of love thus seyde he
With pitous voys, 'O Lord, now youris is
The spiryt, which that ought ever youris be;
Yow thonk I, Lord, that have brought me to this;
But whethir goddes or woman she is
Ywis I note, which that ye do me serve;
But as her man I wil ay lyve and sterve.

'Ye stondyn yn her eyen myghtily,
As in a place unto your vertue digne;
Wherfor, Lord, if my servise or I
May likyn yow, so beth to me benigne;
For myn astate ryal here I resigne
Into her hond, and with wel humble chere
Bycome her man, as to my lady dere.'

In hym ne deynyd spare blood rial
The fere of love, wherfro God me blesse,
Ne him forbare in no degree, for al
His vertu, or his excellent prowesse;
But held hym as thral low in distres,

¹ The two next stanzas closely resemble the following in the *Filostrato*:—

'E in verso amore tal fiata dicea
Con pietoso parlar: Signore omai
L'anima e tua che mia esser solea,
Il che mi piace, perciocche tu m'hai,
Non so s' io dico a donna ovvero a dea,
A servir dato che non fu giammai
Sotto candido velo in bruna veste
Si bella donna, come mi par questa.

Tu stai negli occhi suoi, Signor verace,
Siccome in luogo degno a tua virtute,
Perche, se'l mio servir punto ti piace
Da que' tel prego impetri la salute
Dell'anima la qual prostrata giace
Sotto i tuoi piè, sì la ferir l'acute
Saette che allora le gettasti
Che di costei 'l bel viso mi mostrasti.'

Filostrato, parte i.

And brent hym in sundry wyse so newe,
That syxty tyme a day he lost his hewe.

So mychel day fro day his own thoght,
For lyst to her, gan quykyn and encrece,
That every other charge he set at noght,
Forthy ful oft, his hoot fere to sece,
To se her goodly look gan he than prece;
For therby to be esyd wele he wende,
And ay the ner he was, the more he brende.

For ever ner the fere the hotter he is,
This trouthe knowith al this cumpanye:
But were he ferre or nere, I dare sey this,
By night or day, by wysedom or folye,
His hert, which that is his brestis eye,¹
Was ever on her, that fairer was to sene
Than were Eleyne, or Polixene.

Eke of the day ther passyd not an hour,
That to hymself a thousand tyme he seyde,
'God goodly, to whom I serve and² labour
As I best can, now wolde God, Cryseyd,
Ye wolde on me rewe, or that I deyde;
My dere hert, alas, myn hele and hewe,
Al my lyst is lost, but ye on me rewe.'³

Al othir dedes weryn fro hym fled,
Bothe of the sege, and his savacion;
Ne in his desire non othir fantasye bred,
But argumentis to this conclusion,
That she on hym wold have compassion,

¹ The heart is called the breast's eye, because as the eye presents an image to the head or understanding, the heart is supposed to present it to the breast or feelings.

² The Harl. MS., 3943, omits *and*, probably by an oversight of the copyist.

³ The meaning of the passage is, 'My dear heart, my health, my healthy hue or complexion, all my pleasures, are lost unless you will take pity on me.' Speght, for *lyst* reads *life*, which is not nearly so quaint or characteristic of the verbal conceits into which the meditations of lovers generally fall.

And he to be her man whil he may dure,
Lo, here his lyf, and from the delyt his cure.

The sharp shourys fil of armes preve,¹
That Ector or his brethyren dedyn,
Ne made hym onys therfor meve,
And yet was he, wher so men went or ridyn,
Found one the best, and lengest to abydyn
Ther peril was, and dede eche such travaile
In armys, that to thenke is mervaile.

But for non hate he to the Grekys had,
Ne also for the rescous of the toun,
Ne made hym thus in armes for to mad,
But only, lo, for this conclusioun,
To likyn² her the betre for his renoun:
Fro day to day in armys so he sped,
That al the Grekis as the deth him dred.

And fro this forth tho reft him love his slepe
And made his meate his³ foe; and eke his sorrow
Gan multiply, that who so tooke keepe,
It shewed in his hew both even and morow;
Therefore a title he gan him for to borow
Of other sickennesse, least men of him wend
That the hot fire of love him brend;³

And seyde he had a fever, and ferd amys;
But how it was certeyn I cannot sey,
If that his lady undirstode not this,

¹ Instead of *preve*, the Harl. MS. has a contracted word, thus *pne*, to which *morne*, instead of *meve*, rhymes in the corresponding line. The Italian is—

‘L’aspre battaglie e gli stormi angosciosi,
Ch’ Ettore e gli altri suoi frate faceano
Seguiti da Troian, dagli amorosi
Pensier poco o niente li ~~moveano~~.’

Meve (move) would exactly correspond with *rimoveano*.

² *Liken* or *like* always means to be pleasing to, as *It liketh you*, it is pleasing to you, or you like it.

³ This stanza is not in the Harl. MS. 3943.

Or feynyd her she nist, one of the twey :
 But wele rede I, that by no manner wey
 Ne semyd hit as she of hit roght,
 Or of his peyne, or what so ever he thoght.¹

But than felte Troylus suche wo
 That he was welnygh woode, for all his drede
 Was this, that she some wight loved so,²
 That never of hym she wolde have taken hede;
 For that hym thought he felte his hert blede,
 Ne of his wo ne durst he nat begynne
 To tellen her, for all this worlde to wyne.

But whan he had a space left frome his care,
 Thus to hymself full ofte he ganne complaine,
 And saide, ' Foole, now art thou in the snare,
 That somtyme japedist at lovers peyn :
 Now arte thou hent, now gnawe thyn own cheyn;
 Thou ever wer wonte èche lover reprehende
 Of thing frome which thou the canst nat diffende.

' What will now everyche lover say of the,
 If this be wist? But ever in thyn absence
 Laugh in skorne, and say, Lo, ther goth he
 That is the man of so grete sapience,
 That helde us lovers leste in reverence;
 Now thankid be God, he may go in the daunce
 Of them that Love list febly to avaunce.

' But O! thou woful Troylus, God wolde,
 Sith thou must love, thorough thy destyne,
 That thou beset were on suche one that sholde

¹ The next ten stanzas in the Harl. MS., 3943, are written in a later hand, and on a somewhat different system of orthography.

² Instead of *some wight loved so*, the Harl. MS., 3943, reads *hym had in loveso*; and in the next line *never* is omitted. Spaght's reading has been adopted as being more intelligible, and supported both by the Harl. MS., 1239, and by the Italian:—

' Di quinci sentia Troilo tal dolore
 Che dir non si poria, talor temendo
 Che Griseida non fosse d'altro amore
 I'resa, e per quello lui vilipendendo
 Ricever nol volesse a servidore.'

Know alle thy woo, alle lakkid hir pitee:
 But as colde in love towards the
 Thy ladie is as froste in wynteris moone,
 And thou fordone as snowe in fire is soone.¹

'God wolde I were arryved in the porte
 Of deth, to which my sorow will me lede:
 O lord, to me it were a gret comforte,
 Than were I quytt of all languyshyng in drede;
 For be my hid sorowe yblowen in brede,²
 I shall japid ben a thousande tyme
 More than he of whos foly men ryme.³

'But now helpe God, and ye, swete, for whome
 I pleyn, ycaught,⁴ ye, never wighte so fast:
 O mercy, dere herte, and helpe me frome
 The deth, for I, while that my life may last,
 More than my silf will love you in last,
 And with som frendly looke gladith me, swete,
 Yeve never no thing more ye me behete.'

These wordis and full many other mo
 He spak, and clepyd ever in his compleynte
 Crisseide, for to tellen her his woo,
 Till nygh that he in salte teris was dreynte;
 Al was for nought, she heard nat his compleynte;
 And whan that he bythought hym of this foly,
 A thousande folde his sorowe gan multiply.

Bewaillyng thus in his chambre alone,
 A frende of his that clepid was Pandare,⁵
 Cam in unware, and herde hym thus grone,

¹ In the Harl. MS., 3943, these two lines stand thus:—

'Thy bodie is as froste in wintris moone
 And thou fordone as snowe in snowe soone.'

² The meaning is, 'For should my hidden sorrow be noised or blown abroad,' &c.

³ An allusion, probably, to some particular person whose folly was the subject of popular ballads.

⁴ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *taught*, probably a mere clerical error.

⁵ Chaucer's conception of the character of Pandarus is original. In

And sawe his frende in suche distres and care;
 'Alas,' quod he, 'who causith all this fare?
 O mercy God, what unhapp may this mene?
 Have now so soone Grekis made you lene?

'Or hast thou som remors of conscience?
 And erte now fallen in some devocion,
 And wailist for thi synne and thyn offence,
 And hast for ferde caught attrition?
 God save them that have besiegid our toun,
 And so can lay our jolytee in presse,
 And bryng our lusty folke in to holynesse!'

Thes wordis saide he for the nonys alle,
 That with som thing he myght hym angry make,
 And with an angre to do sorow falle,
 As for the time, and his courage wake;
 But wel wist he, as ferre as tungues spake,
 Ther nas a man of gretter hardynesse
 Than he, nor more desired worthynesse.¹

'What cas,' quod Troylus, 'what aventure
 Hath gydid the to se my langwyshyng,
 That am refusid of every creature?
 But for the love of God, at my praying
 Goe hens away, for certis my deying
 Wole thee dissese, and I mote nedis dey;
 Therfor go hens, ther is no more to sey.

'But if thow wene I be thus sike for drede,
 Hit is not so, and therfor scorne me not;
 Ther is an othir thing I take of hede,
 Mor than oght the Grekys han yet wroght,
 Which cause is of my deth for sorow and thought;

the *Niad* he is represented as a youthful warrior; in the *Filostrato* he is thus described:—

'Vi sopravvenne un Troian giovinetto
 D'alto lignaggio, e molto coraggioso.'

This humorous dialogue is not to be found in the *Filostrato*.

¹ Here the older handwriting is resumed in the MS.

But thogh I tel hit not thee now at leest,
Be thow not wroth, I hide hit for the best.'

Pandare, that ny malt for wo and routhe,
Ful oft seyde, 'Alas, what may this be?
'Now frend,' quod he, 'if ever love or trouthe
Hath bene or is betwix the and me,
Ne do thow never such a cruelte,
To hyde fro thy frend so grete a care;
Wost thow not wele that it am I, Pandare?

'I wil partyn with the al thy peyne,
If hit be so I do the eny comfort,
As is frendis right, sooth for to seyne,
To entrepartyn wo, as gladly as disport;
I have and shal, for trew or fals report,
In wrong and right ylovid the al my lyve;
Hyde not fro me thy woo, but telle it blyve.'

Tho gan this sorowful Troylus to syke,
And seyde hym thus, 'God leve it be my best
To telle hit the, seth it may the like;
Yet wole I tel it thee or that myn hert to-brest,
'And wele wote I thou may do me no rest;
But lest thow deme I trust not to the,
Now herke frend, for thus hit stant with me.

'Love, ayens the which ho so offendith
Hym self moost altherlest availleth,
With dispair so sorowfully me offendith
That streight unto the deth myn herte sailleth;
Therto desire so brennyng me assailith,
That to be sleyn, hit were a gretter joy
To me, than kyng to be of Grece and of Troy.

'Suffiseth this, my ful frend Pandare,
That I have seyde, for now wost thow my wo;
And, for the love of God, the cold care
So hide it wele, I told it never to mo;
For harmys mighte folowyn mo than two

If it were wist, but be thow in gladnes,
And lete me sterve, unknow, of my distres.'

'How hast thow thus unkyndelich and longe
Hid this fro me, thow fole?' quod Pandarus;
'Peraventure thow mayst aftir such on longe,
That myn avys anon may helpen us.'
'This were a wondur thing,' quod Troylus,
Thou coudist never yn love thy self wisse,
How devil mayst thou than bring me to blisse.'

'Ye, Troillus, herk me,' quod Pandare,
Thogh I be nys; hit happith oftyn so,
That one that excesse¹ doth ful evil fare,
By good counceil can kepe his frend ther fro:
I have my self sene a blynd man go
Ther as he fell that loke coud wyde;
A fole may eke a wyse man oft gyde.

'A wheston is no kervyng instrument,
But hit makith sharpe kervyng tolis,
And that thow wost I have oght myswent,
Eschew thou that, for such thing to thee scole is.
Thus oght wyse men beware by folis;
If so thow do thy wit is wele bywaryd;
By his contrarie is every thing declarid.

'For how myght ever swetnesse have be know
To hym that never tastyd bitternes?
Ne no man wote what gladnes is, I trow;
That never was yn sorow ne distres:
Eke white by blak, shame by worthines,
Eche set by other, more for other seimith,
As men may se; so thes clerkis demith.

'Seth this of two contraries is a lore,
I that have in love so oft assayed
Grevauces, me oght to know wel the more

¹ *Excesse* means *access*, an attack of fever or ague.

Counceyllyn thee of that thou art dysmayed;
 And eke thou oghtist not ben evil apayed,
 Thogh I desire with thee for to bere
 Thin hevy charge, it shall the lesse dere.

'I wote wel that it farith thus by me,
 As to thy brother Parys, an hyerdesse,
 Which that yclepid was Oenone,¹
 Wrote yn a compleynt of her hevynesse:
 Ye sey the lettre that she wrote I gesse?
 'Nay never yet ywis,' quod Troylus.
 'Now,' quod Pandare, 'herkenith, it was thus:—

'Phebus, that erst founde art of medicine,'¹
 Quod she, 'and couth in every wightis care
 Remedy and rede, by herbes he knew fyne,
 Yett to hymself his cunnyng was ful bare,
 For love hym had boundyn in a snare,
 Al for the doghtir of kyng Admete,
 That al his craft ne coud his sorowis bete.'

'Right so fare I, unhappy for me!
 I love one best, and that me smertith sore;
 And yet perauntre can I redyn the
 'And not my self; reprove thou me no more,
 I have no cause, I wote wele, to sore,
 As doth an hawk that listith for to pley,
 But to thi help yet sumwhat can I say.

'And of o thing right sikir mayst thou be,
 That certeyn, for to deyen in the peyne,²
 That I shal never more discovere the;
 Ne, be my trouthe, I kepe not restreyne
 The from thy love, thogh it were Eleyne,
 That is thy brotheris wyf, thogh that I wist;
 Be what she be, and love her as the lyst.

¹ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *Tynome*. Oenone was a nymph of Mount Ida. Her letter to Paris is the fifth of Ovid's *Heroides*.

² See vol. i. p. 125, note 1. It appears to mean *to die under torture*, thus the legal term for the torture of being pressed by heavy weights, which was, till lately, the punishment for refusing to plead, is *la peine forte et dure*.

‘Therfor as frend fullich yn me assure,
 And tel me plat what is thenceson
 And final cause of wo that thow endure;
 For, doubtith nothing, myn intencion
 Nis not to yow of reprehencion
 To speke now, seth no wight may byreve
 A man to love, til that hym lest byleve.

‘And wytith wele, that both to be vices,
 Mistrowyn all, or ellis al to leve;
 But wele I wot, the mene no vice is;
 For to trust sum wight is a preve
 Of trouthe, and forthy wold I fayn remeve
 The wrang conceyte, and do the sum wight trist
 Thy wo to telle: to me if the lyst.

‘The wise seith, wo is hym that is alone,
 For, and he fal, he hath non help to rise;¹
 And seth thou hast a felaw, tell thy mone,
 For this, certein, is not the next wise
 To wynnyn love, as techyn us the wyse,
 To walwe and wepe, as dede Neobe² the qwene,
 Whos teris yet in the marble bene ysene.

‘Let be thy wepyng and thy drerinesse,
 And lete us lessyn wo with otheres speche,
 So may thy woful tyme seme lesse;
 Delite not in wo, thy wo to seche,
 As doen thes folys that her sorows eche³
 With sorow, whan they have misaventure,
 And liste not to seche hem othir cure.

‘Men seyn, to wrecche is consolacion
 To have another felaw in his payne:
 That oght be wele our opynion,

¹ Eccles. iv. 9, 10.

² Daughter of Tantalus and wife of Amphion, by whom she had seven sons and seven daughters. Presuming, on account of her numerous offspring, to despise Latona, her children were slain by Apollo and Diana, and she herself changed into marble.

³ That is, That eke out, or increase, their sorrows. &c.

For bothe thou and I of love we pleyn ;
 So ful of sorow am I, the sothe to seyn,
 That, certeynly no more hard grace
 May sit on me, for why? there is no space.

' A! God wil thou art not agast of me,
 Lest I wold the of thy lady begile:
 Thow wost thy self whom that I love, parde,
 As I best can, seth gone long while ;
 And seth thou wost I do it for no wyle,
 And seyst I am he thow tristist most,
 Tel me sumwhat seth that my wo thou wost.'

Yet Troylus for al this no word seyde,
 But longe he lay stil as he dede were ;
 And aftir this with sighyng he upbrayde,
 And to Pandaris vois he bent his ere,
 And up his eyen cast he, that in fere
 Was Pandarus leest that in frenise,
 He shold falle or ellise sone die,

And cried, ' Awake,' full wondurly and scharpe ;
 ' What? slumbrist thou as yn a litargie?
 Or arte thou lyk an asse unto an harpe,
 That herith soun, whan men on strengis ply
 But in his mynd of that no melody
 May synkyn him to gladyn, for that he
 So dul is in his bestialite?'

And with this Pandare of his woordys stynt ;
 But Troylus yet hym nothinge answerd,
 For why? to tellyn was not his intent
 To no man, for why that he so ferd ;
 For hit is seyde men makyn oft a yerd
 With which the maker is himself ybetyn
 In sundry maner,¹ as thes wise men tretyn.

¹ The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
 Make instruments to scourge us.—*Learn*, v. 3.

And, namely, in his counceile tellyng
 That touchith love that oght been secre;
 For of hymself it wole ynow out spring,
 But if hit the bet governyd be.
 Eke hit is craft some tyme to seme sle,
 For ther with yn effect men huntith fast:’
 Al this in herte gan Troylus cast.

But natheles, whan he had herd him crie,
 Awake he gan and sike wondur sore,
 And seyde, ‘Frend, thogh that I styлле lye,
 I am not defe, now pees and crye no more,
 For I have herd thy wordis and thy lore;
 But lete me my infortune to waylyn,
 For thy proverbis may not me avaylyn.

‘Nor othir cure canstow none for me,
 Eke I nel be curyd, I wol dye:
 What know I of the queene Niobe?
 Let be thin old ensaumplis, I the prey.’
 ‘Nay,’ quod Pandare, ‘therfore I sey,
 Such is delite of folys to bewepe
 Her wo, but seche bote they ne kepe.

‘Now know I that reson in the failith:
 But telle me, if I wiste what she were
 For whom that al this mysaventure aylith,
 Trist thow that I told it in her ere
 Thy wo, seth thou darst not thy self for fere,
 And her bysoght on thee to have some routhe?’
 ‘Why, nay,’ quod he, ‘by God and by my trouthe!’

‘What? not as bysily,’ quod Pandarus,
 ‘As thogh myn owne lyf lay on this nede?’
 ‘Why, no parde, sir,’ quod this Troylus;
 ‘And why?’—‘For that thou sholdist never spede.’
 ‘Wost thou that wel?’—‘Ye, that is out of drede,’
 Quod Troylus, ‘for al that ever ye conne,
 She wol to no such wrecch as I be won.’

Quod Pandarus, 'Alas what may this be,
 That thou despairid art thus causeles?
 What? liveth not thy lady, benedicite?
 How wost thou so that thou art graceles?
 Such evil is not alwey boteles:
 Why, put not thus unpossible thy cure,
 Syn thing to come is oft in aventure.

'I graunte wele that thou endurist wo
 As sharp as doth he Siciphus¹ in Helle,
 Whos stomake foulis tyrin² evermo,
 That hightyn vulturus, as bokis telle;
 But I may not endure that thou dwelle
 In so unskilful an opinioun,
 That of thy wo is no curacioun. •

'But ones nelt thou, for thy coward hert,
 And for thyn yre, and folissh wilfulnes,
 For wantrowist to telle of thy sorowis smert,
 Ne to thyn owne help do bysines,
 As mych as speke o word, a reson more or lesse,
 But lyst as he that lyst of nothing recche;
 What woman coude love such a wrecche?

'What may she demyn other of thy dethe,
 If thou thus dye and she note why it is,
 But that for fere is yoldyn up thy brethe,
 For Greekis have bysegid us, ywis?
 Lord, such a thonk than thou shalt have for this!
 Thus shul we seyn and al the toun at onis,
 'The wrecche is dede, the devil have his bonis.'

'Thou mayst alone here wepe, cry, and knele;
 But love a woman that she wote it noght,
 And she wole qwite hit that thou shalt not fele:

¹ Sisyphus, founder of Corinth, for his cruelty and cunning was condemned to roll to the top of a hill a huge stone, which no sooner reached the summit than it rolled back. Chaucer appears to confound him with Prometheus, if *Siciphus* be not a clerical error.

² Birds of prey are said to tire (the same word probably as *tear*) their food.

Unknow, unkyst, and lost that is unsoght.
What? meny a man hath love ful dere abought,
Twenty winter that his lady wist,
That never yet his lady mouth he kyst.

‘What? shold he therfor hymself dispeire?
Or be recreaunt of his owne tene,
Or sle hymself, al be his lady feire?
Nay, nay, but ever in one be fresshe and grene,
To serve and love his dere hertis qwene,
And thenk it is a guerdon her to serve
A thousand fold more than he can deserve.’

And of that word toke hede Troylus,
And thoght anque, what foly he was yn,
And how that sothe hym seyde Pandarus,
That for to sle hymself myght he not wyn,
But bothe done unmanhode and a syn,
And of his dethe his lady not to wyte;
For of his wo, God wote she knew but lyte.

And with that thoght he gan ful sore to sike,
And seyde, ‘Alas, what is me best to do?’
To whom Pandare answerd, ‘If the like,
The best is that thou telle me thy woe;
And have my trouthe, but if thou fynde it so
I be thy bote, or that it be ful long,
To pecis do me drawe, and sethyn hong.’

‘Ye, so seist thou,’ quod Troylus tho, ‘alas,
But, God wote, it is not the rathyr so:
Ful hard were it to helpyn in this cas,
For wele fynde I that Fortune is my fo:
Ne al the men that ride kunn or go
May of her cruel whele the harme withstond,
For, as her lyst, she pleyth with free and bond.’

Quod Pandarus, ‘Than blamist thou Fortune
For thou art wrothe, now at the first I se:
Wost thou not wele that Fortune is commune

To every maner wight, in some degre?
 And yit thou hast this comfort, loo parde,
 That as her joyes motyn overgone,
 So mote her sorowes passyn everichone.

'For if her whele stynt any thing to tourne,
 Than cesseth she Fortune anon to be:¹
 Now sith her whele by no wey may sojourne,
 What wost thou if her mutabylite,
 Right as thy self lest, wol doe by thee?
 Or that she be not fer fro thy helpyng?
 Perauntur thou hast cause for to syng.

'And therfor wost thou what I the byseche?
 Lete be thy woo and turning to the ground;
 For who so lyst have helyng of his leche,
 To hym byhovith ferst unwry his wound:
 To Cerberus yn Hell ay be I bound,
 Wer it my sustir for whom thou makest this sorow,
 By my wil she shold be thin to morow.

'Loke up, I sey, telle me what she is
 Anone, that I may go about thy nede:
 Know ich ought her? for my love tell me this;
 Than wold I hope the rathyr for to spede.'
 Than gan the vayne of Troylus to blede,
 For he was hit, and wax al rede for shame;
 'Aha,' quod Pandare, 'here byginnith a game.'

And with that word he gan hym for to shake,
 And seyde, 'Thef, thou shalt her name telle!'
 But tho gan sely Troylus for to quake,
 As thogh men shold have led hym into Helle.
 And seyde, 'Alas, of al my wo the welle,
 Than is my swete fo callyd Cryseyd,'
 And wel ny with the word for fere he deyde.

And whan that Pandare herd her name nevene,
 Tho was he glad, and seyde, 'Frend so dere,
 Now fare a right, for Jovis name in Hevene,

¹ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *That sesid Fortune for to be.*

Love hath byset the wele, be of good chere!
 For of good name, wysdom, and manere
 She hath ynow, and eke of gentilnesse:
 If she be fair thow wost thy self, I gesse.

'Ne never saw I a more bountevouse
 Of her estate, ne glader of speche,
 A frendlier, ne a more graciouse
 For to do wele, ne lasse had nede to seche
 What for to done; and all this bet to eche
 In honour to as ferre¹ as she may strecche,
 A kyngis hert semith by her a wrecche.

'And forthi loke of good comfort thow be;
 For certainly the ferst poynt is this,
 Of noble corage, and wel ordeyne
 A man to have pees with hymself, ywis:
 So oghtest thou, for nought but good it is
 To love wele, and in a worthy place;
 The oght not to clepe hit hap, but grace.²

'And also thenk, and therewith glade thee,
 That seth thi lady vertuous is al,
 So followith it that ther is some pite
 Amonges alle these other in general;³
 And forthy se that thow in special
 Requere not that is ayens her name,
 For vertu streccheth not hymself to shame.⁴

'But wele is me that ever I was born,
 That thow byset art in so good a place;
 For, be my trouthe, in love I durst have sworn,
 The shold never betyd so fair a grace;
 And wost thou why? for thou were wont to chace
 At Love in scorne, and for despyt hym calle
 Seynt Idiot, Lord of thes folis alle.

¹ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *affere*.

² This stanza is omitted in the Harl. MS., 1239.

³ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *Among al the other vertus in special*.

⁴ The Harl. MS., 1239, wants all the stanzas from this to that beginning 'And wost thou why,' &c.

'How oft hast thou made thy nice japis,
 And seyde, that Loves servauntis everichon
 Of nycete ben verrey goddis apys;
 And some wold monche her brede alone,
 Lying in bed, and make hem for to grone;
 And some thou seydist had a blaunch fevere,¹
 And preydist God he shold never kevere.²

'And some of hem toke on hem for the cold,
 More than ynow, so seydist thou ful oft;
 And some have feynid oft tyme and told,
 How they wake, whan her love slepe soft,
 And thus have broght hem self a loft,
 And natheles were undur at the last;
 Thus seydist thou, and japedist ful fast.

'Yet seydist thou, that for the more part
 Thes faytours wold speche in general,
 And thoghtyn that it was a sikir art,
 For failling, for to assayen over alle:
 Now may I jape of the, if that I shal;
 But natheles, if that I shold dye,
 Thou art none of tho, I dare well seie.

'Now bete thy brest,³ and sey to god of love,
 'Thy grace, lord! for now I me repent
 If I mispak, for my self I love.'
 Thus sey with al thyn hert, in good entent.
 Quod Troylus, 'A! lord, I me consent,
 And pray to the my japis to foryeve,
 And I shal evermore whil that I lyve.'

'Thow seist wele,' quod Pandare, 'and now I hope
 That thou the goddis wrothe hast al apesid;
 And seth thou hast wept meny a drope,
 And seid such thing with which thy god is plesid,
 Now wold God never but thou were esid:

¹ See vol. iv. p. 148, note 1.

² That is, *recover*.

³ An action expressive of contrition. See Luke xviii. 13.

And thenk wel she of whom rist al thy wo,
Hereaftir may thy comfort be also.

‘For thilke grund that berith the wedis wyk,
Berith eke thes holsom herbis, and ful oft
Next the foule nettle, roghe and thik,
The lilie wexith, white, smoothe, and soft;
And next the valey is the hil a loft,
And next the derk night the glad morow,
And also joy is next the fine of sorow.¹

‘Now loke that thow attempre be thy bridil,
And for the best ay suffre to the tyde,
Or ellis al our labour is on ydil;
He hastith wel, that wisely can abyde;
Be diligent and trew, and alwey hide,
Be lusty, fre, persevere in thy servise,
And al is wel if thow work on this wise.

‘But he that partyd is in every place
Is no wher hool, as writyn clerkys wyse;
What wondir is, thogh such on have no grace?
Eke wost thow how it farith of love service?
As plante a tre or herbe, in sundry wise,
And on the morow pul it up as blyve,
No wondir is, thogh it may never thrive.

‘And seth the god of love hath the bystowid
In place digne unto thy worthines,
Stond fast, for to good port thow hast rowyd,
And of thy self, for any hevines,
Hope alwey wele; for, but if drerines
Or over-hast our bothe labour shend,
I hope of this to make a right good end.

‘And wost thow why I am the lasse aferid,
Of this matere with my nece to trete?
For this have I herd sey of old lerid,

¹ This exquisite stanza is not in the *Filostrato*.

Was never man ne woman yet bygete,
That was unapt to suffre lovis hete
Celestial, or ellis love of kynd;
Forthy, some grace in her I hope to fynd.

‘ And for to speke of her in special,
Her bewte to bythenkyn, and her youthe,
Hit sit her not to be celestial
As yet, thogh her bothe lest and couth:
But, Troylus, hit sat her wel right nouthe
A worthy knyght to love and cherice,
And but she do, I hold it but a vice.

‘ Therefore I am, and wole be, alday redy
To payne me to do yow this servise;
For bothe yow to plesse, this hope I,
Herafterwardis; for ye be bothe wyse,
And kun it counceil kepe in such wyse,
That no man therof shal the wyser be,
And so we may be gladyd alle thre.

‘ And by my trouthe I have right now of the
A good conseyt in my wit as I gesse;
And what it is I wil now that thow se,
And thenk that, seth Love of his goodnes
Hath the convertid out of wykhydnes,
That thow shalt be the best post, I leve,¹
Of al his lay, and most his foos greve.

‘ Ensample se now why:—thes grete clerkys,
That are althermost ayens the law,
And be convertid from her wikkid werkis
Thurgh grace of God, that lest hem to hym drawe,
They are the folk that have most God in awe,
And strengest feithid be, I undirstond,
And kun an errour althermost withstond.’²

¹ *Leve* is put for *believe*. The Harl. MS. 1239 reads *were*.

² This observation is embodied in the proverb, ‘The greater the sinner the greater the saint.’

Whan Troylus had herd Pandare assentyd
 To be his help in lovyng of Cryseyd,
 He wax of his wo, as who seith, unturmentid,¹
 But hatter wax his love; and than he seyde
 With sobre chere, al thogh his herte pleyde:—
 ‘Now, blisful Venus, now help or that I sterue,
 Of the, Pandare, I mow some thonk deserve.’²

‘But, dere frend, how shal my wo be lesse,
 Til this be done? and eke now telle me this,
 How wilt thou seyn of me and my distresse?
 Lest she be wroth, this drede I most ywis,
 Or nel not here or trow how it is;
 Al this drede I, and eke for the manere
 Of thee, her eme, she nel no such thing here.’

Quod Pandarus, ‘Thow hast ful grete care,
 Lest the cherl may fal out of the Mone:’³
 Why, lord! I hate of thee thy nice fare!
 Why entremetist of that thou hast not to done?
 For Goddis love, I bid the a bone,
 Let me alone, it shal be for the best;’
 ‘Wel frend,’ quod he, ‘than do right as the lest.

¹ *As who seith* is a phrase signifying *as it were*, or *as much as to say*. The meaning of the passage is, ‘He grew out of his woe, as one who was, *as it were*, delivered from the rack, or torture; but still his love waxed hotter.’

² Troylus prays to Venus that he may have an opportunity of deserving some thank of Pandarus, *scil.*, by doing him some good in return for his assistance.

³ The spots on the moon’s surface are supposed by the vulgar to resemble a man with a bundle of faggots on his back. Thus, in Shakspeare:—

Quince. Ay; or else one must come on with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine.—*Midsummer Night’s Dream*, Act iii. sc. 1.

He is called a *chorle* or *ceorle*, as being employed in the menial office of carrying a faggot. Pandarus says ironically, ‘You are very much afraid that the man may fall out of the moon,’ a proverbial phrase expressing groundless fear, like our ‘What shall we do when the sky falls?’

'But herke, Pandare, o word, for I nold
 That thou in me wendist so grete foly,
 That to my lady I desiryn shold
 That towchid harm, or ony vilany;
 For, dredeles, me were lever to dy,
 Than she of me oght ellis understode,
 But that that myght sownyn into good.'

Tho logh Pandare, and anon answerd,
 'And I thy borrow!¹ fy! no wight doth but so;
 I roght not thogh that she stode and herd
 How that thou seyst; but farewel, I wil go;
 Adeu, be glad, God spede us bothe to!
 Yef me this labour and this bysines,
 And of my spede be thin al the swetnes.'

Tho Troylus gan down on knees to falle,
 And Pandare in his armes hent fast,
 And seyde, 'Now fy on the Grekis alle!
 Yet, parde, God shal ever help at last,
 And dredeles, if that my lif may last,
 And God tofore, some of hem shalle smert;
 And yet me athinkith this avaunt me stert.'²

'Now, Pandare, I can no more sey,
 Thou wost, thou canst, thou mayst, thou art al:
 My lyf, my deth, hole in thy hand I ley,
 'Help now,' quod he. 'Ye, be my trouth I shal.'
 'God yeld the frend, and this in special,'
 Quod Troylus, 'that thou me recommaunde
 To her that may me to the dethe commaunde.'

This Pandarus tho, desirous to serve
 His ful frend, tho seyde in this manere,—
 'Farewele, and thenk I wil thy thonk deserve.'³

¹ That is, 'And I will be thy surety or pledge.'

² Troylus is so much comforted by Pandarus's assurance of assistance that he says, 'And without doubt, I swear before God, that, if my life last, some of these Greeks shall smart;' but checking himself, he adds, 'This boasting escaped me in a moment of excitement.'

³ See *ante*, p. 52, note 2.

Have here my trouthe, and that thow shalt wel here;⁷
 And went his wey, thenking on this matere,
 And how he best might her byseche of grace,
 And fynd a tyme therto and a space.

For every wight that hath an hows to found,
 Ne rennith not the wirke to bygynne
 With rakyl hond, but he wole bide a stound,
 And send his hertis lyne out fro withynne,
 Altherferst his purpos for to wyne:
 Al this Pandare in his hert thoght,
 And cast his work ful wisely or he wrought.

But Troylus lay tho no lenger down,
 But up anon upon his stede bay,
 And in the feld he pleyed the lyoun;
 Wo was the Greek, that met with hym that day!
 And in the toun, his name sprong for ay;¹
 So goodly was, and gat hym so mych grace,
 That eche wight hym lovyd that lokyd in his face.

For he bycome the frendliest wight,
 The gentillest, and eke the moost fre,
 The trustiest, and on the best knyght
 That in his tyme was, or myght be:
 Dede were his japis and his cruelte,
 His hy port and his maner straunge,
 And eche of tho gan for a vertu chaunge.

Now lete us stint of Troylus a stound,
 That farith lik a man that hurt is sore,
 And is sumdel of akyng of his wound
 Ylyssyd wel, but helid no dele more:
 And, as an esy pacient, the lore
 Abit of hym that goth about his cure,²
 And thus he driveth forth his aventure.

EXPLICIT LIBER PRIMUS.

¹ This expression is applied to Arcite in *The Knightes Tale*. See vol. i. p. 234.

² The meaning is, 'Who appeareth like a man who is sorely

PROEME.

OUT of thes blake wawis for to saile,
 O wynd, wynd, the wethir gynnith clere;
 For in this see the boote hath such travaile
 Of my konnyng, that unnethe yet I stere:
 This see clepe I this tempestuos matere
 Of dispair, that Troylus was ynne;
 But now of hope the kalendis bygynne.¹

O lady myne, that callid art Clio,²
 Thow be my spede herafter my muse³
 To rime wele, this book tyl I have do;
 Ne nedith here non art for to use;
 For why? to every lover I me excuse,
 That of no sentement I this endite,
 But of Latyn in my tung it write.⁴

Wherfor I nel neither have thenk ne blame
 Of al this work, but pray yow thus mekely,
 Disblameth me, if eny word be lame,
 For as myne auther seith, so sey I:
 Eke if I spak of love unfeelingly,
 Ne wondur not, for it nothing of new is,—
 A blynd man cannot juggyn wele in hewis.

I know wel this, in forme of speche is chaunge¹
 Withyn a thowsand yere, and wordis tho
 That haddyn pris, now wondur nyce and straunge

wounded, but is eased of the aching of his wound, though far from healed; and who, as a patient who is in comparative ease from pain, abideth (*abit*) the learned advice (*lore*) of him who is busied with his cure.¹

¹ The poet says, 'As the kalends are the beginning of a new month, so we now begin a new era of hope.'

² Clio, the historic Muse, daughter of Jupiter and Mnemosyne.

³ Muse here means song or poem.

⁴ Chaucer means to imply that he has translated the work, perhaps from Lollius, of whom nothing is known, or perhaps from Boccaccio's *Filostrato*, written in Italian, called *Latino Volgare*.—See Introduction to *Knights Tale*, vol. i. p. 111.

Us thinkith hem, and yet they spake hem so,
 And spedde as well in love, as men now do:
 Eke for to wynnyn love, in sundry ages,
 In sundry londis sundry bene usages.

And forthy, if hit happe in eny wyse,
 That here be eny lover in this place,
 That herkenith as the story wol devise,
 How Troylus cam to his lady grace,
 And thenkith, thus nold I not love purchase,
 Or wondrith of his speche or his doying,
 I note;¹ me semith it no wondur thing;

For every wight that to Rome went,
 Holt not o pathe, ne alwey o manere;
 And yn some lond were al the game yshent,
 If that men ferd with love as men do here,
 As thus, in opyn delyng and in chere,
 In visityng, in forme, or seying her sawis;
 For thus men seyn, eche cuntre hath his lawis.

Eke ther be scarsely in this place thre,
 That have in love done or seyð lik in alle;
 For to thy purpos this may like the,
 And to me right noght, yet al is done or shal:²
 Eke some grave in tre, some in ston wal,
 As it betyt; but as I have begun,
 Myn autour shal I folwyn, if I kun.

INCIPIT LIBER SECUNDUS.

IN May, that mothir is of al monthes glade,
 That al flouris fressshyn, grene, and rede,
 Be qwyk ayen, that wintir dede made,

¹ That is, 'I know not if some lover that hearkeneth, as the story shall devise, how Troylus, &c., came into his lady's grace.'

² The meaning is, 'All this was done, or shall be done, though it may not be what you or I should like to do under similar circumstances.'

And ful of bawme is fletyng every mede;
 Whan Phebus dothe his right bemys sprede,
 Right in the white Bulle, so it bytyd
 As I shal syng:—On Mayes day the thrid,

This Pandare, for al his wyse speche,
 Felt eke his parte of Lovis shottis kene,
 That, coud he never of love so wele preche,
 Hit made his hewe al day ful grene;¹
 So shope it, that fil hym that day a tene
 In love, for which ful wo to bed he went,
 And made or it were day ful many a went.²

The swallow Progne, with a sorowful lay,³
 Whan morow come, gan make her waymenting
 Why she forshapyn was; and ever lay
 Pandare a bed, half in a slombryng,
 Till she so ny hym made her chiteryng,⁴
 How Thereus gan forth her sustir take,
 That with the noyse of her he gan awake,

And gan to calle, and dressyn hym to rise,
 Remembring hym his erande was to done
 From Troylus, and eke his grete emprise;
 And cast, and knew in good plyte was the Mone⁵
 To do viage, and toke his wey ful sone
 Unto his necis paleys ther byside:
 Now Janus, god of entre, thow hym gyde!⁶

¹ See vol. iv. p. 220. note 4.

² *Went* seems to be a contraction for *waiment*, lamentation.

³ The story of the sisters Progne, the wife of Tereus, and Philomela, the former changed into a swallow, and the latter into a nightingale, is told in the Sixth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

⁴ *Chittering*, twittering or chirping, is applied to the swallow's song by onomatopoeia. Thus, in Gray's *Elegy*:—

'The swallow, twittering from the straw-built shed.'

The primary meaning of the verb *chitter* is to shiver or tremble.

⁵ He knew that the moon was in such a position in the heavens as to be propitious, according to the rules of astrology.

⁶ Janus presided over gates and avenues, and was, therefore, sometimes represented with a key in his right hand.

When he was come to his necis place,
 'Wher is my lady,' to her folk seyde he,
 And they him told, and he forth yn gan pace;
 And ther twey othir ladyes sate and she,
 Withyn a pavid parlour; and they thre
 Herd a maydyn rede hem al the gest¹
 Of the sege of Thebes, whil hem lest.

'Madame,' quod Pandare; 'God yow save and se,
 With al your book, and al the cumpany:'
 'Ey, uncle mine, welcome ywis!' quod she,²
 And up she roos, and by the hond in hy
 She toke hym fast, and seide, 'This night thry,
 To good mote it turne, of yow I mette.'
 And with that word, she down on bench hym sette.

'Ye, nece, ye shul fare wele the bette,
 If God wole, al this yeer,' quod Pandarus;
 'But I am sory that I have yow lette
 To herkyn of your book ye preysen thus:
 For Goddis love, what seith it? tel it us,—
 Is it of love? some good ye may me lere;'
 'Uncle,' quod she, 'your maystresse is not here.'

With that they gunne laghe, and tho she seyde,
 'This romauns³ is of Thebes that we rede,
 And we have herd how that kyng Laious deyde

This passage gives us an interesting picture of the manners of the age. When the professional minstrel was not present, it appears that an attendant was employed to read out one of those metrical romances which were produced in such overflowing abundance in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Many similar indications are to be found in mediæval writings of the prevailing love of poetry amongst all classes. Thus the story which forms the subject of chapter civ. of the *Gesta Romanorum* is said to have been told in the winter after supper in a castle, 'Cum familia divitis ad focum, ut potentibus moris est, recensendis antiquis gestis operam daret.' See also vol. iii. p. 123, note 1.

² In everything that Pandarus says, the reader will observe an air of gossiping jocularly which is quite in character. This has been adopted and heightened in Shakspeare's delineation.

³ The word *Romans* or *Romance* meant originally Latin, or the language of the Roman people; it was then applied to the corrupt

Thurgh Edippus¹ his sone, and al that dede:
 And here we styntyn at thes lettres rede,
 How the bisshop, as the book gan telle,
 Amphiorax,² fil thurgh the ground to Helle.'

Quod Pandarus, 'Al this know I my selve,
 And al the sege of Thebes, and the care,
 For herof ther be made bokys twelve:³
 But let be this, and telle me how ye fare,
 Do wey your barbe,⁴ and shew your face bare;
 Do wey your book, rise up let us daunce,
 And lete us do to May some observaunce.'

'Eigh! God forbede!' quod she, 'be ye mad?
 Is that a wydowis lyf, so God yow save?
 Ye make me, by Jovis, sore adrad,

Latin spoken in the Roman provinces; was next appropriated to that spoken in the province of Gaul, or to French; and finally came to mean that species of composition, the metrical history or popular epic, in which it was chiefly used in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. If Chaucer by *The Romance of Thebes* means the Thebais, he is guilty of an anachronism; for Statius lived in the reign of Domitian. There is, however, a propriety in making the story of Thebes the subject of the romance read to Cryseyde, for the warriors who fought before Troy were, many of them, the descendants of those who had been engaged in the Theban war.

¹ Edipus was the father of Polynices and Eteocles, whose contest for the throne of Thebes is the subject of the *Thebais*.

² Amphiarus was swallowed up by the earth with his chariot and horses in the siege of Thebes:—

'Ut subitus vates pallentibus incidit umbris,
 Letiferasque domos, orbisque arcana sepulti
 Rupit, et armato turbavit funere manes,
 Horror habet cunctos,' &c.—*Thebaid*, vii. 1.

He is called a *bisshop* because he was *vates*, or high priest of Apollo, just as in *The Persones Tale*, vol. iv. p. 79, the Jewish high priest is called a bishop.

³ This shows that Chaucer alludes to the *Thebais*, a regular epic in twelve books.

⁴ A kind of hood which covered the head and the lower part of the face.—DU CANGE. A remnant of this fashion may be observed in the peculiar manner in which the Irish peasant girl wears a shawl over her head, holding it tight across the mouth, so as to show only the eyes and nose.

Ye be so wyld hit semith as ye rave!
 Hit sate me wel bet ay in a kave
 To byd, and rede of holy seyntis lyvis:¹
 Lete maidenis go daunce, and yonge wyvis.'

'As ever thrive I,' quod Pandarus,
 'Yet coud I telle yow a thing to do yow pley:'
 'Now uncle dere,' quod she, 'telle it us
 For goddis love; is than the sege away?
 I am of the Grekis ferde, that I dey:'
 'Nay nay,' quod he, 'as ever mote I thryve,
 Hit is a thing wel bet than suche fyve.'

'Ye, holy God!' quod she, 'what thing is that?
 What? bet than suche fyve? I leve it not ywis!
 For al this world ne can I rede what
 Hit shold be; some jape I trowe ywis,
 And but your self telle us what it is,
 My witte is for tared² hit to lene;
 So holpe me God, I not nat what ye mene.'

'And I your borow, ne never shal, for me,
 This thing be told to yow, so mote I thrive!
 'And why so, uncle myne? why so?' quod she;

¹ It is, of course, an anachronism to represent a heathen widow as employing herself in reading lives of the saints; for though Chaucer no doubt means by saints those who were remarkable for their devotion to heathen gods, as in the *Saints' Legende of Cupide*, yet the idea itself of a woman cultivating sanctity by meditating on the lives of holy people, is evidently derived from Christianity. This, however, is one of the anachronisms which give an interest to the poem. The poet lays his scene, indeed, in Troy, but he draws his images and the details of his story from manners with which he himself was conversant; and thus imparts to the work a reality and spirit which would have been utterly wanting had he endeavoured to follow a classical model. Shakspeare, in his *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, has adopted the same course, for which he has been censured by Voltaire.—See Introduction to *Knights Tale*, vol. i. p. 113.

² The Harl. MS., 3943, for *tared*, reads *carid*, which is evidently a clerical error. *Tarede*, i. e., *to arede*, is adopted from Harl. MS. 1239, from which *nat* in the next line is also taken.

'By God,' quod he, 'for that wole I telle as blyve;
For prudder woman is ther none on lyve,
And ye wist it, in al the toun of Troye;
I jape not, so ever have I joye.'

Tho gan she wondryn more than byfor
A thousand fold, and doun her eyen cast;
For never, sethe tyme that she was bor,
To know a thing desirid she so fast;
And with a sike she seyde at the last,
'Now uncle myn, I wole you not displese,
To aske more that may do yow disese.'

So aftir this, with meny wordis glade,
And frendly talis, and with mery chere,
Of this and that they pleyd, and gonnen wade
In meny an uncouth glad and depe matere,
As frendis done, whan they be met yfere;
Til she gan aske hym how that Hector ferd,
That was the tounys wall, and Grekis yerd.¹

'Ful wele, I thonk it God,' quod Pandarus,
'Save in his arme he hath a lytil wound;
And eke his fressh brothir Troylus,
The wyse worthy Ector the secound,
In whom that every vertu lest abound,
In al trouthe and al gentilnes,
Wysdom, honour, fredom, and worthines.'

'In good faith, eme,' quod she, 'it likith me,
They faryn wele, God save hem bothe two!
For truly I hold it grete deynte,
A kyngis sone in armys wele to do,
And to be of good condicions therto;
For grete power and moral vertu here
Is seldom sene yn o persone-yfere.'

¹ This is an admirable line. Hector is called the wall of Troy, as being its best defence; and the *yerde*, or scourge of the Greeks, as being the instrument of their punishment.

'In good faith, that is soth,' quod Pandarus;
'But, be myn heed, the kyng hath sonis twey,
That is to mene Ector and Troylus,
That certeynly, thogh that I shold dey,
They be as voyd of vices, dare I sey,
As eny man that lyvith undur the Sonne,
Her myght is wyde know, and what they konne.

'Of Ector nedith no thing for to telle;
In al this world ther nys a better knyght
As he, that is of worthynes welle,
And he wel more vertu hath than myght;
This knowith meny a wyse and worthy knyght:
The same prys of Troylus I sey,
God help me so, I note not such twey.'

'By God,' quod she, 'of Ector that is sothe,
Of Troylus the same thing trow I;
For dredles, men telle that he dothe
In armys day by day so worthily,
And berith hym here so gentilly
To every wighte, that al pris bath he
Of hem that me were levest praisid be.'

'Ye sey right wele ywis,' quod Pandarus;
'For yesterday, who so had with hym bene,
Might have wondrid upon Troylus,
For never yet so thik a swarm of bene
Ne flyen, as Grekis fro hym did fleene;
And thurgh the feld in every wightis ere,
Ther nas no cry but, Lo, Troylus is here!

'Now here, now there, he huntyd hem so fast,
Ther nas but Grekys blood; and Troylus,
Now hym he hurt, and hym aldoun he cast,
Ay wher he went hit was arayed thus:
He was her dethe, and sheld of lyf for us,
That as that day ther durst none withstond,
Whil that he held his blody swerd in hond.

'Therto he is the frendliest man
Of so grete astate, that ever I saw in my lyve:
And wher hym lyst, best felawship can
To such as hym thinkith able to thrive,
And with that word tho Pandarus as blyve
He toke his leve, and seyde, 'I wyl go henne.'
'Nay, blame have I,' quod she, 'unkil, thenne.'

'What eylyth yow to be thus werysom,
And namely of women? wil ye so?
Nay, sittith down; by God, I have to done
With yow, to speke of wysdom or ye go.'
And every wight that was about hem tho,
That herd that, gan ferre away to stond,
Whil that thei two had that hem lyst on hond.

Whan that her tale was broght to the ende,
Of her astate, and of her governaunce,
'Now,' quod Pandarus, 'tyme is it I wende,
But yet I sey, arise and lete us daunce,
And castith yowr wydowis habit to myschaunce:
What lyst yow thus your self to disfigure,
Seth yow is tyd so glad an aventure?'

'A! wele bythoght! for love of God,' quod she,
'Shal I now wytyn what ye mene of this?'
Nay, this thing askith leyser,' tho quod he;
'And eke me wold greve sore ywis,
If I it told and ye it toke amys:
Yet were it bet my tung for to stille,
Than sey a sothe that were ayen your wille.

'For, nece mine, by the goddesse Minerve,
And Jubiter, that makith the thundir ring,
And by the blesful Venus that I serve,
Ye be the woman that in this world lyving,
Without paramours,¹ to my wytyng,

¹ That is, 'I love you best of any woman living, in the way of friendship.'

That I best love and lothest am to greve,
And that ye wite wel your self, I leve.'

'Ywis, myn uncle,' quod she, 'graunt mercy,
Your frendshippe have I found ever yet;
I am to no man holdyn trewly
So mych as yow, and have so litil qwyte:
And with the grace of God, so fer forth as myght,
As in my gilt, I shal never offende,
And if I have or this, I wil amende.

'But for the love of God I yow byseche,
As ye be he that I most love and trist,
Let be to me your fremed maner speche,
And sey to me, your nece, what yow list:
And with that worde anon hir uncle hir kist,
And he seyde, 'Gladly, leve nece dere!
Take it for good that I shal sey yow here.'

With that she gan her eyen doun cast,
And Pandarus to cogh bygan a lyte,
And seyde, 'Nece, alwey to the last,
How so it be, that some men hem delite
With sotil art or talis to endyte,
Yet for al that in her entencion,
Her tale is al for some conclusion.

'And seth the ende is every talis strengthe,
And this mater is so behovely,
What shold I peynt or drawyn it on length
To yow, that be my frend so feithfully?
And with that word he gan right inwardly
Byholdyn her, and lokyn in her face,
And seyde, 'On such a myrrour good grace!'

Than thoght he thus, 'If I my tale endyte
Oght hard, or make a processe eny while,
She shal no savour have therein but lyte,
And trow I wold her in my wil begyle;
For tendir wittis wenyn al be wyle,

Wher as they can not pleylnly undirstond;
 Therfor her wit to servyn wil I fond.¹

And lokyd on her yn a bysy wyse,
 And she was ware that he byheld her so,
 And seyde, 'Lord! so fast ye me avise!
 What? Sey ye me never er than tho?'
 'Yes, yes,' quod he, 'and bet wol or I go:
 But by my trouthe I thoght not if ye
 Be fortunate; for now men shul it se.

'For every wyght some goodly aventure
 Sumtyme is shape, if he can hit receyve:
 And if that he wole take of it no cure
 Whan that it comith, but wilfully it weyve,
 Lo, nother cas nor fortune hym deceyve,²
 But right his owne slouth and wrecchidness:
 And such a wight is to blame, I gesse.³

'Good aventure, hele nece, have ye
 Ful lightly found, and ye kun hit take;
 And, for the love of God, and eke of me,
 Takith it anon, lest aventure slake:
 What shold I lenger processe to yow make?
 Yeve me your hond, for in this world is none,
 If that yow list, a wight so wel bygone.⁴

'And syth I speke of good entencioun,
 As I yow have told wele here byforn,
 And love as wele your honour and renoun,

¹ The meaning appears to be, Therefore I will find a way to humour her tender wit, her weak understanding.

² The Harl. MS., 3943, reads, *No nother cas that fortune hym deceive*; this being scarcely intelligible, the reading of MS. 1239 has been adopted.

³ This stanza recalls the passage in *Julius Cæsar*, beginning—

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'—iv. 3.

⁴ That is, 'There is not in the world any one so fortunate as you, if you choose to take advantage of your good luck.'

As creature in al this world yborn: ♦
 By alle the othis that I have yow sworne,
 If ye be wrothe therfor or wene I ly,
 Ne shal I never se yow eft with eye.

‘Beth not agast, ne qwaketh not; wherto?¹
 Ne chaungeth not for fere so your hewe,
 For hardily the worst of this is do;
 And thogh my tale to yow as now be newe,
 Yet trustith me ye shul me fynde trewe;
 And were it thing me thinkith unfittyng,
 To yow ne wold I no such talis bryng.’

‘Now, my good eem, for Goddis love I prey,’
 Quod she, ‘come of, and telle me what it is;
 For bothe I am agast what ye wol say,
 And eke me longith to wytyn it ywis;
 For whethir it be for wele or be amys,
 Sey on, let me not in this fere dwelle.’
 ‘So wol I do, now herkenith how I telle:

‘Now, nece myn, the kyngis dere sone,
 The goode, wise, worthy, fresh, and fre,
 Which alwey to do wele is his wone,
 The noble Troylus so lovith the,
 That, but² ye help it, hit wole his bane be.
 Lo, here is al! what shold I more sey?
 Do what yow lyst, make hym lyve or dey.

‘But if ye lete hym dye I wol sterve,
 Have here my trouthe, nece, I wil not lyen,
 Al shold I with this knyf my throte kerve.’
 With that the teris brest out of his eyen,
 And seyde, ‘If that ye do us bothe dyen
 Thus giltles, than have ye fisshid fayre;³
 What wyne ye thogh we bothe apaire?⁴

¹ The meaning is, Whereto is it expedient? What is the use of it?

² ‘Except you help.’

³ The meaning of this expression is not obvious. ‘Perhaps it may be equivalent to the vulgar phrase, ‘You have made a nice kettle of fish of it.’

⁴ That is, ‘What do you win, though we both lose?’

' Alas, he that is my lord so dere,
That trewe man, that noble worthi knyght,
That noight desirith but your lovely chere,
I se him deye ther he goth upright;
And hastith hym with al his ful might
To be slayn, if his fortune assent;
Alas, that God you such a bewte sent!

' If it so be that ye so cruel be,
That of his dethe ye lyst not to recche,
That is so trew and worthy as we se,
No more than of a japer or a wrecche,
If ye be such, yowr bewte may not strecche,
To make amendis of so cruel a dede:
Avisement is good ay byfor the nede.

- ' Wo worthe the fair gemme vertules!¹
Wo worth that herbe also that doth no boot!
Wo worth that bewte also that is rowtheles!
Wo worth that wight that tret² ech undur foot!
And ye, that be of bewte crop and rote,
If therwithal in yow be no routhe,
Than is it harme ye lyvyn, by my trouthe!

' And also thenk wel that it is no gaude,
For me were lever, that ye, and I, and he,
Were hangid, than I sholde be his bawde,
As hy as men might on us se:
I am thyn eme, the shame were to me,

¹ It was universally believed in the middle ages that certain precious stones were possessed of hidden virtues. Thus Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, says, 'The turkeys' [turquoise] 'doth move when there is any peril prepared to him that weareth it.' It is also said by Nicols, in his *Lapidary*, to have the property of reconciling man and wife. Holinshed, speaking of the death of King John, says, 'And when the king suspected them [the pears] to be poisoned indeed, by reason that such precious stones as he had about him cast forth a certain sweat, as it were bewracing the poison,' &c. Thus in the *Testament of Love*:—'Thinke that one vertu of a margarete precious is, amongs meny others, the sorowful to comferte.' This superstition was derived from the East.

² *Tret* is a contraction for *tredeth*, as *byt*, for *biddeth*, *slyt*, for *slideth*, *flit*, for *fleteth*, &c. See *post*, p. 83, note 2.

As wel as thee, if I shold assent,
Thurgh myn abettyng, that he thine honour shent.

‘ Now understand, for I you not require
To bynde yow to hym by no byheste,
But only that ye make hym better chere
Than ye have do or this, and more feste,
So that his lyf be savid at the leste:
This is al and some, and pleyonly our entent;
God help me so, I never othir ment.

‘ Lo, this request is not but skyl ywis,
Ne dowl of reson parde ther is none:
I set the worst, lest ye dreddyn this,
Men wolde wondur to se hym come and gone:
Ther ayens answeere I thus anone,
That every wight, but he be fole of kynd,
Wole deeme it love of frendship in his mynd.

‘ What? ho wil deme, thogh he se a man
To temple go, that he the ymagis etith?
Thenk eke, how wele and bysily that he can
Governe hymself, that he nothing forgetith,
That wher he comith, he thank and pris hym getith;
And eke therto he shal come here so seld,
What fors were it if al the toun byheld?

‘ Such love of frendis regnith in al this toun:
And cover yow in that mantel evermore;
And God so wis be my salvacioun,
As I have seyde, your best is to do so:
But, goode nece, alwey to stint his wo,
Lete your daunger sugrid bene alyte,
That of his dethe ye be not al to wyte.’

Cryseyde, which that herd hym in this wise,
Thoght, ‘ I shall fele what he menith ywis:’
‘ Now eme,’ quod she, ‘ what wold ye devise?
What is your rede I shold done of this?’
‘ That is wel seyde,’ quod he, ‘ certeyne best is,

That ye hym love ayen for his lovyng,
As love for love is skylful guerdonyng.

'Thenk eke how elde wastith every houre
In eche of yow a partie of bewte,
And therfor, or age yow devoure,
Go love, for old ther wole no wight of the:¹
Lete this proverbe a lore unto yow be,
'To late I was ware,' quod bewte, 'whan it past,²
And eld dauntith daunger at the last.'

'The kyngis fole is wont to cryen lowd,
Whan that hym thinkith a woman berith her hy,
'So longe mote ye lyve, and al prowde,
Til crowis feet³ be vox undur your ey!
And send yow than a mirrour in to pry
In whiche ye may se your face a morrow!
I kepe than wisshe yow no more sorow.'⁴

With this he stint, and cast adown his hede,
And she bygan to wepe right anone,
And seyde, 'Alas, for wo! why ner I dede?
For of this world the faith is al agone:
Alas, what shold straunge folk to me done,
Whan he that for my best frend I wende,
Ret me to love, and shold it me defende?'

'Alas, I wold have trustyd douteles,
If I, thurgh my disaventure,
Had lovid other hym or Achilles,
Ector, or any othir creature,
Ye nold han had no mercy ne mesure

¹ That is, 'For, when you are old, no one will care to have you.'

² The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *at last*; *whan it past* is taken from MS. 1239, as being more suitable both to the context and metre.

³ Crow's feet are the wrinkles at the outside corner of the eye, so called because they resemble claws.

⁴ That is, 'I do not care to wish you any worse fortune.'

⁵ The meaning is, 'Alas, what will strangers do to me, when he whom I supposed to be my best friend, redeth, or advises me to love, when he ought to forbid it.' *Ret* is a contraction for *redeth*, as *tret* for *tredeh*. See *post*, p. 83, note 2. ♀

On me, but alwey had me in repreſe:
This fals world, alas! ho ſhal it leue?

‘What? is this al the joy and al the feſt
That ye of ſo made?’¹ is this my bliſful caſ?
Is this the verrey mede of your byheſt?
Is al this peyntid proces ſeyd, alas,
Right for this fine?’² O lady myn Pallas,
Thou in this dredful caſ for me purvey,
For ſo aſtonyd am I, that I dey.’

With that ſhe gan ful ſorowfully to ſyke.
‘A! may it be no bet?’ quod Pandarus;
‘By God I ſhal no more come here this wyke,
And God toforn, that am miſtrowid thus:
I ſe wel that ye ſette lyte of uſ,
Or of our dethe: alas, I woful wrecche!
Might he yet lyue, of me is not to recche.

‘O cruel god, O deſpitous Marte,
O Furies three³ of Hell, on yow I cry,
So lete me never out of this hous departe,
If I ment harme or eny vilany:
But ſeth I ſe my lord mote nedis dye,
And I with hym, here I me ſhrive and ſey,
That wikkydly ye done uſ bothe to dey.

‘But ſeth it likith yow that I be dede,
By Neptunus, that god is of the ſee,
Fro this forth ſhal I never etyn brede,
Til I myn own herte blode may ſe;
For certeyne I wil dey as ſone as he.’
And up he ſtert, and forth his wey he raught,
Til ſhe ayen hym by the lappe caught.

Cryſeyde, that welny ſtarf for that fere,
So aſ ſhe waſ the frelyeſt⁴ wight
That might be, and herd eke with her ere,

¹ That is, ‘That you made ſo much of.’

² End.

³ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *O furious ire*, which doeſ not ſeem ſo good aſ the reading of MS. 1239, here adopted.

⁴ *Frelyeſt* may perhaps mean *fraileſt*, or moſt tender-hearted.

And saw the sorowful ernest of the knight,
And in his prayer eke saw none unright,
And for the harme eke that might fal more,
She gan to rewe and drede her wondur sore.

And thought thus, 'Unhappis fallyn thik
Alday for love, in such maner cas,
And men be cruel in hem self and wik;
And if this man here sle hem self, alas,
In my presence, hit nel be no solas.
What men wold of yt deme I can not sey;
Hit nedith me ful slely for to pley.'

And with a sorowful syke, she seyde thrie,
'A, Lord! me is bytid a sory chaunce,
For myn astate lith in a jeopardye,
And eke myn emys lyf lieth in balaunce:
But natheles, with good governaunce
I shal so done, myn honour for to kepe,
And eke his lyf:' and stinte for to wepe.

'Of harmys two, the lasse is for to chese,
Yet have I lever make hym good chere
In honour, than myn emys lyf to lese.
Ye sey, ye nothing ellis me requere.'
'No, ywis,' quod he, 'myn own nece dere.'
'Now wel,' quod she, 'and I wole do my peyne,
I shal my hert ayens my lyst constreyne.

'But that I nel not holdyn hym in hond,
Ne love no man, (that can no wight, ne may,
Ayenst his wil), but ellis wol I fond,
Myn honour safe, plese hym fro day to day;
Therto nold I not ones have seyde nay,
But that I drede as yn my fantasy:
But cesyd cause, aie cecith malady.

'But here I make a protestacioun,
That in this proces if ye depper go,
That certeynly, for no salvacioun

Of yow, thogh ye sterve bothe two,
 Thogh al the world on o day be my foo,
 Ne shal I never on hym have other routhe:¹
 'I graunt wele,' quod Pandare, 'by my trouthe.'

'But may I trust wele to yow,' quod he,
 'That on this thing that ye have hight me here
 Ye wol it holdyn trewly to me?'
 'Ye, doutles,' quod she, 'myn uncle dere.'
 'Ne that shal I have cause in this matere'
 Quod he, 'to pleyne, or after yow to preche?'
 'Why no, parde! what nedith more speche?'

Tho fillyn thei in other talis glade
 Til at the last, 'O good eme,' quod she tho,
 'For love of God that us bothe made,
 Tel me how first ye wist of his wo:
 Wot none of it but ye?' he seyde, 'No.'
 'Kan he wel speke of love,' quod she, 'I pray?
 Tel me, for I the betir shal me purvay.'

Tho Pandarus a litil gan to smyle,
 And seyde: 'Be my trouthe I shal yow telle,—
 This othir day, not gone ful long while,
 Within the paleys gardyn by a welle,
 Gan he and I wel half a day to dwelle,
 So forth we spekyn of an ordinaunce,
 How we the Grekys myghten disavaunce.

'So aftir that bygone we for to lepe,
 And caste with our dartis to and fro,
 Til at the last, he seyde, he wold slepe,
 And on the gras adoun he leyde him tho;
 And I aftur gan romen to and fro,¹
 Til that I herd, as I walkyd alone,
 How he bygan ful sorowfully to grone.

¹ This is the reading of the Harl. MS., 1239, and is here adopted as being much better than of MS. 3843, *And in a fere gan romyn to and fro.*

'Tho gan I stalke hym softly byhind,
 And sikerly, the sothe for to seyn,
 As I can clepe ayen now to my mynd,
 Right thus to love he gan hym for to playn;
 He seyde, 'Lord, have routhe upon my peyn,
 Al have I be rebel in myn entent,
 Now, meâ culpa,¹ lord, I me repent.

'O God, that at thy disposicioun
 Ledist the fine,² by juste purviaunce,
 Of every wight, my lowe confessioun
 Accepte in gre, and sende me soche penaunce
 As likith the; but from disesperaunce,
 That may my gost alwey departe from the,
 Thow be my sheld, for thy benigneite..

'For certis, lord, so sore hath she me woundid
 That stood in blak, with lokyng of her eyen,
 That to myn hertis botme it is founded,
 Thurgh which I wote that I must needis dyen;
 This is the worst, I dare me not bewryen,
 And wele the hattere bene the gledis rede
 That men hem wryen with asshen pale as lede.'

'With that he smot his heed adoun anone
 And gan to motre, I note ner what trewly,
 And I with that gan stille away to gone
 And lete thereof, as wist nothing had I,
 And come ageyn anone and stode hym by,
 And seyde, 'Awake, ye slepyng al to longe!
 Hit semith not that love doth yow to longe,³

¹ The words meâ culpâ, meâ culpâ, meâ maximâ culpâ, formed a part of the general confession of sins used in Chaucer's time, in the public service of the Church, and are applied generally to express contrition.

² The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *ledest forth thyn*, which makes the sentence ungrammatical, as there is no word to govern the genitive, of *every wight*, in the next line: *the fine*, meaning the *end*, has therefore been adopted from MS. 1239.

³ The Harl. MS. 3943 reads *wrong*, the MS. 1239 *to longe*. The latter is adopted as giving a better sense. It may be observed, gene-

‘That slepyñ so that no man may yow wake;
Who sey ever or this so dul a man?’

‘Ye, frend,’ quod he, ‘do ye your hedys ake
For love, and lete me lyve as I can.’
But thogh that he for wo was pale and wan,
Yet made he tho as fresshe countenaunce,
As thogh he shold have led the newe daunce.

‘This passid forth, til now this othir day
Hit fel that I come romyng al alone
Into his chambre, and fond how that he lay
Upon his bed; but man so sore grone
Ne herd I never, and that was his mone
Ne wist I not, for as I was comyng
Al sodenly he left his compleynyng.

‘Of which I toke sumwhat suspeccioun,
And ner I come, and fond he wepte sore;
And God so wys be my savacioun,
As never of thing had I routhe more;
For neither with engyne, ne with lore,
Unnethis might I fro the dethe hym kepyn,
That yet fele I myn herte for him wepyn.

‘And, God wote, never seth that I was borne
Was I so bysy no man for to preche,
Ne never was to wight so depe sworne,
Or he me tolde, ho myght be his leche;
But now to yow rehercyn al his speche,
Or alle his woful wordis for to sowne,
Bid ye me not, but ye wol se me swowne.

‘But for to save his lyfe, and ellis not,
And to none harme of yow, thus I dryvyn;
And for the love of God that us hath wroght
Suche chere hym dothe, that he and I may lyvyn;
Now have I plat to yow my herte shryvyn,
And seth ye wyte that myn entent is clene,
Take hede therof, for I non evil mene.

rally, that Chaucer admits rhymes absolutely identical in sound, when the words, as in this instance, bear a different meaning.

'And right good thrift, I prey to God, have ye,
 That have such on caght into your nette,
 And be ye wys, as ye be fair to se,
 Wel in the ring is than the rubie sette;
 Ther were never two so wele ymette
 Whan ye be his al hole, as he is youre:
 That mighty God us graunt to se the houres!'

'Nay, therof spak I not:'¹ 'A ha!' quod she,
 'As help me God, ye shende every dele.'
 'A! mercy, dere nece,' anone, quod he,
 'What so I spak I ment nought but wele,
 By Mars the god, that helmyd is of stele:
 Now be not wrothe, my blood, my nece dere.'
 'Now wele,' quod she, 'for yevyn be hit here.'

With this he toke his leve, and home is went;
 A, Lord! so he was glad, and wel bygone!
 Cryseyde aros, no lenger wold she stynt,
 But streight into her chambre went anone,
 And sette her doune, as stille as eny stone,
 And every word gan up and down to wynd,
 That he had seyde as it cam to her mynd.

And wax sumdele astonyed in her thoght,
 Right for the newe cas; but whan that she
 Was ful avysid, tho fonde she right noght
 Of peril, why she oght aferd to be:
 For a man may love of possibilite
 A woman so, his herte may to-brest,
 And she not love ayen, but if her lest.

But as she sat alone and thought thus,
 Ascrye² aros at scarmysche al withowte,
 And men cried in the strete tho, 'Troylus
 Hath right now put to flight the Grekis rout.'
 With that gan al the meyne for to shout:

¹ Pandarus appears to perceive the bad effect which this incautious speech has had upon Cryseyde, and hastens to recal it.

² The Harl. MS. 3943 reads, evidently by mistake, *In the skye*. The correction is from MS. 1239.

'A! go we se, cast up the latis wide,
For thurgh this strete he must to paleys ride;'

For other wey is fro the gatis none,
Of Dardanus,¹ there opyn is the cheyne:
With that come he, and al his folk anone,
An esy pas ridyng, in routes tweyne,
Right as his happy day² was, sothe to seyne:
For which men sey may not destourblid be
That shal betyde of necessite.

This Troylus sate upon his bay stede
Al armyd save his hede ful richely,
And woundid was his hors, and gan to blede,
On which he rood a pas³ ful softly:
But such a knyghtly sight trewly
As was on hym, was nat, withouten faille,
To loke on Mars, that god is of bataille.

So lyke a man of armys and a knyght,
He was to sene, fulfild of hye prowessse;
For bothe he had a body, and a myght
To do that thing, as wel as hardynesse;
And eke to se hym in his gere hym dresse,
So fresshe, so yung, so weldy semyd he,
Hit was an hevyn on him for to se.

His helm to-hewyn was in twenty places,
That by a tissewe hing his bak behind,
His sheld to-dasshyd was with swerd and macis,

¹ The Harl. MS. 3943 reads *Cardamys*; but as the MS. 1239 reads *Dardanus*, and is supported by the editions, it has been preferred. Dardanus was the founder of Troy; it is therefore probable that Chaucer intended us to suppose that one of the gates was called after him. There is nothing about it in the *Filostrato*. This gate is supposed to be the only one kept unchained for the convenience of the inhabitants.

² Instead of *happy day*, the reading of Harl. MS. 1239, the MS. 3943 reads *hit happyd*. The expressions *happy day*, *happy hour* (*bonheur*), meaning good fortune, are derived from Astrology, which taught that prosperity and misfortune through life depended upon the day and hour of birth.

³ A pas appears to be the French, à pas, at a foot-pace.

In which men mightyn meny an arwe fynd,
 That thrilled hath both horn, nerfe, and rynd;¹
 And ay the peple cried, 'Here comith our joy,
 And, next his brother, holder up of Troy.'

For which he wax a littil rede for shame
 Whan he so herd the peple on him crien,
 That to byhold it was a noble game,
 How sobrelly he cast adoun his eyen:
 Cryseyde anon gan al the chere aspyen,
 And lete it in her herte so softely synke,
 That to her self she seyde, 'Ho gevith me drinke?'²

For of her owne thoght she wax al rede,
 Remembring her right thus, 'Lo! this is he,
 Which that myn uncle swerith he mote be dede,
 But I on hym have mercy or pite.'
 And for that thoght, for pure ashamyd she
 Gan inne her hede pulle, and that as fast,
 While he and al the peple for by past.³

¹ The shield here described appears to have been made of horn, sinews, or *nerfe*, and skin or *rynd*. The shield in Homer is made of wicker work, upon which skins are stretched, and the whole covered with a brazen plate. The shield of Ajax is thus described:—

Ὅς δι' ἐποίησεν σάκος αἰδῶν, ἑπταβόειον,
 ταύρων ζατρεφῶν, ἐπὶ δ' ὄγδοον ἤλασε χαλκόν.
 Ἰλιάδος, Η. 222.

² The meaning appears to be, Who has given me a love potion, that I should be so suddenly captivated?

³ The whole scene at the window is a remarkable example of Chaucer's superiority over Boccaccio in tenderness and delicacy of feeling. In the *Filostrato*, Griseida yields at once to the suggestions of Pandarus, and apologizes for a little apparent reluctance at first, by alleging a care for her reputation.

— 'Cugin, io ben m'aveggio
 Che retrarmi non posso al tuo desiro,
 E lo farò che soddisfar ti deggio.
 Egli lo vale, bastite s'io il miro;
 Ma vergogna a fuggir, e forse peggio,
 Pregal che saggio sia, e faccia quello
 Che biasmo non porti a me, ne 'a ello.

Then Pandarus and Troilo agree to walk past her house; and when she sees them she throws herself into an attitude calculated to display

And gan to cast, and rolle it up and doun
 Within her thocht his excellent prowesse,
 And his astate, and also his renoun,
 His wit, his shap, and eke his gentillesse;
 But most her favour was for his distresse
 Was al for her, and thocht it were routhe
 To sle such on, if that he ment but trouthe.

Now myght some envious janglyn thus,
 'This was a sodeyn love, how might this be,
 That she so lightly lovyd Troylus,
 Right for the first sight?' Ye, parde?
 Now who seith so, never mote he the!
 For every thing a bygynnyng hath nede
 Or al bē wrought, withouten eny drede.

For I sey not that she so sodenly
 Yaf hym her love, but she bygan encline
 To like hym tho, and I have told yow why:
 And aftir that, his manhood, and his pine,
 Made love within her herte for to myne;
 For which by processe, and by good servise
 He wan her love, and in no sodeyn wise.

her charms to the best advantage, and exchanges glance for glance with her lover, to whom she had never spoken.

'Stava Griselda ad una sua fenestra
 Che forse quel che avvenne s'aspettava;
 Non si mostrò ne selvaggia ne alpestra
 Verso di Troilo, che la rimirava;
 Ma la faccia appoggiata sù la destra
 Onestamente verso lui mirava.'

Contrast Chaucer's conception with this. Troylus is first seen by Cryseyde under circumstances peculiarly calculated to gain a woman's affections. He returns in triumph from battle, with the tokens of his hair-breadth escapes, his helmet 'to-hewyn,' his shield 'to-dashed,' and his horse bleeding, attended by a rout of Trojans, whose applause he receives with the modesty indicative of a noble nature. All this sinks into her heart; and the consciousness that she loves and is beloved, now first dawning upon her mind, covers her face with blushes, and she retires in confusion from the window. Compared with this exquisite picture Boccaccio is coarse and vulgar.

And also blisful Venus, wel arayed,
 Sate in her seventh hous of Hevyn tho,
 Disposyd wele, and with aspect purvayed
 To helpe sely Troylus of his wo:
 And soth to sey, she nas not his fo
 To Troylus, in his nativyte;
 God wote that wele the sooner spedde he.¹

¹ The following passage from *The Conclusions of the Astrolabie* illustrates these astrological terms; but it has also an independent interest besides, because it shows that Chaucer was too good a catholic to believe in these anti-christian superstitions; and that when he uses astrological terms in his poems, it is only as a poetical ornament. The section is entitled *Special Declaration of the Ascendent*.

'The ascendent soothly, as wel in alle nativities as in questions and, as in eleccions of times, is a thing whyche that thes Astrologiens gretely observen; wherfor me semeth convenient, sens I speke of the ascendent, to make of it a special declaracion. The ascendent soothly, to take it at the largest, is thilke degre that ascendeth at any of thes foreseyde tymes on the East Orizont; and therfor, if that any planete ascende at thilke same time in the foreseyde same degre of his longitude, men seyne that thilke planete is in *horoscopo*. But soothly the house of that ascendent, that is to seyne, the first house or the east angle, is a thyng more brode and large; for after the statutes of Astrologiens, what celestial body that is five degres above thilke degre that ascendeth on the Orizont, or within that number, that is to seyne, nere that degre that ascendeth, yet reckon they thilke planete in the ascendent: and what planete that is under thilke degre that ascendeth xv. degres, yet, seyne they, that planete is like to him that is the house of the ascendent. Yet seyne thes Astrologiens that the ascendent, and eke the Lord of the ascendent, may be shapen to be fortunate or infortunate, as thus:—A fortunate ascendent clepen they, when that no wikked planete of Saturne or Mars, or ellis the tayle of the Dragon, is in the house of the ascendent, ne that no wikked planete have no aspect of enmity upon the ascendent; but yet they wolle cast that they have fortunate planete in her ascendent, and yet in his felicity, and than seye they that it is wel. . . . The Lord of the ascendent, seyne they, is fortunate whan he is in gode place for the ascendent, and yet the Lord of the ascendent is in an angle, or in a succedent, wher he is in his dignity, and comforteth with frendly aspectes receyved; and eke that he may sene the ascendent not retrograde, ne combust, ne joyned with no shrewe in the same signe, ne that he be not in his discension, ne reigned with no planete in his discensions, ne have upon him none aspect infortunate; and than they seyne that he is wel. Natheles, these bene observaunces of judicial matere, and rites of Paynims, in *whiche my spirite hath no feithe*, &c.

Now lete us stynt of Troylus a throwe,
 That ridith forth, and lete us turne fast
 Unto Cryseyde, that hing her heed ful lowe,
 Ther as she sate alone, and gan to cast
 Wheron she wold appoynt her at the last,
 If it so were her eme nolde sese,
 For Troylus upon her for to prese.

And, lord! so she gan in her herte argue
 Of this matere, of which I have yow told,
 And what to do best were, and what teshewe,
 That plytid she ful oft in meny fold;¹
 Now was her herte warm, now was it cold.
 And what she thoght, sumwhat I shal write,
 As to myn auctor lysteth to endite.²

She thoght first, that Troylus persone
 She knew by sight and eke his gentilnes:
 And seyde thus, 'Al were it not to done
 To graunte hym love, al for the worthines,
 Hit were honour, with pley and with gladnes,
 In honeste, with such a lord to dele,
 For myn astate, and also for his hele.

'Eke wel I wote my kingis sone is he,
 And seth he hath to se me such delite,
 If I wold uttirlich his sight fle,
 Paraunture he myght have me in dispite,
 Thurgh which I myght stond in wors plite:
 Now were I a fole, me hate to purchase
 Withoute nede, wher I may stond in grace.

'In every thing, I wote there lith mesure;
 For though a man forbede drunkennesse,
 He not forbedes that every creature

¹ This is an excellent metaphor: the laying of argument upon argument is compared to plaiting fold upon fold of a garment.

² The Harl. MS. 3943 reads *As to me myn auctour lest for to endyte*. The reading in the text is from MS. 1239, and is preferred for its metrical correctness.

Be drinkeles for alwey, as I gesse:
 Eke, seth I wote for me is his distresse,
 I oght not for that thinge hym dispise,
 Sethe hit is so he menith it in good wise.

‘ And eke I know, of longe tyme agone,
 His thewys gode, and that he is not nyce,
 No avauntour, certesly he is none;
 To wys is he to do so grete a vice:
 Ne as I nel never hym so cherice,
 That he may make avaunt by juste cause;
 He shal me never bynde with such a clause.

‘ Now sette a cas, the herdeste is ywis,¹
 Men myghte demyn that he lovith me:
 What dishonour were it unto me this?
 May I hym lette of that? why nay, parde!
 I know also, and alway here and se,
 Men lovyn wymmen al this toun about,
 Be they the wors? why nay, withoutyn dout!

‘ I think eke how able he is to have
 Of all this noble toun the thriftyest,
 That woman is, so she her honour save:
 For out and out he is the worthiest,
 Save only Ector, which that is the best;
 And yet his lyf lith now in al my cure,
 But such is love, and eke myn aventure.

‘ Ne me to love a wondir is it noht;
 For wele wote I my self, so God me spede,
 Al wol I that no man wist of this thoght,
 I am one the fayrest, withoutyn drede,
 And goodliest, ho so takith hede,

¹ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *Now set y a cas thus ywis*. This is a defective line, and therefore the reading of the MS. 1239 is adopted instead. The meaning is, ‘ Now suppose a case, which is the hardest, or worst, that can occur.’

And so men seyn in al the toun of Troy ;
 What wondur is it thogh he on me have joy?¹

'I am myn owne woman, wele at ese,
 I thank it God, as aftir myn astate,
 Right yung, and stond untyd in lusty lese,
 Withowte jelousie, or suche debate :
 Shal nonne husbond sey to me 'chek mate ;'²
 For either they be ful of jelosye,
 Or maystreful, or lovyn novelrye.

'What shal I do? to what fyn lyve I thus?
 Shal I not love in cas if that me lyst?
 What? parde! I am not religious ;
 And thogh that I myn herte set at rest
 Upon this knyght that is the worthiest,
 And kepe alwey myn honour, and my name,
 By al right I may do me no shame.'

But right as whan the sunne shynith bright
 In Marche that chaungith oft-tyme his face,³

¹ Instead of these two lines, the Harl. MS., 1239, reads :—

'Men love women al beside her leve,
 And whan hem lyst no more, lat hem leve.'

² The term *check-mate* is probably derived from the Persian *Shāhmāt*, the king is taken, used to mark that the game at chess is ended. As employed here it is a pun. Cryseyde says, 'No husband shall *check* or chastise, me, his *mate*, or wife.'

³ In the *Filostrato* there are none of the vicissitudes of feeling, so admirably illustrated by these similes, and which give to the poem all the interest of a subtle analysis of the workings of the human heart when moved by the passion of love, in its various combinations. Boccaccio's *Griseida* is simply a gay coquettish widow, who is conscious of no higher feeling but that of triumph, 'at having succeeded in securing the affections of a handsome young man of rank.'

'Partito Pandaro, se andò soletta
 Nella camera sua Griseida bella,
 Seco nel cor ciascuna paroletta
 Ripetendo, e di Troilo la novella
 Forma d'amar, così che gl'era detta ;
 E lieta ragionando in sua favella,

And that a cloud is putte with wynde to flight,¹
 The which oversprat² the sunne, as for a space,
 A clowdy thought gan thurgh her herte pace,
 That oversprad her othir thoughtis alle,
 So that for fere almost she gan to falle.

That thought was this:—‘Alas! seth I am free,
 Shold I now love, and put in jupardy
 My sikirnes, and thrallyn liberte?
 Alas! how durst I thenke that foly?
 I may ful wele in other folk aspy
 Her dredful joy, her constreynt, and her peyne;
 Ther loveth noon, that sche ne hath why to pleyne.’³

‘For love is yet the moste stormy lyf,
 Right of hymself, that ever was begunne;
 For ever some mystrust, or nice stryf,

Si dette in braccio a amore sospirando,
 Le bellezze di Troilo imaginando.

‘Giovine e bella io sono, e vaga e lieta,
 Vedova rica, nobile ed amata,
 Menando senza figli vita lieta;
 Perchè non potrò stare innamorata?’

* * * * *

Pensar non ti conviene ad un marito,
 E se il dovessi, la sua libertate
 Serbare è troppo più savio partito;
 L’amor che nasce in sì fatta imitate
 E sempre fra gl’amici più gradito.’

¹ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads, ‘that put the wynde to flight;’ this is evidently a mistake of the scribe. The reading in the text is taken from MS. 1239.

² This form of the third person sing. pres. indic. has already been remarked.—See *ante*, p. 46, note 5. It is in accordance with the rule of Anglo-Saxon, given by Professor Raske, *Grammar*, p. 76. ‘Those [verbs] in *dan* [as here, *overspredan*] have sometimes *tst* in the second person sing. of the present tense; in the third person, usually *t* only; as *lædan*, to lead; *thu lætst*, he læt.’ These are evidently the contracted forms of *lædest* and *lædeth*, which also occur.

³ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads:—

‘Her ’dredful joy, her constreynt and pleynt;
 Ther lovith none without both care and peyn.’

These lines being very unsatisfactory, the reading of MS. 1239 has been adopted in preference.

Ther is in love, some cloudis in that Sunne :
 Therto we wrecchyd wymmen nothing kunne,
 Whan us is wo, but sitte, wepe, and thinke ;
 Our wreche is our owne wo to drinke.

Also thes wikkyd tungen be so prest
 To speke us harm ; eke men be so untrewē,
 That right anon, as cessyd is her lest,
 So ceses love, and forthe to love a newe :
 But harme ydon is don, who so it rewe ;
 For thogh thes men for love hem first to-rende,¹
 Ful sharp hygynnyng brekith oft at ende.

‘How ofte tyme may men rede and se
 The tresoun, that to wymmen hath be done?
 To what fyne is such love I can not se,
 Or wher bycomith it whan it is gone ;
 There is no wight that wote, I trowe none,
 Wher it bycomith ; lo, no wight on it spornith ;²
 That arst was nothing, into nothing hit tourneth.

‘How bysy, if I love, eke must I be
 To plesyn hem that janglyn of love, and demen,
 And koy hem, that thei sey non harme of me ;
 For thogh ther be no cause, yet hem semyn
 Al be for harme that folk her frendis quemyn ;
 And who may stoppe every wikkyd tung,
 Or soun of bellis whil that they ben yrung?’

And aftir that her thoght bygan to clere
 And seyde, ‘Ho that nothing undirtakith
 Nothing acheveth, be hit leve or dere ;’³
 And with another thoght her herte quakith ;
 Than slepith hope, and aftir drede awakith,

¹ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *hem self unrende*: the reading in the text is taken from MS. 1239.

² The meaning of this expression is not at first obvious ; but it must signify, ‘Such love is so utterly unreal or immaterial that no one can kick against it.’ To spurn means primarily to kick, and is still so used by the peasantry of Norfolk.

³ This is the proverb, ‘Nothing venture, nothing have.’

Now hote, now cold; but thus bitwixe twey
She rist her up, and went her for to play.

Adoune the staire anon right tho she went
Into a gardyn ther with her necis thre,
And up and down they madyn meny a went,
Flexippe and she, Tarke, and Antigone,¹
To playe, that it joye was to se;
And other of her wymmen, a grete rout,
Her followdyn in the gardyn al about.

This yerd was large, and raylyd the aleyes,
And shadowyd wele with blosmy bowis grene,
And benchyd newe, and sandyd alle the weyes,
In which she walkith arme and arme bytwene;
Til at the last Antigone the shene
Gan on a Troian lay to syngyn clere,
That it an Hevyn was her vois to here.

She seyde, 'O Love, to whom I have, and shal
Be humble suget, trew in myn entent,
As I can best, to you, lord, yeve I al
For evermore myn hertis lys to rent:
For never yet thy grace to no wight sent
So blisful cause as me, my lyf to lede
In alle joy and seurte, out of drede.

'The blisful god hath me so wele bysette
In love ywis, that al that berith lyf
Imagine ne couthe how to be bette;
For, lord, withoute jelousy or strif
I love on which is moost ententif
To servyn wele, unwery and unfeynid,
That ever was, and lest with harme distreyned.

¹ The names Flexippe and Tarke, in some MSS. Tarke, do not occur in classical writers. In MS. 3943 Antigone is written Anteigne. Of this name there were two—one daughter of Œdipus, whose story forms the subject of the celebrated tragedy of Sophocles; and another a daughter of Laomedon.

' As he that is the welle of worthinesse,
Of trouthe ground, mirroure of goodlyhede,
Of wit Apollo, ston of sikernesse,
Of vertu rote, fynder of lyste and hede,
Thurgh whiche is al sorow fro me dede:
Ywis I love hym best, so doth he me;
Now good thrift have he, wher so that he be!

' Whom shold I thonke but yow, God of Love,
Of al this blys, which that I bathe yn?
And thankyd be yow, God, for that I love!
This is the right lyf that I am yn,
To fleme al maner vice and synne:
This doth me so to vertu to entende
That day by day I am in wil amende.¹

' And who that seith that for to love is vice,
Or thraldom, thogh he fele in hit distresse,
He is othir envious, or nyce,
Or is unworthy, for his shrewdenesse,
To love, for which maner folk I gesse
Diffamyn Love, as thei of hym nothing know;
Thei spekyng mych but thei bent never his bow.²

' What is the sunne wors of kynd right,
Thogh that a man, for feblenes of eyen,
May not endure to se on it for bright?³
Or love the wors, thogh wrecches on hit crien?
No wele is he worth that may no sorow drien;⁴
And forthi, who that hath an hede of verre
Fro caste of stonys ware hym in the werre.⁵

¹ The mediæval writers are full of this doctrine.—See vol. iv. p. 152, note 4.

² An allusion to the proverb, 'Many a man talks of Robin Hood who never shot in his bow.'

³ That is, for very brightness. The same construction occurs twice in vol. i. p. 158. 'He had a bere-skyne, cole blak for old;' again, 'As eny raven fether it schon for blak.' In vol. iii. p. 81: 'For dronk as he sat on his bench upright.' It has occurred before in this vol., p. 77: 'For pure ashamed.'

⁴ That is, 'He is not worthy of happiness who cannot endure sorrow.'

⁵ This proverb has come down to us in another form: 'Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.'

'But I with al myn hert and al my might,
As I have, wol love unto my last
My dere hert and al myn owne knyght,
In whiche myn herte growen is so fast¹
And his in me, that it shal ever last:
Alle dred I ferst to love hym to bygynne,
Now wote I wele ther is no peyn therin.'

And of her song right with that word she stynt,
And therwithal, 'Now, nece,' quod Cryseyde,
'Who made this song with so good entent?'
Antigone answerid anone and seyde,
'Madame, ywis, the goodliest mayde
Of grete astate in al the toun of Troy,
And led her lyf in most honour and joy.'

'Forsothe so it semith by her song,'
Quod tho Cryseyde, and gan therwith to sike,
And seyde, 'Lorde, is ther suche blisse among
Thes loveris, as thei kun faire endite?'
'Ye, ywis,' quod fressh Antigone the white;
'For al the folk that have or bene on lyve
Ne kun wele the blisse of love discryve.

'But wene ye that eny wrecche wote
The parfit blys of love? nay, ywis!
Thei wene al be love if one be hote;
Do wey, do wey! they wote nothing of this!
Men must ask of seyntis if it is
Oght fair in Hevyn; why? for thei can telle;
And axe of fendis, if it be foul in Helle.'

Cryseyde ther to her no thing answerde,
But seyde, 'Ywis it wil be night as fast;'
But every word, which that she of herde,
She gan to prente in hir herte faste,²
And ay gan love her las for to agaste

¹ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *myn herb is growyn*; the reading of MS. 1239 has been adopted in the text.

² Harl. MS., 3943, *She put hit in her herte fast*. The MS. 1239 has been followed in the text.

Than it dide erst, and synken in her herte,¹
That she wax able sumwhat to converte.²

The dayes honour, and the hevenis eye,
The nightis foo, al this clepe I the sonne,
Gan westryn fast, and dounward for to wrie,
As he that had his dayes cours yronne;
And whit thingis gan to wexe donne
For lak of light, and steris to apere,
That she and alle her folk went home yfere.

So whan it likyd her to go to rest,
And voydyd were tho that voyd shold out,
She seyde, that to slepyng wele her lest:
Her wemen sone unto her bed her broght:
Whan al was shet, than lay she stil and thoghte
Of alle thes thinges the manere and the wyse;
Rehersyn it nedith not, for ye be wise.

A nyghtyngale upon a cedre grene
Undur the chambre wal³ ther as she lay,
Ful lowde song agen the mone shene,
Perauntur, in his bridis wise, a lay
Of love, which made her hert freshe and gay;
Herat herkenyd she so long in good entent,
Til at the last the dede slepe her hent.

And as she slepe, anon right tho her met,
How that an egle, fetherid whit as bone,⁴
Undur her brest his longe clawis set,

¹ Harl. MS., 3943. *That dede her oft synkyn in her herte.* In the text, MS. 1239 has been followed.

² This passage, including the walk in the garden, Antigone's song, and Cryseyde's meditation upon it, is not found in the *Filostrato*.

³ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *was*; the verb *song* in the next line would thus be left without a subject; *wal* is therefore retained.

⁴ In *The Knightes Tale*, vol. i. p. 159, King Emetrius is represented as bearing a white eagle on his hand; but there is no species of eagle of this colour. The *jer-falcon*, however, which is chiefly found in Iceland, is often nearly white; and as it was the largest and most prized of the falcon tribe, perhaps whiteness came to be esteemed an excellence in birds of prey.

And out her hert he rent, and that anone,
 And ded his hert into her brest to gone;
 Of which no thing she abasshid ne smert,
 And forth he flyeth, with herte left for herte.¹

Now lete we her slepe, and forth hold
 Of Troylus, that is to paleys riddyn,
 Fro the scarmysshe of the which I told,
 And in his chambre syt, and hath abydyn,
 Til two or thre of his messangers yedyn
 For Pandares, and soghtyn hym so fast,
 Til they hym foundyn, and broghtyn at the last.

This Pandares come lepyng yn at ones,
 And seyð thus, 'Who hath been wel ybeto
 To day with swerdis, and wel slyng stones,
 But Troylus, that hath caught him an hete?'
 And gan to jape, and seyð, 'Lord, so ye swete!
 But rise and lete us sope, and go to reste';
 And he answerd him, 'Do we as the leste.'

With al the hast goodly as thei myght,
 They sped hem fro her soper to her bed,
 And every wight out at the dore hym dight,
 And wher hym list, upon his wey hym sped,
 But Troylus, that thought that his hert bled
 For wo, till that he herd some tydyng,
 And seyð, 'Frend, shal I now wepe or syng?'

Quod Pandarus, 'Be stil! and lete me slepe,
 And do down thin hood, thi nedis spedde be,
 And chese if thou wilt daunce or sing, or lepe;
 At short wordis thou shalt trowe al by me:—
 Sir, my nece wole doen wele by the,
 And love the best, by God and be my trouthe,
 But lak of pursute marre it in thi slouthe.

¹ The most natural interpretation of this dream is, that the eagle, the emblem of valour and nobility, as in *The Assembly of Foules*, represents Troylus, who, by the violence of his passion, tears, as it were, the heart out of her bosom, and places his own there, in its stead.

‘ For thus ferforth have I thi work begunne,
 Fro day to day, tul this day by the morow,
 Her love of friendship to the have I wonne,
 And therto hath she leyd her feith to borow;
 Algate a foote is hameled of thy sorow;’¹
 What shold I lenger sermon of yt hold?
 As ye have herd byfor, he al him told.

But right as flouris, thurgh cold of nyghte
 Yclosid, stoupyn in her stalkys lowe,
 Redressyn hem ayen the sonne brighte,
 And spredyn in her right cours by rowe;
 Right so gan tho his eyen up to throwe
 This Troylus, and seyde, ‘ O Venus dere,
 Thy might, thy grace, yheried be it here !’

And to Pandare he held up bothe his hondis,
 And seyde, ‘ Lord! al thyn be that I have;
 For I am hole, al brostyn be my bondis;
 A thowsand Troyes who so that me yave,
 Eche aftir othir, God so wis me save,
 Ne mighte so me gladen; lo, myne herte,
 It spredith so for joye, it wil to-sterete.

‘ But, lord! how shal I do? how shal I lyvin?
 Whan shal I next my dere herte se?
 How shal this longe tyme away be dryvin,
 Til that thou be ayen at her fro me?
 Thou mayst answer, abyde abyde! but he
 That hangith by the nek, the sothe to seyne,
 In grete dissese abydith for the peyne.’

‘ Al esyly now, for the love of Marte,’
 Quod Pandarus, ‘ for every thing hath tyme;
 So long abyde til that the night departe,
 For also siker as thou lyst here by me,
 And God tofor I wole be ther at pryme,

¹ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *Algate sumwhat I have lessid thy sorow*; but Speght's reading is retained, as being more characteristic of Pandarus's jocular manner. To *hamele* means to cut off.

And for thy work sumewhat as I shall sey,
Or on some other wight this charge ley.

‘For, parde, God wot, I have evere yet
Be redy the to serve, and to this nighte
Have I not feynid, but evere for my wit
Done al thy list, and shal do with my mighte;
Do now as I shal seyne, and fare aright;
And if thou nelt, wyte al thi self the care,
On me is not along thin evil fare.¹

‘I wote wele, that thou wiser art than I
A thousand fold; but if I were as thou,
God help me so, as I wold utturly
Right of myne owne honde write her now
A lettre, in whiche I wold telle her how
I ferde amys, and her byseche of routhe:
Now help thi self, and leve it for no slouth.

‘And I my self shal therwith to her gone,
And whan thou wost that I am with her there,
Worthe thou upon a courser right anone,
Ye hardily! right in thy best gere,
And ride forth by the place, as noght ne were,
And thou shalt fynd us, if I may, sitt yng
At some wyndow into the strete lokyng.

‘And if the list, than mayst thou us salew,
And upon me make thou thi contenaunce,
But, be thy lyfe, beware that thou eschewe
To tarien oght; God shield us fro mischaunce!
Ride forthe thy way, and hold thy governaunce,
And we shul speke of the sumewhat I trowe
Whan thou art gone, to do thine eris glowe.²

‘Towchyng this lettre, thou art wyse ynow,
I wote thou nilte it dignelyche endite,
Or make it with thes argumentis tow,

¹ ‘Your evil fare is not along on me,’ i. e., is not my fault.

² An allusion to the popular belief that when the ear becomes unusually hot, it is a sign that some person is talking of one.

Ne scryvenliche or craftely thow it write;
 Biblotte it with thy teris eke a lyte,
 And if thow write a goodly word al softe,
 Thogh it be good, reherce it not to ofte.

‘For though the best harpoure upon lyve
 Wold upon the best sownyd joly harpe
 That evere was, with al his fingris fyve
 Touche evere o strenge, or evere o werble harpe,
 Where his naylis poynted nevere so sharpe,¹
 He sholde make every wighte to dulle,
 To here his gle, and of his strokis fulle:

‘Ne jompre eke no discordaunt thing infere,
 As thus, to usen termis of physik;
 In lovis termes hold of thy matere
 The fourme alwey, and do that it be lyk;
 For if a peyntour wold peynt a pyke
 With assis feet, and heed it as an ape,
 Hit cordid not, so nere it but a jape.’²

This counseil likyd wele to Troylus,
 But as a dredful lover he seyde this:—
 ‘Alas, my dere brothir Pandarus,

¹ Stringed instruments, when not touched with the plectrum, or quill, appear to have been played with the nails. Thus, in the metrical romance of King Horn, Aylmer directs his steward to teach the young child the accomplishments suitable to a page:—

‘Stiward, tac thou here
 My fundling for to lere
 Of thine mestere,
 Of wode and of ryvere,
Ant toggen o the harpe
With is nayles sharpe.’

² These are excellent directions for the composition of a letter to a lady. It should be respectful (not deigneliche), neither obscure nor argumentative (tough), nor written like a scrivener’s, with too much attention to mere caligraphy, but blotted with tears. A happy idea must not be worn out, nor should it be couched in pedantic and incongruous terms. Chaucer appears to have been fond of Ovid, from whom he perhaps got the idea of the blotting:—

‘Quascumque aspicias, lacrymæ fecere, lituras.’

OVID.—*Heroides*, iii.

I am ashamyd for to write, ywis,
 Lest of myn innocens I seyde amys,
 Or that she nold hit for despite receyve;
 Than were I dede, ther mighte nothing me weyve.'

To that Pandare answerid, 'If thow lyst,
 Do that I sey, and lete me therwith gone;
 For by that Lord that fourmyd est and west,
 I hope of hit to bryng answer anone
 Right of her hond, and if thow nelte none,
 Lete be, and sory mote he be his lyve,
 Ayens thi list that helpith the to thrive.'

Quod Troylus, 'Depardeu, I assente;
 Seth that the list, I wole aryse and wryte;
 And blisful God pray ich, in good entent,
 The viage and the lettre I shal endite,
 So spede it, and thow, Minerva the white,¹
 Yeve thow me wyt me lettre to devise;
 And sete hym down, and wrote right in this wyse.

Ferst gan he her his righte lady calle,
 His hertis lyfe, his list, his sorowis leche,
 His blis, and eke his other termes alle,
 That in suche cas thes loveres al seche;
 And in ful humble wyse, as in his speche.
 He gan hym recommaunde unto her grace;
 To telle al how, hit axith² mychil space.

And aftir this ful lowly he her prayd
 To be not wroth, thogh he of his folly
 So hardy was to her to write, and seyed
 That love it made, or ellis must he dye,
 And pytously gan mercy for to cry:

¹ *White*, meaning fair, is rather a frigid epithet for Minerva; but perhaps it means *wight*, strong. The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *it write*; but this does not agree with the context, and Speght's reading has therefore been retained.

² *To axe*, which is now considered vulgar, is, in fact, the old Anglo-Saxon *acsian*, to ask.

And aftir that he seyde, and lyed ful lowd,
He was litel worthe, and lesse he cowd.¹

And that she shold have his cunnyng excused,
That litel was, and eke he drad her so,
And his unworthynesse he ay accusid:
And aftir that than gan he telle his wo,
But that was infynyte for ay and oo;²
And said, he wold in trouthe alwey hym holde,
And his adew made, and gan the letter folde.

And with his salte teries gan he bathe
The ruby in his signet, and hit sette
Upon the wex deliverliche and rathe;³
Therwith a thousand tymes, or he lette,
He kyssid tho the lettre that he shette
And seyde, 'Lettre; a blisful destyne
The shapyn is, my lady shal the se.'

This Pandare, up therwith, and that betyme
On morow, and to his necis palleys sterte,
And seyde, 'Slepe ye, and it is prime?'
And gan to jape, and seyde, 'Ywis myn herte,
So fressh is it, thogh it sore smerte,
I may slepe nevere a Mayes morow,
I have a joly wo, a lusty sorow.'

Cryseyde, whan that she her uncle herd,
With dredful hert, and desirous to here
The cause of his comyng, thus answerd:—
'Now by your feith, myn uncle,' quod she, 'dere,
What manere wynd gydith yow hidir here?

¹ That is, that he was himself worth little, and knew less.

² *Aye and oo* seems to be the original of the expression, *ever in one*, common in the Elizabethan writers. Speght reads *withouten ho*, *ho* being the form of putting a stop to anything, like *Ohe! jam satis!*—See vol. i. p. 170, note.

³ This is an allusion to the custom of wetting a seal before applying it to the wax. Thus Ovid:—

'Idem ego, ut arcanas possim signare tabellas,
Neve tenax ceram siccave gemma trahat,
Humida formosæ tangam prius ora puellæ.'—*Eleg.* iii. 15.

Tel us your jolly wo, and your penaunce,
How ferforth be ye put in lovis daunce.'

'By God,' quod he, 'I hope¹ alwey behynde!
And she to laughe it thoght her herte to-brest:
Quod Pandarus, 'Loke alwey that ye fynde
Game in myne hood;² but herkith if yow list,
Ther is right now come into this toun a gest,
A Greke aspye, and tellith newe thinges,
For which come I to telle yow new tydynges.

'Into the gardyn go we, and ye shul here
Al pryvily of this a long sermoun:
With that they wenten arme in arme yfere,
Into the gardyn fro the chaumber doun.
And whan that he so ferre was, that the soun
Of his wordis no man heren myghte,
He seyde thus, and out the lettre plighte.

'Lo, he that is al holy youris fre,
Hym recommaundith lowly to your grace,
And sent to yow this lettre here by me;
,Avisith yow on it, whan ye have space,
And some goodly answeere yow purchase;
Or, help me God so, pleyhely for to seyne,
He may not longe lyvyn for his peyne.

Ful dredfully tho gan she stonde stille,
And toke it not, but al her humble chere
Gan for to chaunge, and seyde, 'Scripe nor bill,
For love of God, that touchith suche matere,
Ne bring me none! and also, uncle dere,
To myn astate have more reward³ I pray
Than to his lust, what shold I more say.

¹ That is, 'I hop, or dance.'

² This jocularity is highly characteristic of Pandarus.

³ *Reward* here means *regard*. The French *g* or *gu* becomes in English *w*; as William from *Guillaume*, wafer from *gaufre*, Walter from *Gautier*, war from *guerre*, warishe from *guerir*.

And lokith now if this be resonable,
 And lettith not, for favour ne for slouthe,
 To seyn a sothe; now were it covenable
 To mine astate, by God, and by your trouthe,
 To takyn it, or to havyn of hym routhe,
 In harmyng of my self or in reprefe?
 Bere it ayen, for hym that ye on leve.'

This Pandare than bygan for to stare,
 And seyde, 'Now is this the most wondre
 That evere I sey! lete be this nice fare!
 To dethe mote I smytyn be with thundre,
 If for the cite whiche that stondith yondre,
 Wold I a lettre to yow bring or take,
 To harme of yow; what list ye thus to make?'

'But thus ye faryn wel ny al and some,
 That he that most desirith yow to serve,
 Of hym ye recchyn lest wher he bycome,
 And whethir that he live, or ellis sterve:
 But for al that that evere I may deserve,
 Refuse it not,' quod he, and hent her fast,
 And in her bosome doun the lettre thrastr.

And seyde her, 'Cast it now away anone
 That folk may se, and gawryn on us twey.'
 Quod she, 'I can abyde tul they be gone;
 And gan to smyle, and seyde hym, 'Eme, I pray
 Such answer as yow lyste hym purvey:
 For truely I nel no lettre wryte.'
 'No? than wol I,' quod he, 'so that ye endite.'

Therwith she longhe, and seyde, 'Go we dyne;
 And he gan at hym self tho jopen fast,
 And seyde, 'Nece, I have so grete a pyne

¹ That is, Why do you like to make such ado?

² Pandarus says, 'If you will not *write* the letter, I will; provided you endite, or dictate it.'

For love, that every othir day I fast,
 And gan his best japis forth cast;
 And made her so laghe at his folý,
 That she for laghtir wende for to dy.

And whan that he was come into the halle,
 'Now eme,' quod she, 'we wol go dyne anon';
 And gan some of her wymmen to her calle,
 And streight unto her chaumbre gan she gon;
 But of her bysynes this was one,
 Among other thynges, out of drede,
 Ful pryvily this lettre for to rede.

Avisid word by word in every lyne,
 And fond no lak, she thoght he cowd good;¹
 And it put up, and went her for to dyne;
 And Pandarus, that in a study stood,
 Ar he was ware, she toke hym by the hood,
 And seyde, 'Ye were caughte or ye wyst!'
 'I vouchesafe,' quod he, 'doth as ye lyst.'

Tho wysshyn² thei, and setyn down and ete;
 And aftir none ful slely Pandarus
 Gan draw hym to the wyndow next the strete,
 And seyde, 'Nece, who hath arayed thus
 The yondur house, that stent aforeyens us?'

¹ *Avisid* and *found* appear to be nominatives absolute, agreeing with *letter*; thus, 'It (the letter) being avisid, or considered, word by word, and there being no lack found in it, she thought that he cowd,' i. e., knew, 'good,' i. e., what was right and becoming.

² Our ancestors were extremely particular in following the 'tradition of the elders,' and never ate with 'unwashen hands,' probably because they were ignorant of the luxury of knives and forks. Thus the Prioress, in the General Prologue, is careful not to 'wette hire syngres in hire sauce deepe.' This sort of public, or ceremonial, washing of hands was generally performed with the assistance of an attendant, who poured the water from a ewer upon them over a bason, as may be seen in illuminations and old pictures. In the service of the Latin Church, also, when the priest washes his hands, he is assisted in this way by the deacon.

'Whiche house?' quod she, and come for to byhold,
And knew it wele, and whos it was hym told.

And fillyn forth in speche of thingis smale,
And setyn yn the wyndow bothe twey:
Whan Pandares sawe tyme unto his tale,
And saw wele that her folk were away:
'Now nece myne,' quod he, 'tel on I sey;
How liketh ye the lettre that he wrote?
Can he theron? for by my trouth I note.'

'Therwith al rosy hewyd tho wax she,
And gan to humme, and seyde, 'So,¹ I trowe;
'Aqyte' hym wel, for Goddis love!' quod he,
'My self to medis wol the lettre sowe,'²
And held his hondis up, and fil on knowe;³
'Now good nece, be it nevere so lyte,
Yefe me the labour it to sowe and plite.'

'Ye, for I can so writen,' quod she tho,
'And eke I note what I shold to hym sey:'
'Nay, nece,' quod Pandare, 'sey not so;
Yet at the lest, thonketh hym, I prey,
Of his good wil, and doth hym not to dey;
Now for the love of me, my nece dere,
Refusith not at this tyde my prayere.'

'Depardeux,' quod she, 'God leve al be wele!
God helpe me so, this is the ferste lettre
That evere I wrote, ye, alle or every dele;
And in a closet, for to avyse her bettre,
She went alone, and bygan her hert unfettre

¹ She replies, 'I like it so-so.'

² That is, 'Requite him,' &c.

³ That is, 'I myself, for my mede or reward, will sew the letter for you.' Tyrwhitt says, 'It was usual, and indeed necessary, formerly, to sew letters, when they were written on parchment. But the practice continued long after the invention of paper.'

⁴ *Knowe* here means *knees*. Pandarus falls down on his knees, and holds up his hands in an attitude of entreaty, that he may be allowed to sew, and *plite*, or fold, the letter.

Out of disdeynous prisoun but a lite;
And sate her doun, and gan her lettre write.

Of whiche to telle in short is myn entent
The effect, as ferrè as I can undirstonde:—
She thonkyd hym of al that he wel ment
Towardis her; but holdyn him in honde
She nolde not, ne make her selfen bonde
In love; but as his suster, hym to plesse,
She wold ay fayn to do his hert an ese.

She shet it, and to Pandare yn to gone
There as he sate, and lokyd into the strete,
And doun she set her by hym on a stone
Of jaspas, on a cussbyn of gold ybete,¹
And seyde, 'As wysly help me God the grete,
I nevere dyd a thing with more payne,
Than write this, to whiche ye me restreyne.'

And toke it hym: he thonkyd her and seyde,
'God wote of thing ful often lothe bygunne
Comith ende good: and, nece myn Cryseyde,
That ye of hard to hym now be yewonne,
Oght ye be glad,² by God and yondur sonne:
For why? men seyn impressions lyght
Ful redy bene ay lightly to the flight.

'But ye have pleyd the tiraunt ny to long,
And hard was it your herte for to grave;³
Now stynt, that ye no lenger on it hong,
Al would ye the fourme of daunger save,
But hastith yow to do hym joye have;
For trustith wele, to long ydone hardnes
Causith despite ful oft for distres.'

¹ *Ybete* appears to agree with *cussbyn*, not gold; and to mean enriched or ornamented; for beaten or wrought gold would be quite out of place on a cushion. From the verb *to bete* comes boot (meaning help), booty, better, &c.

² That is, 'You ought to be glad that you, from being hard or cruel, are now won to him.'

³ *Grave* here means, to make an impression upon.

And right as thei declarid this matere,
 Lo! Troylus, right at the stretis ende,
 Come rydyng, with his tenth somme yfere,¹
 Al softely, and thidirward gan he bende
 There as thei sate, as was his way to wende
 To paleys ward, and Pandare hym aspyde,
 And seyde, 'Nece, yse who comith here ryde.

'O fle not yn,' he seyde, as I suppose,
 'Lest he may think that ye hym eschew.'
 'Nay, nay,' quod she, and wax as rede as rose;
 With that he gan her humbly to salew
 With dredful chere, and oft his hewis mewe;²
 And up his look deboneirly he cast,
 And bekked on Pandare, and forth he past.

God wote if he sate on his hors aright,
 Or goodly was beseyne that ilke day!
 God wote wher he was lyke a manly knyght!
 What should I drecche, or telle of his aray?
 Criseyde, which that all this thinges sey,
 To telle in short, she lykyd al inferre,
 His persone, his aray, his loke, his chere,

His goodly manere, and his gentilnesse,
 So wele, that nevere seth that she was born,
 Ne had she suche routhe of his distresse;
 And how so she hath bene here byforn,
 To good hope bath she now caught a thorn;
 She shal nat pul it out this next weke;
 God send mo suche thornes on to steke!

¹ Upon this difficult line Tyrwhitt observes:—'So this line stands in the editions; but a MS. quoted in *Gloss. Ur.* [Urry's Glossary] instead of *tenthe* has *x.*, and MS. 1, *tenteth*. Perhaps the original was *xx.* *With his twenty some ifere*, according to the Saxon mode of expression, would signify *Together with some twenty of his attendants*.—See Hickes, *Gramm. Anglo-Saxon*, pp. 32-3.' It is not necessary to suppose that the original was *xx.*; for *With his ten some ifere* would not make a more rugged line than is often to be found in this poem.

² *To mew* means properly *to change*, from *mutare*, as here; but it was generally applied to the moulting of falcons.

Pandare, whiche that her stood faste by,
 Felt the ilyn hote, and he gan to smyte,¹
 And seyde, 'Nece, I pray yow hertily,
 Tel me that I shal axyn now a lyte:—
 A woman that were of his dethe to wyte
 Without his gilt, but for her lak of routhe,
 Were it wele doe?' 'Nay,' quod she, 'by my trouthe!'

'God help me so,' quod he, 'ye seyn ful sothe,
 Ye felyn wele your self that I ne lye;
 Lo, yend he ridith!' Quod she, 'So he dothe.'
 'Wele,' quod Pandare, 'as I have told yow thrie,
 Lete be your nycete, and your foly,
 And spekith with hym in esyng of his hert,
 Let nycete not do yow bothe smert.'

- But theron was to heven and to done;
 Considerid al thing, wele it may not be,
 For why? for speche;² and it were al to sone
 To graunten hym so grete a liberte:
 Eke pleynly her entent, as seyde she,
 Was for to love hym unwist, if she myghte,
 'And guerdon hym with nothing but with sighte.

But Pandare thoght it shold not be so;
 If that I may, this nyce opinioun
 Shal not be hold fully yeris two.
 What shold I make of this a long sermon?
 He must assent on that conclusion,
 As for the tyme; and whanne it was eve,
 And al was wele, he roos and toke his leve.

And on his wey ful fast homward he spedde,
 And righte for joy he felt his herte daunce,
 And Troylus he fond alone abedde,

¹ In allusion to the proverb, 'Strike while the iron is hot.' Pandarus perceived that she was in an exorable mood.

² The meaning is not obvious; it appears to be, 'But it was necessary to urge (heave) and do much, before this could be brought about; for, all things considered, it might not be, for fear of scandal, or speech.'

That lay, as don thes lovers, in a traunce,
Bytwixen hope and derke desperaunce;
But Pandare, righte at hys incommynge,
He song, as who seith, 'Lo, sumwhat I bryng!'

And seyde, 'Who is in his bed so sone
Yberied thus?' 'It am I, frend,' quod he;
'Who? Troylus? nay, help me so the Mone,'
Quod Pandarus, 'thow shalt arise and se
A charme that was sent right now to the,
The whiche can helen the of thyn accesse,
If that thow do forthwith thy bysinesse.'

'Ye, thurgh the myght of God!' quod Troylus;
And Pandare gan hym the lettre take,
And seyde, 'Parde! God hath holpen us;
Have here a lyght, and se thes lettres blake.'
Lord! often gan his herte glade and quake
Of Troylus, while that he gan it rede,
So as the wordis yave hym hope or drede.

But finally he toke al for the best
That she hym wrote, for sumwhat he byheld,
On whiche he thought he myght his herte rest,
Al coverid she the wordis undur sheld;
Thus to the more worthi parte he hym held,
That, what for hope, and Pandarus byhest,
His grete wo foryede he at the lest.

But as we may al day our selvyn se,
The more wode or cole the more fire;
Right so encres of hoop, of what it be,
Therwith encresith eke desire;
Or as an oke comyth of a littil spire,
So thurgh this lettre, whiche that she hym sent,
Encresyn gan desire of which he brent.

Wherfor I sey alwey, bothe day and nyght,
This Troylus gan to desiryn more
Than he did erst thurgh hope, and dede his myght

To presen on, as by Pandarus lore,
 And wrote to her of his sorowis sore
 Fro day by day; he lete her not refreyde,
 That by Pandare sumwhat he wrote or seyde.

And dede also his othir observaunces,
 That to a lover longyth in that cas;
 And after, as his dees turnyd in good chaunces,
 So was he outhir glad, or seyde alas,
 And held aftir his gestes¹ ay his pas;
 And aftir such answeres as he had,
 So were his dayes sory either glad.

But to Pandare was alwey his recours,
 And pytously gan alwey to hym pleyne,
 And hym bysoght of rede, and some socours;
 And Pandare, that sawe his wood peyne,
 Wax wel ny dede for routh, the sothe to seyne,
 And bysily with al his hert gan cast,
 Some of his wo to sle, and that as fast.

And seyde, 'Lord, and frend, and brothir dere,
 God wote thy dissese dothe me wo;
 But wilt thou stynten al this woful chere?
 And, be my trouthe, or it be dayes two,
 And God tofor, yet shal I shape it so,
 That thou shalt come unto a certeine place,
 There as thou mayst thy self pray her of grace.

'And certainly, I note if thou it woost,
 But tho that bene expert in love it sey,
 It is on of the thingis that forthrith most,
 A man to have a leyser for to prey,
 And a sykir place, his wo to bewrey;
 For in good hert yt mote some wo impresse
 To here and se the giltles yn distresse.

¹ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *giltles*, which gives no sense. *Gestes*, which is the reading of the printed editions, appears here to mean adventures; he followed the course of his fortune.

'Parauntir thinkyst thou:—If it be so,
That Kynd wold do her for to bygynne
To have a manere routhe upon my wo;
Seith Daunger than:—Thou shalt me nevere wynne;
So rulith her her hertis gost withynne,
That thogh she bende, yet she stont a-rote;¹
What in effect is this unto my bote?

'Think her ayens, that whan the sturdy oke
On whiche men hakkyn oft, for the nones,
Receyvid hath the happy fallyng stroke,²
The grete sweyf doth it than fal at ones,
As done thes rockes or thes myln stones;
For swyfter cours comith thing that is of weight,
Whan it descendith, than do thingis light.

'But rede that boweth³ doun with every blast,
Lightly cesid the wynd, it wil up ryse,
But so nel not an oke whan it is cast;
It nedith me not the long for to wyse,
Men shul rejoyse of a grete emprise;
Acheve it wille, and stond withouten dout,
Al have men be the lenger therabout.⁴

'But, Troylus, now telle me, if the lyst,
A thing, which that I shal axyn the;
Whiche is thi brothir that thow lovist best,
As in thi verrey hertis pryvite?
'Ywis, my brothir Deiphebus,' quod he.
'Now,' quod Pandare, 'or houres tweies twelve,
He shal the ese, unwist of it hymselfe.

¹ That is, 'She stands rooted in her former opinion.' The simile in the next stanza shows that this is the meaning.

² This is a very felicitous expression. *The happy falling stroke* is the one well-directed blow which finally brings the oak to the ground.

³ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *blowith*, evidently a mistake of the scribe for *bowith*, which is the reading of the printed editions.

⁴ That is, 'It [the emprise] will be finished (*achevé*), and will remain all the more surely, that men have been long in bringing it about.'

'Now lete me alone, and work as I may,'
 Quod he; and to Deiphebus went he tho,
 Whiche had his lord and grete frend ben ay,
 Save Troylus no man he lovid so:
 To telle in short, withouten wordis mo,
 Quod Pandare, 'I pray yow that ye be
 Frend to a cause whiche that touchith me.'

'Yes, parde!' quod Deiphebus, 'wel thow woost
 In al that evere I may, and God tofore,
 Al nere it but for man I love most,
 My brother Troylus; but sey wherfore
 It is; for sethe the day that I was bore,
 I nas, ne nevere to be I thenke,
 Ayens a thing that myght the forthenke.'

Pandare gan hym to thank, and to him seyde,
 'Lo! here I have a lady in this toun
 That is my nece, and callid is Cryseyde,
 Whiche some men wold done oppressioun,
 And wrongfully have her possessioun;
 Wherfor I of your lordship yow byseche
 To be our frend, withouten more speche.'

Deiphebus him answerd:—'O, is not this
 That thow spekist of to me most straungly,
 Cryseyde my frend?' He seyde him 'Yes.'
 'Than nedith,' quod Deiphebus, 'hardily,
 No more of this to speke; for tristith wele that I
 Wole be her champioun with spore and yerd,¹
 I ne roght not thogh al her foos it herd.

'But tel me how, for thou woost of this matere,
 It might best now availyn; lete se'
 Quod Pandarus, 'If ye, my lord so dere,
 Woldyn as now do this honour to me,
 To prayen her to morow, lo, that she

¹ *With spore and yerd* means *with whip and spur*; it signifies generally, with all haste and alacrity. Harl. MS., 3943, reads *spere*, a mere clerical error.

Come unto your hous, her pleyntys to devise,
Her adversaries woldyn of it grise.¹

‘O! if that more I durst pray as now,
And charge yow to have so grete travaile,
To have some of your bretherin with yow,
That mighte to her cause bet availe,
Than wote I she might nevere faile
To be help, what at your instaunce,
What with her othir frendis sustenaunce.’

Deiphebus, whiche that comyn was of kynd
To al honour and bounte to consente,
Answerd, ‘It shal be done; and I can fynd
Yet gretter help of this in myn entent:
What wolt thou seyne, if I for Eleyne sent
To speke of this? I trow it be the best,
For she may ledyn Paris as her lest.

‘Of Ector, whiche is my lord, my brothir,
It nedith not to prayen hym frend to be;
For I have herd hym, bothe o tyme and other,
Speke of Cryseyde swiche honour, that he
May seyne no bet, suche hap to hym hath she;
So nedith not us more help to crave,
He shal be suche, right as we wole hym have.

‘Speke thou thy self also to Troylus
On my byhalfe, and pray hym with us dyne.’
‘Sir, al this shal be done,’ quod Pandarus:
And toke his leve, and nevere gan to fyne,
But to his necis hows, as streight as lyne,
He come, and fond her fro the mete arise,
And sate hym down, and spak right in this wise:

He seyde, ‘Ah! verray God, so I have ronnel!
Lo, nece myne! se ye not how I swete?
I note whether ye me the more thonk conne:

¹ *Grise* is put for *agrise*, to shudder; hence, to be afraid.

Be ye not ware how that false Polyfete
 Is now about eftsones for yow to plete,
 And bring on yow advocaries newe?
 'I? no!' quod she, and chaungid al her hewe.

'What? is he more about me for to drecche,
 And done me wrong? what shal I do, alas?
 Yet of hymself nothing wold I recche,
 Ner it for Antenore and Eneas,
 That bene his frendis in suche maner cas;
 But for the love of God, myn uncle dere,
 No fors of that, lete hym have al yfere!

'Withouten that I have ynow for us.'
 'Nay,' quod Pandare, 'it shal no thing be so;
 For I have right now spoke with Deiphebus,
 And Ector, and myn othir lordis mo,
 And shortly maked eche of hem his fo,
 That, be my thrift, he shal it nevere wyn,
 For ought he can, whan so that he bygyn.'

And as thei castyn what was best to done,
 'Deiphebus on his owne curtesy
 Come her to pray, in his propre persone,
 To hold him on the morow cumpany
 At dyner, which she nold not deny,
 But goodly gan to his prayer obey;
 He thonkid her, and went upon his wey.

Whan this was done, this Pandare up anone,
 To tel in short, and forth he gan to wende,
 To Troylus, as still as eny stone,
 And al this thing he told hym, worde and ende;¹
 And how that Deiphebus gan he to blende,
 And seid, 'Now, is tyme, if that thou kunne,
 To bere the wele to morow, and al is wonne.

¹ The true reading is probably *ord and end*, beginning and end, whence our *odds and ends*.

'Now speke, now pray, now pitously compleyn,
Leve not for nice shame, for drede or slouth;
Sometyme a man must telle his owne payne;
Byleve it, and she wil have on the routh;
Thou shalt be savid by thi feith, in trouthe;¹
But wele wote I, thou art now in a drede,
And what it is, I ley I can it rede.

'Thow thenkist now, 'How shold I do al this,
For by my chere mustyn folk aspye,
That for her love is that I fare amys,
Yet had I lever unwist for sorow dye.'
Now thenke not so, for thou dost grete foly,
For I right now have found me matere
Of sleight, for to keveryn al thy chere.

'Thow shalt go to nyght, and that as blyve,
To Deiphebus hous, as for to pley,
The malady away the bet to dryve,
For whych thou semist sike, sothe to sey;
So aftir that, doun in thi bed the ley,
And sey thou mayst no lenger up endure,
And be right there, tabide thin aventure.

'Sey that thy fevere is the wont to take
The same tyme, and last til a morow;
And let se now how wel thou canst it make;
For, parde, sike is he that is in sorow.
Go now, farewele! and Venus here to borow!
I hope, and thow this purpos holde ferme,
Thy grace she shal fully the conferme.'

Quod Troylus, 'Ywis now nedeles
Counceilist thow me, that sike I me feyne,
For I am seke in ernest, douteles,
So that wel ny I sterve for the payne.'
Quod Pandarus, 'Thow shalt the betir pleyne,

¹ This is rather a profane application of the doctrine of justification by faith, as vulgarly understood. It appears from this passage that this doctrine was broached before the time of Luther.

And hast the lesse nede to contrefete,
For hym men demeth hoot that men se swete.

'Lo, hold the at thy triste close, and I
Shal wele the dere unto thy bowe dryve.'¹
Therwith he toke his leve al softly,
And Troylus went to paleys as blyve,
So glad ne was he nevere in al his lyve;
And to Pandarus rede gan al assente,
And to Deiphebus hous at nyght he went.

What nedeth me to telle yow al the chere
That Deiphebus unto his brother made?
Or his accis, or his sikly manere,
How men gan hym with clothes for to lade,
Whan he was leyd, and how men wold hym glade;
But al for noght, he held alwey the wise,
That ye han herd Pandare or this devise.

But certeyn is, or Troylus hym had leyde,
Deiphebus had hym prayed over nyght
To be a frend and helpyng to Cryseyde;
God wote, that grauntid he anone right
To be her ful frend with al his might:
But such a nede was to prayen hym thenne,
As to pray a wode man for to renne.²

The morow come, and ðeighyn gan the tyme
Whan that the faire quene Eleyne
Shope her to be, an hour aftir prime,
With Deiphebus, whom she nolde not feyne;
But as his sustur, homly, sothe to seyne,

¹ An allusion to the ancient manner of hunting, which is, indeed, the same as in our *battues*. A large tract of forest was surrounded by a number of beaters, who gradually closed in, driving the deer before them to a place where the sportsmen were stationed.

² That is, 'Troylus was already so much inclined to be her friend, that it was no more necessary to urge him to befriend her than it is to urge a madman to run.'

She come to dyner in her pleyn entent;
But God and Pandare, wist non what it ment.

Come eke Cryseyde, innocent of this,
Anteigne her sustur, Tarbe also;
But fle now prolixitye best is,¹
For love of God, and lete us fast go,
Right to the effect, withouten talis mo,
Whi al this folk assemblid in this place,
And let us of her salwynges pace.

Grete honour ded hem Deiphebus certein,
And fed hem wel, with al that might lyke;
But evermore, alas, was his refrain:²
'My good trew brothir Troylus the sike
Lith yet,' and therwithal gan he sike,
And after that he peyned hym to glade
Hem as he might, and good chere hem made.

Compleynid eke Eleyne of his siknesse
So feithfully, that pite was to here,
And every wight gan wexe for the accesse
A leche anone, and seyde, 'On this manere
Men curith folk,—This charme I wol the lere;'³
But ther sat on, al lest^h her not to teche,
That thoght, best coud I yet be his leche.

Aftir compleynt hym gunnyn thei to preise,
As folk do yet whan some men have begunne
To preise a man, and up^h with prise him reise
A thousand fold yet hier than the sunne;
He is, he can, that fewe lordis kunne,
And Pandarus, of that thei wold afferme,
He not forgat her preysing to conferme.

¹ That is, 'It is best to avoid prolixity.'

² The *refrain*, in French, is the burthen of a song. The burthen of Deiphebus's song was still, 'Alas, my good brother Troylus lies sick.'

³ This is very characteristic of Chaucer's sly humour. Each person immediately becomes learned in medicine, and one proposes a specific, another a charm, to cure Troylus of the fever under which they supposed he was labouring.

Herd alwey this Cryseyde wele ynow,
 And every word gan for to notifie,
 For which with sobrechere her herte logh,
 For ho is he that nould her glorifye,
 To wynne suche a knyght to lyve or dye?¹
 But al passe I, lest I to longe dwelle,
 For o peyn is not al that I of telle.

The tyme come fro dyner to ryse,
 And as hem oght, thei risyn everychone,
 And gun a while of this and that devise;
 But Pandarus brak al that speche anon,
 And seid to Deiphebus, 'Wil ye gone,
 If it your wil were, as I yow praide,
 To speke of the nedis of Crysayde?'

Eleyne, whiche that by the hond her held,
 Toke ferst the tale, and seyde, 'Go we blyve,'
 And goodly on Cryseyd she beheld,
 And seid, 'Jovis lete hym nevere thrive
 That doth yow harme, or reve hym sone of lyve,
 And geve me sorow but he shal it rewe,
 If that I may, and al folk be trewe.'

'Tel thou thi neces cas,' quod Deiphebus
 To Pandare, 'for thow canst it best telle.'
 'Mi lordis and my ladies, it stont thus;
 What shold I lenger,' quod he, 'do yow dwelle?'
 He rong hem out the processe as a belle
 Upon her foo, that hight Poliphete,
 So haynous, that men might on hit spete.²

Answerd of this eche wors of hem than other,
 And Poliphete gun they to warien,
 And,—Hongid be suche on, were he my brothere,—

¹ That is, 'For who would not be proud to have won such a knight to live and die in her service?'

² He described the whole course of the injuries which she had received from Poliphete as being so heinous, that every one was disgusted with his conduct.

And so he shal, for he ne may not varien.—¹
 What shold I lenger on this tale tarien?
 Pleinly al at ones thei her highten
 To be her frendis al that thei mighten.

Spak than Eleyne, and seid, 'Pandarus,
 Wote oght my lord, my brother, this matere?
 I mene Ector; or wote hit Troylus?'
 He seid her, 'Ye!' but he seid, 'Wol ye here?
 Me thinkith, seth that Troylus is here,
 It were good, if ye wille assent,
 She told hym her self al this ere she stent.

'For he wil have more her grefe at herte,
 Bycause, lo, that she a lady is;
 And by your leve, I wole but right yn stert,
 And do yow wyte, and that anone ywis,
 If that he slepe, or wil not here of this.'
 And yn he lepe, and seid hym in his ere,
 'God have thi soul, for brought have I thi bere.'²

To smyn of this tho bigan Troylus,
 And Pandarus tho, without rekenyng,
 Out went anon to Eleyne and Deiphebus,
 And seid hem, 'So there be no taryng
 Ne more pres, he wole wele that ye bring
 Cryseyde, my lady, that is here,
 And as he may endure, he wol yow here.

'But wele ye wote, the chambre is but lyte,
 And few folk may lightly make hym warme;
 Now lokith, for I wole have no wyte
 To bring in prese that might do hym harme,
 Or him dissesse, for my betir arme.'³

¹ This is what they all said of Poliphete.

² Pandarus says, ironically, 'May God have mercy on your souls, for now I have brought you your *bier*,' meaning your death; but there appears to be a further allusion.

³ That is, 'I would not, to save my right arm, bring in a crowd of people to incommode him.'

Wher it be betir to byde tul eft sones,
Now lokith ye that wite what to done is.

'I say for me, best as I can knowe,
That no wight yn wende now, but ye twey,
But it were I; for I can in a throwe
Reherce her cas, unlike that she can sey;
And aftir this she may hym ones prey
To be good lord in short, and take her leve;
This may not mychil of his ese hym greve.

'And eke for she is straunge, he wil forbere
His ese, whiche hym oght not for yow;
Eke othir thing, that touchith not to here,
He wil yow tel, I wote it wel right now,
That secre is, and for the tounis prow.'
And they that nothing knew of his entent,
Without more, to Troylus yn thei went.

Eleyne, in al her goodly softe wyse,
Gan hym salve, and womanly hym pleye,
And seid, 'Ywis, he must algate arise!
Now fair brother, be al hole I pray!
And gan her arme on his right shuldir lay,
And hym with al her wit to recomforte,
As she best couthe, she gan hym disporte.

So after this quod she, 'We yow byseche,
My dere brothir Deiphebus and I,
For love of God, and so doeth Pandare eke,
To be good lord and frend, ful hertily,
Unto Cryseyde, whiche that certainly
Receyvith wrong, as wote wel here Pandare,
That can her cas wel bet than I declare.'

This Pandare gan now his tung avyle,
And al her cas reherce, and that anone;
Whan it was seid, sone aftir in a while,
Quod Troylus, 'As sone as I was gone,
I wole right fayne with al my might alone,

Have God my trouthe, her cause sustene.'
 'Good thrift have ye!' quod Elyne the quene.

Quod Pandarus, 'And it your wil be,
 That she may take her leve or that she go?
 Or ellis God forbede it,' tho quod he,
 'If that she vouchith safe to do so.'
 And with that word, quod Troylus, 'Ye to,
 Deiphebus, and my sustir leve and dere,
 To yow have I to speke of a matere,

'To be avisid by your rede the better.'
 And had, as hap was, at his beddis hede
 The copie of a tretis, and a lettre
 That Ector had hym sent to axin rede
 If suche a man was worthy to be dede;
 Note I not how, but in a grisly wise
 He prayed hem on it anone avise.

Deiphebus gan this lettre to unfolde
 In earnest grete, so ded Eleyne the qwene,
 And romyng outward, fast it gun byhold,
 Downward a steir, into an herber grene:
 This ilk thing thei reddyn hem bytwene,
 And largely the mountaunce of an houre
 Thei gun on it to redyn and to poure.

Now lete hem rede, and turne we anone
 To Pandare, that gan ful faste prie
 That al was wele; and out he gan to gone
 Into the grete chambre, and that in hye,
 And seid, 'God save al this cumpanye!
 Come nece myn, my lady qwene Heleyne,
 Abideth yow, and eke my lordis tweyne.

'Rys, take with yow your nece Antigone,
 Or whom yow lyst, or no fors hardily;
 The lasse prese the bet, com forth with me,
 And lokith that ye thonk humbly
 Hem al thre; and whan ye may goodly

Your tyme ysee, takith of hem your leve,
Lest we to long his restis hym byreve.'

Al innocent of Pandarus entent,
Quod tho Cryseyd, 'Go we, uncle dere ;'
And arme in arme, inward with hym she went,
Avising her wele of her wordis and chere ;
And Pandarus, in ernfullest manere,
Saied, 'Al folk, for Goddis love I pray,
Styntith right here, and softely yow play.

'Avisith yow what folk be her inne,
And in what plite on is, God him amende !'
And ynwardly thus ful softly begynne :—
'Nece, I conjure, and holy yow defende,
On his half which us soule hath sende,
And in the vertue of corounys tweyne,¹
Sle not this man that hath for yow this peyn.

'For on his dele,² thenk one whiche he is,
And in what plite he lith ; come of anone,
'Thenk al suche taried tyde lost it is ;
That wil ye bothe seyn, whan ye bene one :
Secondly, ther it divineth none
Upon yow two ; come of, if ye kun,
Whil folk is blent, lo, al this tyme is won !

'In tyteryng, and pursute, and delayes,
The folk devyne at waggyng of a stre,
That though ye wold have aftir merry dayes,
Than dare ye not, for why ? She, and she,
Spak suche a word ; thus lokyd he, and he ;
Lest tyme be lost, I dare not with yow dele ;
Come of therfor, and bring ye hym to hele.'

¹ This expression is obscure. Perhaps it means, 'In regard for the King and Queen, his parents.'

² That is, 'On his behalf.' The printed editions have, 'Fie on the devil.'

But now to yow, ye lovers that bene here,
 Was Troylus not in a kankerdorte,¹
 That lay, and myght the whistryng of hem here,
 And thoght 'O lord, now rennith my sort
 Fully to dethe, or have anone comfort ;'
 And was the ferst tyme he shold her prey
 Of love ; O myghty God ! what shal he sey ?

EXPLICIT LIBER SECUNDUS.

O BLISFULL light,² of which the bemes clere
 Adornith al the thrid hevyn faire !
 O Sonnys leef, O Jovis doghtir dere !
 Plesaunce of love, O goodly deboneyre,
 In gentil hertis redy to repeire !
 O verray cause of hele and of gladnes,
 Yheried be thi might and thi goodnes !

In Hevyn and Helle, in erthe and salte see,
 Is felt thi myght, if that I wel discernen ;
 As man, brid, best, fissh, herbe, and grene tre,
 They fele in tymes, with vapour eterne,³
 God lovith, and to love wil not werne ;

¹ Speght reads *cankedort*, and explains the word to mean *woeful case*; but it would appear from the context to signify rather anxiety, perplexity. It may perhaps come from the verb *to kink*, still used in East Anglia, and meaning to entangle.

² This introduction is addressed to Venus, who is compared to light. She is called the sun's love, because beloved by Apollo, and Jove's daughter; and is said to adorn the third heaven, because the planet Venus moves in the third sphere, counting that of the moon as one, from the earth.—See *Somnium Scipionis*, quoted vol. iv. The following address to her is founded upon the Platonic philosophy, which Chaucer knew through Boethius.—See vol. i. p. 184, note; vol. iv. pp. 152-3.

³ The expression *with vapour eterne* is obscure. It may perhaps mean *spirit* or *inspiration*; and the passage might be paraphrased thus: 'Since man, bird, beast, fish, herb, and green tree, feel, by an eternal and invariable inspiration which urges them to love, that God himself loves, and does not forbid his creatures to love.' The loves of plants may be supposed to consist in the desire they evince to blossom and bear fruit.

And in this world no lyvis creature,
Withouten love is worth, or may endure.

Ye, Jovis, ferst, to thilk effectis glade,
Thurgh whiche that thinges lyvin al and be,
Commodious, and ameraus hem made
On mortal thing; and, as ye lyst, ay ye
Yeve hem, in love, ese, or adversite;
And in a thousand fourmes down hem sent
For love in erthe, and whom ye list ye hent.

Ye fers Mars apesyn of his yre,
And as yow list ye makyn hertis digne;
Algatis hem that ye wil set a fyre,
Thei dredyn shame, and vices thei resigne;
Ye do him curteys to be, and benigne,
And hye or low, aftir that a wight entendith,
The joyes that he hath your myght hym sendith.

Ye holdyn regne and hous in unyte;
Ye sothfast cause of frendshiþe bene also;
Ye know al thilk coverid qualite
Of thingis, which that folk on wondrin so;
Whan thei may not construe how it may go,
She lovith him, or why he lovith here,
As whi this fissh, and not that comith to the were.

Ye folk a lawe have set in universe,
And thus know I by hem that lovers be,
That who so stryvith with yow hath the wers:
Now, lady bright! for thi benignyte,
At reverence of hem that servyn the,
Whos clerk I am, so techith me devise
Some joy that is felt in thi servise.

Ye, in my nakyd hertis sentement
Inheld, and do me shewe of thy swetnes!
Caliope,¹ thi voys be now present,

¹ See vol. iv. p. 129, note 5.

For is now nede; seest thou not my distres?
 How I mote telle anon right the gladnes
 Of Troylus, to Venus heryng,
 To whiche he nede hath, God hym bring.

INCIPIT LIBER TERTIUS.

LAY al this mene while Troylus
 Recordyng his lesson in this manere;
 'Ma fey!' thought he, 'thus wul I sey, and thus;
 Thus wole I pleyne unto myn herte dere;
 That word is good, and this shal be my chere;
 This wole I not foryetyn in no wyse;
 God leve hym werk as he gan devise.

And, lord! so as his herte gan to quappe,
 Heryng her come, and short for to sike;
 And Pandarus, that led her by the lappe,
 Come nere, and gan yn at the curtyn pike,
 And seid, 'God do bote on al syke!
 Se who is here yow comyn to visite,
 Lo, here is she that is your dethe to wyte!'

Therwith it semyd as he wept almost,
 'Aha! God help,' quod Troylus so rewfully,
 'Wher me be wo, O myghty God, thow wost!
 Who is ther? I se not trewely.'
 'Sir,' quod Cryseyde, 'it is Pandare and I;
 'Ye, swete hert? alas, I may not rise
 To knele, and do yow honour in some wise.'

And dressid hym upward, and she right tho
 Gan bothe her hondis soft upon hym ley,
 'O, for love of God, do ye not so
 To me,' quod she; 'ey? what is this to sey?
 For comyn am I to you for causis twey;
 Ferst yow to thank, and of your lordship eke
 Continuance I wolde yow byseke.'

This Troylus, that herd his lady pray
 Hym of lordship, was neither qwyk ne dede;
 Ne myght o word for shame to it sey,
 Althogh men sholden smytyn of his hede;
 But, lord! so he wax sodenly red!
 And, sir, his lessoun, that he wend had kun
 To prayen her, was thurgh his hert yrun.

Cryseyde al this aspyed wel ynow,
 For she was wys, and lovid hym nevere the les,
 Al nere he malapert, or made avowe,
 Or was to bold to syng a fole a mes;¹
 But, whan his shame gan sumwhat to passe,
 His wordis, as I may my rymes holde,
 I wole yow telle, as techyn bokys olde.

In chaungid voys, right for his verrey drede,
 Whiche voys eke quoke, and also his manere
 Goodly abasshid, and now his hew is rede,
 Now pale, unto Cryseyde, his lady dere,
 With loke doun cast, and humble yoldyn chere,
 Lo, altherferst word that hym astert,
 Was twies, 'Mercy, mercy, my dere hert.'

And stynt a while, and whan he myght out bryng,
 The next was, 'God wote for I have,
 As ferforthly as I have kunnyng,
 Bene youres, so God my soule save,
 And shal, tul that I, woful wight, be grave;²
 And thogh I ne dare, ne can, unto yow pleyne,
 Iwys I suffre not the lesse peyne.

'Thus myche as now, O womanliche wyf,
 I may out bring, and if it yow displese,
 That shal I wreke upon myn owne lyf

¹ The meaning is not obvious. Perhaps, to sing a fool's mass, that is, to use words of deep import without sufficient reverence, was a proverbial expression for presumptuousness.

² Grave is here a verb, meaning laid in grave, as in modern German *vergraben*, to bury.

Right sone I trow, and do your hert an ese,
 If with my dethe I may your hert apese:
 But seth that ye have herd me sumwhat sey,
 Now recch I nevere how sone that I dey.'

Therwith his manly sorow to byhold,
 It might have made an hert of stone to rewe;
 And Pandare wepe as he to watir wold,
 And seid, 'Wo bygone bene hertis trewe!
 And procuried ever his nece new and newe,
 'For love of God, make of hym an ende,
 Or sle us both at onys, or we wende.'

'I?' what!' quod she, 'be God and by my trouthe
 I note not what ye wolde that I sey.'
 'Ey? what!' quod he, 'that ye have on hym routhe,
 For Goddis love, and doth hym not to dey.'
 'Now than this,' quod she, 'I wold hym prey,
 To telle me the fyn of his entent,
 Yet wist I nevere wele what that he ment.'

'What that I mene, swete hert dere?'
 Quod Troylus, 'O goodly fresshe and fre!
 That, with the streame of your eyen so clere,
 Ye wold sometyme on me rewe and se,
 And than ye agreyn that it may so be,
 Withouten braunche of vice, in eny wyse,
 In trouthe alwey to do yow my servise,

'As to my lady chef, and right resorte,
 With al my wit and al my diligence;
 And to have right as yow list comforte,
 Undur your yerde egal to myn offence,
 As dethe, if that I breke your defence;'

¹ This appears to be the interjection Eigh! or ey! for in the third line Pandarus, in his jocular manner, repeats her words, and it is therefore evidently not the personal pronoun.

² That is, 'To have such comfort as you please to give; and, under your government, such punishment as I deserve, even death itself should I do that which you forbid.'

And that yow deigne me so much honoure,
Me to comaundyn oght in eny houre.

' And I to be your verrey humble, trewe,
Secrete, and yn my peyne pacient,
And evermore desiryn, fresshley newe,
To serve, and bene aye ylyke diligent,
And, with good hert, al holy your talent¹
Receyve in gre, how sore that me smert;
Lo this mene I, myn owne swete hert.'

Quod Pandarus, ' Lo, here an hard request,
And resonable, a lady for to werne!
Now nece myn, by Natal Jovis feest,
Were I a God, ye shold sterve as yerne,
That heryn wel this men wole nothing werne
But your honour, and sene hym almost sterve,
And bene so lothe to suffryn hym yow serve.'

With that she gan her eyen on hym cast
Ful esily, and ful debonairly
" Avisid her, and hyed not to fast,
With nevere a word, but seyde hym sobrelly,
' Myn honour save, I wol treuly,
And in suche fourme as I can now devise,
Receyvin hym fully to my servise;

' Bysechyng hym, for Goddis love, that he
Wold in honour of trouthe and gentilnes,
As I wel mene, mene eke wele to me:
And myn honour, with wit and bysynes,
Ay kepe; and, if I may do hym gladnes,
From hensforthe ywis I wold not feyne:
Now beth al hole,² no lenger that ye pleyne.

¹ *Talent* here means *desire*.

² It will be observed that *whole* and its derivatives are always spelt without a *w* in this MS. This is the more correct orthography, as marking the derivation of the word from *hale*, health or wholeness.

'But, natheles, this warne I yow,' quod she,
 'A kynges sone al thogh ye be ywis,
 Ye shul no more have sovereynte
 Of my love, than right in this cas is;
 Ne I wil forbere, if ye do amys,
 To wratthyn yow, and whil that ye me serve,
 Cherise yow, right as ye deserve.

'And shortly, dere hert and al my knyght,¹
 Beth glad, and drawith yow to lustines,
 And I shal trewly, with al my myght,
 Your bittre turne al into swetnes;
 If I be she that may do yow gladnes,
 For every wo ye shul recovere a blis;
 And hym in armys toke, and gan hym kis.

Fil Pandare on knees, and up his eyen
 To hevyn threw, and held his hondis hye:
 'Immortal God!' quod he, 'that mayst not dyen,
 Cupide I mene, of this mayst thow glorifie!
 And Venus! thow mayst make melodie
 Withoutyn hond, me semith that in toun,
 For this miracle I here eche belle soun.'²

'But ho! no more now of this matere,
 For whi? This folk wol come up anone,
 That have the lettre redde; lo, I hem here,
 But I conjure thee, Cryseyde, and one
 And two, thou, Troylus, whan that thou maist gone
 That at myne hous ye be at my warning,
 For I ful wel shal shape for your comyng.

'And esith ther your hertis right ynow,
 And, let se, which of yow shal bere the belle
 To speke of love aright?' and therwith he lough,

¹ The reader will observe the beauty of the expression, 'al my knyght;' you who are altogether my servant.

² Thus in Sir Thomas More's 'Dialogue concerning Heresies':—But to tell you forth, whan the kyng was comen, and all the towne full, sodaynly this blind man, at Saint Albonys shryne, had his sight agayne, and a myracle solemply rongen, and Te Deum songen, &c.

‘For there have ye a leyser for to telle:
Quod Tröylus, ‘Long shal it not dwelle
Or this be don?’ Quod he, ‘Whan thou mayst rise
This thing shal be right as I you devise.’

With that Eleyne and eke Deiphebus
They come upwardis at the stairis ende;
And, lord! so gronith Troylus,
His brothir and his suster for to blende:
Quod Pandare, ‘It tyme is that we wende;
Take, nece myn, your leve at alle thre,
And let hem speke, and comith forth with me.’

She toke her leve at hem ful thriftily,
As she wel could, and thei her reverence,
Unto the ful, dedyn hartely,
And wondur wele speke in her absence
Of her, in praysyng of her excellence;
Her governaunce, her wit, and her manere
Commendiden, it joye was to here.

Now lete her wend unto her owne place,
And turne we to Troylus ayen,
That yet ful lightly of the letter pace,
That Deiphebus had in the gardyn seyn;
And of Eleyne and hym he wold feyn
Deliverid be, and seid that hym lyst
To slepe, and aftir tales have rest.

Eleyne hym kyst, and toke her leve blyve,
Deiphebus eke, and home went every wight;
And Pandarus, as fast as he may dryve,
To Troylus come tho as blyve right;
And on a payllet, al that glade nyght,
By Troylus he lay, with blisful chere
To tale,¹ and wel was hem thei were infere.

¹ *Tale* is a verb, meaning to tell stories, to relate or recount anything. Thus, in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*:—

‘And namely, whan they talen longe.’

Whan every man was voided but thei two,
And alle the doris were fast yshet,
To telle in short, without wordis mo,
This Pandare, without eny lette,
Up roos, and up on his beddis syde hym set,
And gan to spekyn in a sobre wyse
To Troylus, and how I shal yow devise.

‘ My altherlevest lord, and brothir dere,
God wote, and yow, that it sāt me so sore
Whan I the sawe so langwisshyng to-yeer¹
For love, of whiche thi wo wax alwey more;
That I with al my wit and al my lore,
Have ever sethen do my bysnesse
To bringe thee to joy out of distresse.

‘ And have it broght to such plyte as thou wost,
So that thurgh me thou stondist now in wey
To faryn wele, I sey it for no boste;
And wost thou why? for, shame it is to sey,
For thee have I begun a game to play,
Which that I shal never do for othir,
Al thogh he were a thousand fold my brothir.

‘ That is to sey, for the I am bycomyn,
Bytwixe game and earnest, such a mene,
As makyn wymmen unto men to comyn;
Thow wost thi self what that wolde mene;
For the have I my nece, of vices clene,
So fully made thy gentilnes to trist,
That al shal be right as thy selvyn lyst.

‘ But God, that al wote, take I to witnes,
That never I for covetise this wroght,
But only to abregge thy distresse,
For which welny thow deydist, as me thoght:
But, good brothir, now as the oght,

¹ *To-yeer* means *this year*, as *to-day* means *this day*.

For Goddis love, so help her out of blame;
Seth thow art wys, so save alwey her name.

'For wele thow wost, the name yet of here
Among the peple, as who seith,¹ halowid is;
For that man is unbore, I dare wele swere,
That ever yet wist that she did amys;
But wo is me, that I, that cause al this,
May thenke that she is my nece dere,
And I hir eme, and traytour eke yfere!²

'And were it wyst that I, thurgh myne engyne,
Had in my nece put such a fantasie
To do thi lyst, and holy³ to be thyn,
Whi, al the peple would upon hit cry,
And sey, that I the worst trecherie
Ded in this cas, that ever was begunne,
And she fordone, and thow right noght ywunne.

'Wherfor, or I wole forther go a pas,
The pray I eft, al though thow shuldest dey,
That pryvete go with us in this cas;
That is to sey, that thow never us wrey;
And be not wrothe, thogh I the oft prey
To holdyn secre suche a matere;
For skilful is, thow wost wel, my prayere.

'And thenke what wo ther hath betid or this
For makyng of avauntes, as men rede;
And what mischef yet in this world ther is,
Fro day to day, right for that wikkid dede;
For which these wise clerkis that ben dede

¹ *As who seith* means *as it were*. See *ante*, p. 52, note 1. The reputation of Cryseyde was so unblemished that her name was esteemed *holy*, as it were, among the people.

² That is, '*At once* (yfere) her uncle and her betrayer.' Chaucer's delineation of the character of Pandarus is true to nature, in representing him as still conscious of a lingering feeling of compunction. Even the basest of men feel the ignominy of crime, and, like Pandarus, seek to excuse it by some subtle distinction, which they would at once reject as futile in the case of another person.

³ See *ante*, p. 121, note 2.

Han ever this proverbial to us yonge,
The first vertu to kepe wele the tonge.¹

‘And, ner it for that I wole abregge
Diffusion of speche, I couthe almost
A thousand olde stories thee allegge
Of wymmen lost thurgh fals and folis bost;
Proverbis canst thi self ynow, and wost,
Ayens that vice, as for to bene a blabbe,
Thogh men soth seid as oft as they do gabbe.

‘O tongue, alas! so oftyn here byforn
Hast made ful meny a lady bright of hewe,
Seyd ‘Wel a wey, the tyme that I was born!’
And meny a maydenes sorow for to newe;
And, for the more parte, al is untrew
That men of yelp, and it were broght to preve;
Of kynde none avauntour is to leve.²

‘For avauntour and a lyer, al is one;
As thus:—I pose a woman grauntith me
Her love, and seith that other wol she none,
And I am sworn to holden it secre,
And aftir I go telle hit two or thre;
Ywis I am avauntour, at the leest,
And eke a lyer, for I breke myn hest.³

‘Now loke than if thei be oght to blame,—
Such maner folk, what shal I clepe hem? what?—
That hem avaunte of wymmen, and be name,
That never yet behight hem this ne that,
Ne knowyn hem no more than myn old hat?
No wondur is, so God me sende hele,
Thogh women drede with us men to dele.

¹ See vol. iii. p. 247, note 4.

² ‘By nature no braggart is to be believed;’ that is, it is natural to a braggart to tell lies.

³ The relationship between avauntour and liar is noticed in *The Court of Love*. See vol. iv. p. 175.

'I sey not this for no mistrust of yow,
 Ne for no wyse men, but for folis nyce;
 And for the harme that is in the world now,
 As wele for folys oft as for malice;
 For wele wote I, that in wyse folk, that vice
 No woman dredith, if she be wel avised,
 For wyse men by folys oft be chastisid.

'But now to purpos:—leve brothir dere,
 Have al this thing that I have seyde in mynde,
 And kepe the clos, and be now of good chere,
 For alle thi dayes thow shalt me trewe fynde;
 I shal thy processe set in such a kynd,
 And God toforn, that it shal the suffise,
 For it shal be right as thow wylt devise.

'For wele I wote, thou menyst wele, parde!
 Therfor I dare this wel undurtake;
 Thow wost eke what thi lady grauntid the,
 And day is set the chartris up to make;
 Have now good nyght, I may no lenger wake,
 And byd¹ for me, seth thow art now in blisse,
 That God me sende dethe sone or lysse.'

Who myght telle half the joy or the fest
 Which that the soul of Troylus tho felt,
 Heryng theeffect of Pandarus byhest?
 His old wo, that made his herte swelt,
 Gan tho for joy to wastyn, and to melt,
 And al the rehetyng² of his sikes sore,—
 At ones thei fled, he felt of hem no more.

¹ That is, 'Pray for me.'

² The printed editions read *richesse*, which is quite as difficult to explain as the reading in the text. Tyrwhitt says, '*Richesse*, though almost as awkward an expression as the other, is more agreeable to the corresponding passage in the *Filistrato* :—

'E sospir che gli avea a gran doviaia;'

and one can hardly conceive that it could come from any hand but that of the author. I can make no sense of *reheting*; but at the same time I must allow that it is not likely to have been inserted by way of a gloss.' The word to rehetete, or reheat, occurs in *The Romaunt of the*

But right so as thes holtes and thes hayes
 That hane in wynter dede be and drye,
 Revestyn hem in grene, whan that May is,
 Whan every lusty lesteth best to pley;¹
 Right in that self wyse, sothe to sey,
 Wax sodenly his herte ful of joy,
 That gladder was there never none in Troy.

And gan his eyen up on Pandarus cast
 Ful sobrelly, and frendly on to se,
 And seid, 'Frend, in April the last,
 As well thow wost, if thow remembre the,
 How ny the dethe for wo thow fondist me,
 And how thow dedist al thy bysines
 To know of me the cause of my distres.

'Thow wost how long I hit forbare to sey
 To the, that art the man that I most trist,
 And peril none was it to the to bewray,
 That wist I wele; but telle, if the list,
 Seth I so loth was that thy self it wyst,
 How durst I mo tellyn of this matere,
 That quake now, and no wight may us here?

'But natheles, by that God I the swere,
 That, as hym list, may al this world governe;
 And if I lye, Achilles with his spere
 Myn herte cleve, al were my lyf eterne,
 As I am mortal, if I, late or yerne,

Rose, where it is taken metaphorically to mean *comfort*. Here it would seem to be applied in its primary signification. 'Hot' is an epithet often applied to lovers' sighs; and the passage might be explained, 'His old woe was assuaged, and the *holness* (reheting) of his sighs (their excessive ardour) began to waste and melt away; they fled at once,' &c.

¹ The printed editions read, 'Whan every lusty beste lesteth to pley;' which is a rugged line, and is, besides, equivocal; for *beste* might mean *beast* (*bête*). *Wight*, or person, is understood to agree with *lusty*, and the passage means, 'When every lusty wight feels an inclination for pleasure.' In Latin and French, the adjective almost always stands alone, with a substantive understood.

Wold hit bewraie, or durst, or shold, or kunne,
For al the good that God made undur sunne.

' That rather dye I wold, and determyne,
As thinkith me, stokkid in prisoun,¹
In wrecchidnes, in filthe, and in vermyne,
Captif to cruel kyng Agamynott;
And this on al the templs of this toun,
Upon the Goddis al, I wole the swere
To morow day, if it lyke the to here.

' And that thou hast ydo so myche for me,
That I ne may hit nevermore deserve,
This know I wele, al might I now for the
A thousand tymes on a morow sterue.
I can no more, but that I wole the serve
Right as thyn own, whidir so thou wende,
For evermore, unto my lyves ende.

' But here, with al myn hert, I the byseche
That never in me thou deme such foly
As I shal sey; me thoght, by thy speche,
That this which thou me doost for cumpany,
I shold wene hit were a bawdery;
I am not wood, although I lewd be;
Hit is not one, that wote I wele, parde!

' But he that gothe for gold, or for richesse,
On such message, cal hym as the list;
And that thou dost, cal hit jentilnesse,
Compassioun, and felawship, and trist;
Depart it so,² for wyde wher is wyst
How that ther is diversite requirid,
Betwixe thinges lyk, as I have lerid.

¹ It was the custom in ancient times, not only to confine prisoners in a dungeon, but to secure their feet in the stocks. Thus, the jailor at Philippi thrust Paul and Silas 'into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks.'—Acts xvi. 24.

² That is, 'Draw this distinction.'

' And that thow know I thenk it not ne wene,
That this servise a shame be or a jape,
I have my faire sustir Polixene,
Cassaundre, Eleyn, or eny of the frape;¹
Be she never so fair, or wele yshape,
Tel me which thow wilt of everichon
To have for thin, and let me than alon.

' But seth thow hast ydo me this servise,
My lyf to save, and for no hope of mede;
So, for the love of God, this grete emprise
Parfourme it out, for now is most nede;
For hy or lowe, withoutyn eny drede,
I wole alwey this hestis alle kepe.
Have now good nyght, and let us bothe slepe.'

Thus held eche of hem with othir so apaied,
That al the world hit might not bet amend;
And on the morow, whan thei were bothe arayed,
Eche to his own nedis gan entende:
But Troylus, thogh as the fire he brend,
For sharp desire of hope and of pleasaunce,
He not foryat his wyse governaunce.

But in hymself with manhod gan restreyne
Eche rakil dede, and eche unbridelid chere,
That alle tho that lyvyn, soth to seyne,
Ne shold have wyst, by word ne by manere,
What that he ment, as touching this matere;
From eche in that, as ferre as is the cloude,
He was, so wele dissimulyn he is coude.

And al this whil which that I now devise,
This was his lyf; with al his ful nyght,
By day he was in Martis hye servise,

¹ This word is among those which Tyrwhitt declares himself unable to explain. Speght interprets it a *company*, *rabble*. In Urry's Gloss. it is derived from the French, *frapper*, to stamp. Troylus may be supposed to speak of Polixene, Cassandra, Helen, or 'any of this stamp,' meaning class.

That is to sey, in armes as a knyght,
 And for the moste parte, the longe nyght,
 He lay, and thoght how that he might serve
 His lady best, her thonk for to deserve.

Nel I not swere, althogh he lay softe,
 That in his thoght he was sunwhat dissesid,
 Ne that he turnid on his pilwis oft,
 And wold of that him myssid have be sesid;
 But in such cas men be not alwey plesid,
 For oght I wote, no more than was he;
 That I can deme of possibilite.

But certeyn is, to purpos for to go,
 That in this while, as writyn is in geest,
 He sey his lady sumtyme; and also
 She with hym spak whan that she durst and lest;
 And, by her bothe avys, as was the best,
 Apoyntedyn ful warly in this nede,
 So as thei durst, how ferre they wold procede.

But hit was spoke in so short a wyse,
 In which aweyte alwey, and in which fere,
 Lest eny wight devyned or devise
 Wold in his speche, or to hit ley an ere,
 That al this world so leef to hem ne were,
 As that Cupide wold hem space send,
 To make of her speche a right end.

But that litil that they spake or wrought,
 His wise gost toke ay of al such hede,
 Hit semyd her he wist what she thoght,
 Withoute word, so that it was no nede
 To bid hym noght to do, ne noght forbede;
 For which she thoght that love, al come it late,¹
 Of al joy had openyd her the yate.

¹ *Al come it late* is the reading of MS. 1239, that of MS. 3943, *Al thogh he come late*, which spoils the measure.

Al shortly to this processe forth to pace,—
 So wele his work, his wordis he byset,
 That he so ful stode in his lady grace,
 That twenty thousand tymes, or that she let,
 She thonkid God that ever she with hym met;
 So couthe he hym governe in servise,
 That al the world ne myght it bet devise.

For why? she fond hym so discrete in alle,
 So secrete, and in such observaunce,
 That wele she felt he was to her a wal
 Of stele, and sheld from every displeaunce;
 That to been in his gode governaunce,
 So wyse he was, she was na more afered,¹
 I mene as ferre as it oght be requered.

And Pandarus, to quyke evir the fire,
 Was ever ylyk prest and diligent;
 To ese his frend was set al his desire,
 He shove ay on, to and fro he went,
 He lettres bare, whan Troylus was absent;
 That never man, as in his frendis nede,
 Ne bare hym bet than he, withoutyn drede.

But now, perauntre, some men waytin wold
 That every sond, or word, or loke, or chere
 Of Troylus, that I rehercyn shold,
 In al this wise, unto his lady dere;
 I trow it were a long thing for to here;
 Or of that wyght² that stont in such disjoynt
 His wordis alle, or every loke, to poynt.

Forsothe I have not herd it done or this
 In story none, ne no man here I wene;
 And thogh I wold, I couthe not, ywis;

¹ The Harl. MS., 3943, omits *na*, which has been supplied from MS. 1239.

² The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *right*. *Wyght* is from MS. 1239. The meaning of the passage is, 'Or to enumerate (point) the words and looks of one who stood in such a state of uncertainty,' &c.

For ther was som lettre hem bytwene,
That wold, as seith myn autor,¹ wele contene
Ny half this booke, of the which hym lest not write;
How shold I than a lyne of it endyte?

But to the grete effect:—than sey I thus,
That stondyng in concorde and in quiete
This ilk twey, Cryseyde and Troylus,
As I have told, and in this tyme swete,
Save onely often myghte thei not mete,
Ne leyser have, her speches to fulfille,
That hit byfel right as I shal yow telle;

That Pandare, which that ever ded his myght,
Right for the fyn that I shal speke of here,
As for to bringen to his hous sum nyght
His faire nece, and Troylus yfere,
Wher as at leyser al this hye matere,
Touching her love were at ful up bound,
Had out of doute a tyme to hit found.

For he, with grete deliberacion,
Had every thing that herto might availe
Forecast, and put in execucion,
And neither left for cost ne for travaile;
Come if hem lest, hem sholde no thing faile,
Ne for to bene in oght aspyed there,
That wist he an impossible were.

Dredles hit was clere in the wynd
Of every pye, and every let-game;²
Now al is wele, for al this world is blynd

¹ See Introduction.

² This is a metaphor taken from the chase. In approaching game, it is necessary to keep to the windward, or in *their wind*, as it is technically expressed; otherwise they perceive the sportsman by the scent. But it is necessary to approach thus cautiously, not only the game itself, but also other animals or birds, especially those of the chattering pie genus, which may be feeding in the neighbourhood, and which, if disturbed, would give the alarm. These are here called *let-games*, or spoil-sports. The intercourse, then, of Troylus and Cryseyde

In this matere, bothe fremed¹ and tame;
 This tymbre is al redy for to frame;
 Us lakkith noght, but that we wytyn wold
 A certain hour, in which we comyn shold.²

And Troylus, that al this purveaunce
 Knew at the ful, and waytid on it ay,
 And hereupon eke made his ordinaunce,
 And found his cause, and put to al the aray,
 That if that he were missid nyght or day,
 The while he was about this servise,
 Than he was gone to done his sacrifice,

And moost at such a temple alone wake,
 Answerid of Apollo for to be,
 And ferst to se the holy laurere quake,
 Or that the god spak out of the tre,
 To telle hym next whan that the Greekis shold fle;³
 And forthy let hym no man, God forbede!
 But prayeth Apollo help hym in his nede.⁴

Now is ther litil more for to done,
 But Pandare up, and shortly for to seyn,
 Lo! sone upon the chaungyng of the mone,
 Whan lightles is the world a night or tweyn,
 And that the welkyn shope him for to reyn,⁵

is said to be *in the wind*, to the windward, out of the reach of the observation, of every chattering and officious person, or spoil-sport.

¹ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *frende*, MS. 1239, *wylde*, the printed editions, *fremed*, which means wild, and for which, therefore, *frende* was probably written by a mistake of the copyist. The metaphor from the chase is continued. * None have taken the alarm, neither the domestic nor the wild animals.'

² The poet here speaks in the persons of the lovers.

³ The laurel was sacred to Apollo. It was planted in his temple, whence he delivered his oracles, and by the shaking of its branches indicated the presence of the god:—

— 'Factis modo laurea ramis
 Annuit; utque caput visa est agitatæ cacumen.'

OID.—*Met.* i. 566.

⁴ That is, 'And therefore let no man hinder (let) him, God forbid! but let all pray that Apollo may help him.'

⁵ This is, 'When the sky was preparing (shaping itself) to rain.'

He streight a morow unto his nece went ;
Ye have wele herd, the fyn of his entent.

Whan he was come, he gan anone to pley,
As he was wont, and of hymself to jape ;
And fynally he swore, and gan her sey,
Be this and that, she shold hym not ascape,
Ne done hym lenger aftir her to gape ;
But certeinly, she must, by her leve,
Come soupe in his hous with hym that eve.

At which she lough, and gan her fast excuse,
And seyde : ' It reynith, lo ! how shold I gone ?'
' Let be,' quod he, ' ne stond we thus to muse,
This must be don, ye shul be ther anone.'
So, at the last, herof they fil at one,
Or ellis soft he swore her in her ere,
He wold never come more ayen there.

Sone aftir this, she gan to hym rowne,
And axid hym if Troylus were there ;
He swore her nay, for he was out of toun,
And seyde, ' I suppose that he were there,
Yow durst have never thereof the more fere ;
For rather than men myght hym ther aspye,
Me were lever a thousand fold to dye.'

Noght lest myn autour fully to declare,
What that she thoght whan that he seide so,
That Troylus was out of toun yfare,
As if he seyde therof sothe or no ;
But that, without awayte, with hym to go,
She grauntid hym, seth he her that bysoght,
And, as his nece, obeyed as her oght.

But yet natheles, she hym did byseche,
Al thogh with hym to go it was no fere,
For to be ware of gofisshe peple speche,
That dremyn thinges which that never were :
And wele avise hym what that he broght there,

And seyð him, 'Em, seth I must on yow trist,
Loke al be wele; I do now as ye lyst.'

He swore her by stokkes and by stones,
And by the Goddis that in Hevyn dwelle,
Or ellis wer hym lever, soul and bones,
With Pluto kyng as depe be in Helle
As Tantalus:¹ what shold I more telle?
Whan this was do he roos and toke his leve,
And she to soper come whan it was eve,

With a certeyn of her owne men,
And with her faire nece Antigone,
And her wymmen wele a nine or ten.²
But who is glad? who now, as trowe ye,
But Troylus, that stood and myght it se
Thurgh out an hole with yn a litil stewe,
Ther he beshet, tul mydnight, was in mewes,³

Unwist of every wight, but of Pandare.
But to the point:—now whan that she was come,
With al joy, and al frendis fare,
Here eme anone her hath in armes nome,
And aftir to the soper alle and some,
Whan tyme was, ful softe thei hem set;
God wote ther was no deynte for to fet.⁴

And aftir soper gun they for to rise,
At ese wele, with hertis fressh and glade,
And wele was hym that best couthe devise
To lykyn her, or that her laughe made;
He song, she pleyd, he told the tale of Wade:⁵
But at the last, as every thing hath ende,
She toke her leve, and nedis wolde wende.

¹ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *Mantelus*, which is evidently a mistake of the copyist. *Tantalus* is therefore adopted from MS. 1239.

² That is, 'And full nine or ten of her women.'

³ That is, 'Through a hole in a little closet, in which he was shut up, like a hawk in her mew.'

⁴ 'No dainty was to fetch;' that is, all dainties were there.

⁵ See vol. ii. p. 168, note 1.

But O Fortune, executrice of werdis!
 O influences of thes hevenis hye!
 Soth is, that, undre God, ye ben our herdes,¹
 Thogh to us bestis is the cause wrye:
 I mene it now for she gan home to hye;
 But execut was, al byside her leve,
 The goddis wille, for which she must byleve.

The bente Mone with her hornys pale,
 Saturne and Jovis in Cancro joyned² were,
 That madyn such a reyne fro Hevyn availe,
 That every maner woman that was there,
 Had of this smokie³ rayn a verrey fere;
 At which Pandare lough, and seid then,
 'Now were it tyme a lady⁴ to go hen!

'But, good nece, if I might ever plesse
 Yow eny thing, than pray I yow,' quod he,
 'To do myn hert as now so grete an ese,
 As for to dwelle here al this night with me;
 For whi? this is your own hous, parde!
 Now, be my trouth, I sey it not a game,
 To gone as now, hit were to me a shame.'

Cryseyde, which that coude as mich good
 As half a world, toke hede of his prayere;⁵
 And sey hit rone, and al was on a flood,

¹ That is, 'You it is who govern us, as a herd does domestic animals.'

² The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *jovis*, a mere repetition of the word beginning with the same letter, which had occurred immediately before. MS. 1239 reads *joned*, meaning *joyned*, which is the reading of the printed editions, and is retained as the best. The situation of the planets in the heavens here described is supposed to prognosticate rain.

³ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *smokis*; but *smoky*, which is the reading of MS. 1239, is so graphic an epithet for violent rain that it has been here adopted.

⁴ The Harl. MS., 3943, reads *at best*; MS. 1239, *a lady*, as in the text.

⁵ That is, who knew what was right and becoming (as the French would say, *honnête*) as well as half a world—a spirited expression.

She thought, 'As good chepe¹ may I dwellyn here,
And graunt hit frendly with a frendis chere,
And have a thonk, as grucche and than abyde,
For home to go it may nat wele betyde.

'Ywis,' quod she, 'myn uncle leve and dere,
Seth that yow list, it is skil hit be so;²
I am right glad with yow to dwellyn here,
I seyde but agame that I wold go.'
'Ywis, graunt mercy, nece!' quod he tho;
'Were it agame or no, the sothe to telle,
Now am I glad, seth that ye wolyn dwelle.'

Thus al is wele; but tho bygan aright
The newe joy, and all the feest ayen;
But Pandare, if goodly he had myght,
He wold have hyed hym to bed fayn,
And seyde, 'O Lord, this is an huge rayn!
This were a wethir for to slepyn ynne,
And I rede as sone to beginne.

'And nece, wyte ye wher I wil yow ley,
For that we shul not lye ferre a sundre,
And for ye sholdyn, neither dare I sey,
Here noyse of rayn, ne yet of thundre?
By God, right yn my litil closet yondre;
And I wole in this utter³ hous alone,
Ben wardeyn of yow wymmen everychone.

'And in this middil chaumbre that ye se,
Shul your wymmen slepe wele and softe;
And ther I seyde shal your selvyn be;

¹ *Chepe* means market, as in *Cheap-side*, the side of the market. The modern adjective, *cheap*, is used for shortness instead of *good-chepe*, which corresponds with the French, *bon marché*.

² *Skil* means *reason*, often used for reasonable, as in Acts xviii. 14. Gallio says, 'If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you.'

³ Harl. MS., 3943, reads *litil*, a mere repetition of the epithet applied to the closet in the preceding line. *Utter*, meaning outer, is from MS. 1239.

And, if ye ligge wele to night, comith ofte,
 And, carith not what wedris be alofte.
 To wyn¹ anone, and whan so that ye lyst,
 Go we to slepe, I trow it is the best.'

Ther is no more, but heraftir sone
 They voyded, and drunk, and travars² drew anone;
 And every wight that hath not ellis to done
 More in that place, gan out of chambre gone;
 And evermore so sternelich it rone,
 And blew therwith so wondirliche lowde,
 That wel ny no man heryn othir cowde.'

Tho Pandare, her eme, right as hym oght,³
 With women, such as were her moost about,
 Ful glad unto her beddis syde her broght;
 And toke his leve, and gan ful lowe to lout,
 And seyde, 'Here at this closet dore without,
 Right overthwart, your wymmen liggyn alle,
 That whom you wylt of hem, ye may her calle.

So whan that she was in the closet leyde,
 And al her wymmen forth by ordenaunce
 A bedde werin, there as I have said,
 There was no more to skippen ne to taunce,
 But bodyn gone to bedde, with myschaunce!⁴

¹ MS. 3943 reads *goth yn*, and is followed by Urry; but *goth yn* is much more likely to have been substituted as a gloss by the copyist than to *wyn*. To *wyn anone* means, 'We will presently take our sleeping cup.' For the custom of drinking wine immediately before going to bed, see vol. i. p. 110:—

'And thereupon the wyn was fet anoon,
 We dronken, and to reste wente echoon.'

² Harl. MS., 3943, reads *curtyns*; *travars*, meaning curtains, is from MS. 1239. The curtains at the back of the stage in Elizabeth's time were called *traverses*.

³ *Oght* was, in Chaucer's day, an impersonal verb. The construction is, right as it oght, or belonged, or was becoming, to him to do. Thus *it liketh him*, elliptically, *him liketh*, meaning *it pleases him*, has now become *he liketh*; *it thinketh me*, meaning *it seems to me, I think*. The old reflective form has, however, been retained in *methinks*.

⁴ This is an example of Chaucer's peculiar manner of introducing familiar and grotesque circumstances, and thus giving a marvellous

If eny man was stering eny where,
And lete hem slepe, that abedde were.

But Pandare, that coud wel eche adele
The old daunce, and every poynt therin,
Whan that he wist that al thing was wele,
He thoght he wold upon his werk bygin;
And gan¹ the stewe dore al soft unpyn,
As stil as stone; without more let,
By Troylus adoun right he hym set.

And shortly to the poynt right for to gone:—
Of al this werk he told hym word and ende,¹
And seyde, 'Make the redy right anone,
For thou shalt to Hevyn blisse wende.'
'Now, blisful Venus! thow me grace send,'
Quod Troylus, 'for never yet no nede,
Had I or now, ne halvyndel the drede.'

Quod Pandare, 'Ne drede the never a dele,
For hit shal be right as thou wilt desire;
So thryve I, this night I shal make it wele,
Or cast al the grewel in the fire.'²
'Now seynt Venus! this night thow me enspire,'
Quod Troylus, 'as wisly I the serve,
And ever bet and bet shal tul I sterve.

'And if I had, O Venus ful of mirthe!
Aspectes bad of Mars, or of Saturne,
Or thou cumbrid,³ or let were in my birthe,

reality and freshness to his pictures. He here calls up before our imagination the ludicrous picture of the sleepy attendants growling at those who were unwilling so soon to close the pleasures of the evening, and driving them to their beds with maledictions.

¹ A corruption of *orde and ende*.

² A proverbial expression, meaning, 'I will bring the matter to an issue, either by winning all, or losing all.'

³ Mars was believed to preside over every kind of violent death; Saturn over death and misfortune generally. See *Knights Tale*, vol. i. pp. 151 and 168. Every planet, when combust or retrograde, was considered unpropitious. See *ante*, p. 79, note.

Thy fathir pray al thilke harme disturne
Of grace, and that I glad ayen may returne,
For love of hym thou lovedist in the shawe,
I mene Adon,¹ that with the bore was slawe.

'O Jove! for the love of fair Europe,²
The which in forme of bole away thow fette:
Now help, Mars, with thi bloody cope,
For the love of Ciphis,³ that thow ne lette!
O Phebus! thenk whan Dane⁴ her self shet
Undur the bark, and lawrer wax for drede,
Yet for her love, O help me at this nede!

'Mercury! for the love of Hyerce eke,
For which Pallas was with Aglauros wrothe,⁵
Now helpe! and Diane! eke I the byseke,
That this viage be not to the lothe:
O fatale sustrin!⁶ which, or eny clothe
Me shapyn was, my destyne me sponne,⁷
So helpith to this werk that is begonne!

Quod Pandarus, 'Thou wrecchid mousis hert!
Art thow agast lest she wole the byte?
Why, do on this furrid cloke on thi shert,
And folow me, for I wol have the wyte;⁸
But byde, and lete me go byfor a lyte;'

¹ For the story of Venus and Adonis see Ovid, *Met.* x., and Shakespeare's poem on the same subject—*Poems of Shakespeare*, Ann. Ed.

² Europa, daughter of Agenor, whom Jupiter, in the form of a bull, carried off to Crete.

³ The printed copies read *Cipria*; MS. 1239 reads *Cyphres*. Venus is, of course, the goddess meant, and her love of Mars, here alluded to, is the subject of the song of Demodocus.—See ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΑΣ Θ.

⁴ For the fable of *Daphne*, here called *Dane*, see Ovid, *Met.* i.

⁵ *Herse*, was a daughter of Cecrops, beloved by Mercury, who made *Aglauros*, *Herse's* sister, his confidant. She, however, moved by jealousy, betrayed the secret; and Mercury, in anger, struck her with his caduceus, and changed her into a stone.

⁶ The *Parcæ*, or Destinies, *Clotho*, *Lachesis*, and *Atropos*.

⁷ This idea occurs before, in *The Knightes Tale*.—See vol. i. p. 138, note 2.

⁸ I will take the blame upon myself.

And with that word he gan undo the trappe,
And Troylus he brought yn by the lappe.

The sterne wynd so lowde gan to route
That no wight otheris noyse myght here;
And thei that lyen at the dore withoute,
Ful sykirly thei slepyn al yfere;
And Pandare, with a ful sobre chere,
Goth to the dore anon, withouten lette,
Ther as thei lay, and softly hit shette.

And, as he come ayenward pryvily,
His nece awoke, and seid, 'Ho goth there?'
'My dere nece,' quod Pandare, 'it am I,
Ne wondrith not, ne have of it no fere;'—
And nerre he come, and seyde her in her ere:—
'No word, for love of God I now hyseche,
Let no wight arise and here of our speche.'

'What? which wey be ye comyn? benedicite!'
Quod she, 'and how unwist of hem alle?'
'Her at this secre trap dore,' quod he;
Quod tho Cryseyde, 'Let me sum wight calle:'
'Ey! God forbede that it shold so falle,'
Quod Pandare, 'that ye such folly wroghtyn!
Thei might deme thing thei never ere thoghtyn.

'It is not good a slepyng hound to wake,
Ne yeve a wyght a cause to devyne;
Your wymmen alle, I dare undurtake,
Slepe, that for hem men this house might myne,
And slepe willyn tul the sonne shyne;
And whan my tale is broght to an ende,
Unwist, right as I come, so wole I wende.

'Now, nece myn, ye shal wele undirstand,'
Quod he, 'so as ye wymmen demyn alle,
That for to hold in love a man in hand,

And hym her 'lyf' and her 'dere herte' calle,
 And, makyn hym a howe above a calle,—¹
 I mene, as love an othir in this while,—
 She doth her self a shame, and hym a gyle.

'Now wherby that I telle yow al this?
 Ye wote your self as wele as eny wight,
 How that your love al fully grauntid is
 To Troylus, the worthiest knyght,
 On of the world,² and therto trouthe yplight,
 That, but it nere on hym alonge,³ ye nold
 Hym never falsyn whil ye lyve shold.

'Now stant it thus, that, seth I fro yow went,
 This Troylus, right platly for to seyn,
 Is thurgh a gotur, by a pryve went,
 Into my chambre ycome in al this reyn;
 Unwist of eny maner wight, certeyn,
 Save of my self, as wisly have I joy,
 And by the feith I owe Priam of Troy!

'And he is come in such peyn and distresse,
 'That, but he be al fully wood by this,
 He sodeinly mote fal into woodnes,
 But if God help: and cause why is this?
 He seith hym told is of a frend of his,
 How that ye shold love on, hat Horaste,
 For sorow of which this night wol be his laste.'

Cryseyde, which that of this wondur herde,
 Gan sodenly about her herte colde,
 And with a sike ful sorowfully answerd:—

¹ A proverbial expression, meaning literally, to make him a hood above a cap; and, metaphorically, in the same way that a hood is an outer, and a cap an inner, covering, so to keep one lover at a distance, while the other is admitted to the closest intimacy.

² One of the worthiest knights in the world.

³ That, except it be by his own fault, or *along of him*, you would never be unfaithful to him.

'Alas! I wend, who so talys tolde,
 My dere hert wold me not have holde
 So lightly fals: alas! conseites wronge,
 What harme thei done, for now I lyve to longe!

'Horaste? alas! and falsyn Troylus?
 I know hym not, God help me so!' quod she.
 'Alas! what wikkid spiryte told hym thus?
 Now certis, eme, to morow, and I may hym se,
 I shal of that as fully excuse me,
 As did ever woman, if that hym lyke;
 And with that word she gan ful sore to sike.

'O God!' quod she, 'so worldly selynesse,
 Which clerkis callyn fals felicite,
 Ymedlid is with meny a bittirnes!
 Ful anguisshous, it is, God wote,' quod she,
 'Condicioun of veyne prosperite!
 For two joyes comyn nat yfere,
 Or ellis no wight hath hem longe here.

'O, brotul wele of mannys joy unstable!
 With what wight thou be, how so that thou pley,
 Either he wote that thou joy art mevable,
 Or wote it not, it mote ben, on of twey:¹
 Now if he wote it not, how may he sey,
 That he hath verrey joy and selynes,
 That is of ignoraunce aye in derknes?

'Now if he wote that joy is transitory,
 As every joy of worldly thing must fle,
 Than every tyme he hath that in memory,
 The drede of lesyng makith hym that he
 May in no parfyte selynesse be:
 And if to lese his joy, he set not a myte,
 Than semith hit, that joy is worth ful lyte.

¹ It is very characteristic of the love of dialectics which prevailed in the middle ages, to make Cryseyde reduce her argument on the brittleness of human felicity to the form of a regular logical dilemma.

'Wherfor I wold devine in this matere,
That trewely, for oght I can aspye,
Ther is no verrey wele in this world here.
For, O thou wikkid serpent Jelosye!
Thow mysylevid, envyous folye,
Why hast thou thus Troylus made me untrist,
That never yet agilte, that I wist?

Quod Pandare, 'Thus fallyn is this cas.'
'Why! uncle myn,' quod she, 'who told hym this?
Why doth my dere herte thus, alas?
'Ye wote, ye nece myn,' quod he, 'what is;
I hope al shal be wele, that is amys,
For ye may quenche al this, if ye lest,
And doth right so, for I hold it for the best.'

'So shal I do to morow, ywis,' quod she,
'And, God toforn, so that it shal suffice.'
'To morow? alas, that were fair!' quod he.
'Nay, nay! it may not stonde in this wyse:
For nece myn, this writyn clerkis wise,
That peril is with drecchyng in ydrawe;¹
Nay such abodis be not worth an hawe.

'Nece, al thing hath tyme, I dare avowe;
For whan a chambre a fyre is, or an halle,
Hit nedith more sodenly hit to rescowe,
Than to dispute and axe, amongis alle,
How is this candelle in the straw yfalle?
A! benedicite! for al among that fare,
The harme is don, and farewel feldyfare.²

¹ Danger is drawn the nearer to us by delay.

² Tyrwhitt declares himself unable to explain this phrase. The compiler of Urry's Glossary supposes *feld yfare* to be two words, and interprets them, 'the field, or battle, is lost.' This is not very satisfactory. Taking *feldyfare* as one word, it seems quite in accordance with Pandare's love of vulgar proverbs, to suppose that it refers to the fact that fieldfares suddenly appear with the advent of cold weather, and as suddenly depart. He, therefore, that would catch fieldfares, which are a kind of thrush, and very good eating, must not delay; for a warm day may come, and then, farewell, fieldfare! The time for the sport is gone.

'And, nece myn, ne take hit not a grefe;
 If that ye suffre hym al night in this wo,
 God help me so, ye had him never lefe,
 That dare I wele sey, now there is but we two;
 But wele I wote ye wol not do so;
 Ye bene to wys to do so grete foly,
 To put his lyf al nyght in jupardy.'

'Had I hym never lefe? Be God! I wene,
 Yet had I never thing so lefe!' quod she.
 'Now, be my thrift!' quod he, 'it shal be sene;
 For, seth ye make this ensample of me,
 If I al night in sorow wold hym se,
 For al the tresour in the toun of Troy,
 I pray to God, I never more have joye!

'Now loke than, if ye that be his love,
 Shal put his lyf al night in jupardy,
 For thing of noght? Now, by that God above!
 Not only this delay comith of foly,
 But of malice, if that I shal not lye:
 What? platly, and ye suffre him in distresse,
 Ye done hym neither good ne gentilnesse.'

Quod tho Cryseyde, 'Wil ye done o thing,
 And ye therwith shal styntyn his dissesse?
 Havith here and berith hym this blew¹ ring,
 For ther is nothing might hym better plese,
 Saf I my self, ne better his hert apese;
 And sey my dere hert, that his sorow
 Is nedeles, that shal be seyn to morow.'

'A ring?' quod he, 'ye, hasil wodis shakyn!'
 Ye, nece myn, that ring must have a stone,
 That might dede men alyve makyn;³

¹ Blue being the colour of truth, her sending him a blue ring would be an assurance of her fidelity.—See vol. ii. p. 223, note 3.

² Pandarus scarcely utters a sentence without using some familiar proverb. He means to say, that to send a ring to Troylus is about as much to the purpose as the truism that hazel-woods shake in the wind.

³ Alluding to the supposed virtues of precious stones.—See *ante*, p. 67, note 1.

And such a ring, trow I, ye have none:
 Discrecion is out of your hede gone,
 That fele I now,' quod he, 'and that is routhe;
 O, tyme ylost! wel may thou cursyn slouthe!

'Wote ye not wele that hie and noble corage
 Ne sorowith not, ne styntith eke for lyte?
 But if a fole were in a jelouse rage,
 I nolde set his sorow at a myte,
 But feest hym with a fewe wordis white,
 Another day, whan that I myght hym fynd;
 But this thing stont al in another kynd.

'This¹ is so gentil and so tendre of hert,
 That with his dethe he wole his sorow wreke;
 For, trustith wele, how sore that hym smert,
 He wil to yow no jelous wordis speke;
 And forthi nece, or that his herte breke,
 So speke your self to hym of this matere;
 For with a word ye may his herte stere.

,' Now have I told what peril he is yn,
 And his comyng unwist is to every wight,
 And, parde, harme may here be none, ne syn;
 I wil my self be with yow al this nyght;
 Ye know wele eke he is your owne knyght,
 And that, be right, ye must upon hym triste,
 And I am prest to fet hym whan ye lyste.'

This accident so pitous was to here,
 And eke so lyke a sothe, at prime face,²
 And Troylus her knyght, to her so dere,
 His pryve comyng, and the sikir place,
 That though that she did hym as thanne³ grace,

¹ This man, with whom we have to do, *scil.*, Troylus. *This* is here used like the Greek *ὁτος*.

² A literal translation of the law-term, *prima facie*.

³ Harl. MS., 3943, for *as thanne*, reads *a tho*. *As thanne* is from MS. 1239.

Conciderid al thingis as thei stood,
No wondur is, for she did al for good.

Cryseyde answerd, 'As' wysly God at rest
My soule bryng, as me is for hym wo!
And, eme, ywis, fayn wold I do the best,
If that I hadde grace to do so;
But, whether that ye dwelle, or for hym go,
I am, tul God me bettir wit sende,
At dulcarnon,¹ right at my wittis ende.'

¹ Opposite this word, in the margin of Harl. MS., 1239, is written *i. fuga miserorum*, which is merely a translation of Pandarus's words in the next stanza. Tyrwhitt can offer no explanation. Speght gives the following:—'Dulcarnon is a proposition of Euclid, lib. 1, theorem 33, propos. 47, which was found out by Pythagoras, after an whole yeeres study, and much beating of his brayne. In thankfulness whereof, he sacrificed an oxe to the gods; which sacrifice he called Dulcarnon. Alexander Neckam, an ancient writer, in his booke, *De Naturis Rerum*, compoundeth this word of *Dulia* and *caro*, and will have Dulcarnon to be *quasi sacrificium carnis*. Chaucer aptly applieth it to Creseide in this place, shewing that shee was as much amazed how to answer Troilus, as Pythagoras was wearied to bring his desire to effect.' This interpretation of Speght's is rejected by Skinner, who says on this word:—'Dominus Speght egregie hallucinatur dum exponit celebre illud Pythagoræ theorema, quod postquam summo cum labore tandem excogitasset, præ gaudio *Εὐρηκα* exclamavit, et hecatombam sacrificavit; ex contextu enim patet non felix aliquod inventum, sed, e contra, hominem ad dilemma et incitas redactum, consilii inopem ἀποποῦντα significare, credo vel ab A.S. *dole*, nostro *dull*, hebes, obtusus, fatuus; vel a Belg. *dul, dol*, insanus, furiosus, et A.S. *cerran, gecerran*. Belg. *keeran*, Teut. *kehren*, vertere, *q. d.*, I am at the point or ready to run mad or distracted.' Selden, in his preface to Drayton's *Polyolbion*, observes upon it: 'It is not Necham or any one else that can make me entertain the least thought of the signification of Dulcarnon to be Pythagoras his sacrifice after his geometrical theorem, in finding the squares of an orthogonal triangle's sides, or that it is a word of Latine deduction; but, indeed, by easier pronunciation it was made of *D'huil Karnayn*, i.e., two-horned; which the Mahometan Arabians use for a root in calculation, meaning Alexander, as that great dictator of knowledge, Joseph Scaliger (with some ancients) wills; but by warranted opinion of my learned friend Mr. Lydyat, in his *Emendatio Temporum*, it began in Seleucus Nicanor, twelve years after Alexander's death. The name was applied, either because after the time that Alexander had persuaded himself to be Jupiter Hammon's sonne, whose statue was with ram's horns, both his owne and his successor's coines were stamped with horned images; or in respect of his two pillars erected in the East as a *nilul ultra* of his conquest, and some say because he

Quod Pandarus, 'Ye, nece, wol ye here?
 Dulcarnon clepid is 'flemyng of wrecchis;'
 Hit semith hard, for wrecchis nel hit lere,
 For verrey slouth, and other wilful tecchis;
 This seid is by hem that be not worth two fecchis;
 But ye be wys, and that ye have in hond,
 Is neither hard, ne skilful¹ to withstond.'

'Than, eme,' quod she, 'doth herof as ye lyst,
 But, or he come, I wil ferst arise;
 And, for the love of God, seth al my trist
 Is on yow two, and ye he bothe wyse,
 So wurkith now, in so discrete a wyse,
 That I honour may have and he plesaunce,
 For I am here al in your governaunce.'

'This is wel seid,' quod Pandare, 'my nece dere!
 There good thrift on that wyse gentil herte!
 But liggeth stille, and takith hym right here,
 Hit nedith not for him no ferther stert;
 And eche of yow eseth otheres sorowes smert,
 For love of God! and, Venus! I the herye,
 For sone I hope we shul ben alle merye.'

had in power the *Easterne* and *Westerne* world, signified in the two hornes. But, however, it well suits the passage, either as if he had personated Creseide at the entrance of two wayes, not knowing which to take, in like sense as that of *Prodicus* his *Hercules*, *Pythagoras* his *Y*, or the logician's dilemma expresse; or else, which is the truth of his conceit, that she was at a *non plus*, as the interpretation in his next stasse makes plaine. How many of Chaucer's readers never so much as suspect this his short essay of knowledge transcending the common road? And by his treatise of the *Astrolabe* (which, I dare swear, was chiefly learned out of *Messahalah*) it is plaine he was much acquainted with the mathematiques, and amongst their authors had it. It is agreed between Speght, Necham, and Selden that *Dulcarnon*, whatever its origin may have been, was applied to some geometrical or mathematical theorem. And, if any authority is allowed to the gloss in the margin, the meaning will be, 'I am obliged to solve a question as difficult as that called *Dulcarnon*, which is so puzzling that it is called the *fuga miserorum*, that which deters the stupid;' just as we call the fifth prop. of the same book 'the asses' bridge,' because dunces cannot get over it.

¹ *Skil* means reason, or reasoning. *Skilful*, then, here signifies requiring much reasoning.

This Troylus on knees sone hym set,
 Ful sobrelly, right by her beddis hede,
 And on his beste wyse his lady gret :
 But, lord ! so she wax sodenliche rede !
 Ne, thogh she shold anone have be dede,
 She colde not o woord a right out bring,
 So sodenly for his sodeyn comyng.

But Pandare, that so wele couthe fele
 In every thing, to pley anon bygan,
 And seyde, ' Nece, se how this lord can knele !
 Now, for your trouthe, se this gentil man !'
 And with that word, he for a cuishyn ran,
 And seide, ' Knelith now whil that yow lyst,
 There God your hertis sone bryng at rest !'

Can I not seyn, for she bad hym not rise,
 If sorow it put out of her remembraunce ;
 Or ellis she toke it in such a wyse
 Of dewte, as for his observaunce ;
 But wele find I, she did hym this pleasaunce,
 That she hym kyssid, althogh she sikid sore,
 And bad him sit adoun withouten more.

Quod Pandarus, ' Now wol ye wele begynne,
 Now doth hym syttyn downe, good nece dere,
 Upon your beddis syde, al ther withyn,
 That eche of yow the bet may othir here ;'
 And with that word he drow hym to the fere,
 And toke a light, and fond his contenaunce,
 As for to loke upon an old romaunce.¹

Cryseyde, that was Troylus lady right,
 And clere stode on ground, of sikirnes,
 Al thoghte she her servaunt and her knyght
 Ne shold of right non untrouth in her gesse ;
 That natheles, considerid his distresse,

¹ Pandarus composed his countenance, and pretended to read, by the fire, an old romance which happened to be lying at hand.

And that love is in cause of such foly,
Thus to hym spak she of his jelosy.

'Lo, herte myn! as wold the excellence
Of love, ayens the which no wighte may,
Ne oght eke, goodly make resistance;
And eke bycause I felte wele and say,
Your good trouthe, and servise every day;
And that your herte al myn was, soth to seyn,
This drove me to rewe upon your peyn.

'And your goodnes have I found alwey yet,
Of which, my dere hert, and al my knyght!
I thank it you, as ferre as I have wyt,
Al can I not as mych as it were right;
And I, aftir my kunning and my myght,
Have, and ay shal, how sore that me smert,
Be to yow trew and hoole¹ with al myn hert.

'And, dredeles, that shal be found at preve;
But, herte myn, what al this is to seyn
Shal wele be told, so that ye yow not greve,
Though I to you ryght on your selfe compleyne,²
For ther with mene I finally the peyn,
That holt your herte and myn in hevynes,
Fully to sle, and eche wrong redresse.

'My good hert myn! note I, for why ne how
That jelosye, the wikkid wyvere,³
Thus causeles is cropyn into yow,
The harme of which I wold fayn deliver:
Alas! that he al hole, or of hym a shivere,
Shold have his refute in so digne a place!
That Jove hym sone out of your herte race!

¹ And hoole, omitted in MS. 3943, is supplied from MS. 1239.

² MS. 3943 reads, *Though I now right on yow self pleyn*. This is so evidently corrupt that the reading of MS. 1239 is adopted in preference.

³ Harl. MS. 3943 reads *wythir*, which is probably a mere clerical error. *Wyvere* is taken from MS. 1239, and is interpreted by Speght to mean 'A kind of serpent, much like a dragon.'

'But, O thou Jove! O auctour of nature!
Is this an honour unto your dette,¹
That folk ungilty suffryn hefe hure,²
And who that gilty is, al quyt goth he?
O, were it leful for to pleyn of the,
That undeservid suffrist jelosye,³
Of that I wold upon the pleyn and crye.

'Eke al my wo is this, that folke now usyn
To sey right thus, that jelosy is love;
And wold o busschelle of jelosy excusyn,
For that o greyn of love is in it shove;⁴
But that wote hy God that syt above,
If it be liker love, or hate, or grame,
And aftir that hit oght bere his name.

'But certeyn is, some maner jalousye
Is excusable, more than some, ywis;
As wher cause is, and some syche fantasy
With pite so wele repressid is,
That hit unnethe dothe or seith amys,
But goodly drynkith up al his distresse;
And that excuse I for the gentillesse.

'And some so ful of furie is, and despite,
That it surmountith his repression.⁵
But, herte myn, ye be not in that plyte,
That thonk I God! for seth your passioun,
I wil not clepe it but illusioun

¹ Deity.

² *Her hure* seems to mean *their fortune*, as in the French *malheur*, which they are said to endure irrespectively of their guilt or innocence. MS. 1239 reads *her injure*, which is perhaps better.

³ Cryseyde says, 'Were it lawful to complain of jealousy to thee, who thyself sufferest from the effects of jealousy,' *scil.*, from Juno, who used always to persecute the ladies whom Jupiter loved.

⁴ Harl. MS. 3943 reads *sowe*, which does not rhyme with *love*. *Shove* is the reading of MS. 1239.

⁵ The Harl. MS. 3943 reads *reprehension*, MS. 1239, *oppression*; but Speght and Urry both read *repression*, which is so clearly required by the context that it is here adopted.

Of abundance of love, and bysy cure,
That doth your herte this dissesse endure.

'Of which I am right sory, but not wrothe;
But, for my devoir and your hertis rest,
Wher so ye wil, by ordal¹ or by othe,
Verrey set,² or in what wise so ye lest,
For love of God, let preve it for the best;
And if that I be gilty, do me dey;
Alas! what might I more done or sey.'

With that a fewe brighte teris newe
Out of her eyen fel, and thus she seyde:—
'Now, God thow wost, in thought and dede untrew
To Troylus was never yet Cryseyd!
With that her heed down in the bed she leyde,
And with the shete hit wrie, and sighid sore,
And held her pees, nat o word spak she more.

But now help, God, to quenchyn al this sorow!
So hope I that he shal, for he best may;
For I have seyn, of a ful misty morow,
Folowyn oft a mery somers day;
And aftir wyntir comith grene May;
Folk sene al day, and eke men rede in story,
That aftir sharpe stouris³ is oft victory.'

This Troylus, whan he her wordis herd,
Have ye no care, him lest not to slepe!
Eke it thoght hym no strokis of a yerd
To here or se his lady Cryseyde wepe;
But wele he felt about his herte crepe,
For every tere which that Cryseyde astert,
The crampe of deth, to streyn him by the herte,

¹ Harl. MS. 3943 reads *ordinal*; *ordal*, meaning *ordeal*, is from MS. 1239.

² Truly set forth, or expressed.

³ Both the MSS. which have been collated for this edition read *shouris*, and they are followed by Speght; but *stouris*, meaning battles, is so clearly the true reading, that it has been adopted from Urry.

And in his mynd he gan the tyme acurse
That he cam therè, and that he was borne;
For now is wyk yturnyd into wurs,
And al that labour he hath done beforne,
He went it lost, he thoght it not but lorne.
'O Pandare,' he thoght, 'alas! thy wile,
Servith, of noght, so welawey the wyle!'¹

And therwithal he hinge adoun his heede,
And fel on knees, and sorwfulli he sight;
What might he seie? he felt he nas but deede,
For wrooth was sche that shulde hise daies light:
But, netheles, whanne that he speke might,
Thus seide he yet, 'God woot, of this game,
Whanne al is wist, thanne am I not to blame.'

Therwith for sorws that his hert shet,
That from hise iyen ther fel not a teere;
And every spirit his vigour inknit,
So thei astonied and oppressed were:
The felinge of sorows, or of his feere,
Or of ought ellis, fledde was out of town,
And doune he felle sodenly in swoun.

This was no litle sorow for to se,
For al was husht; but Pandare up als fast,
'O nece! pees, or we beeth lost!' quod he;
'Beeth not agast!' but certeyn at the last,
For this or for that, he into the bedde him cast,
And seide, 'Oo theef! is this a manes herte?'
And off he rent unto his bare shirte.

And seide 'Nece, but ye helpe us now,
Allas! your owne Troylus is lorn!
'Ywis so wold I, and I wiste how,
Ful fayn;' quod sche, 'allas! that I was born!
'Yhe, nece? wole ye pulle out the thorn

¹ After this stanza Harl. MS. 3943 is written in a new hand, and upon a somewhat different system of orthography.

That stiketh in his herte?' quod Pandare;
'Seye, 'al foryeve,' and stint is al this fare.'
'Yhe! that to me,' quod she, 'ful lever were
Than al the good the sunne about gooth!'
And therwith sche swoore him in his eere,
'Ywis, my deere herte, I am not wrooth,
Have here my trouthe, and manye another ooth!
Now speke to me, for it am I Cryseyde!
But al for nought, yit might he not abreide.

Therwith his pous, and pawmes of his hondes
Thei gan to froote, and wette hise templis tweyne,
And to delivere him from bittir bondis,
Sche ofte him kiste; and, schortly for to seyne,
Him to revoken sche dide al hir payne;
And, at the last, he gan his breeth to drawe,
And of his swoun soone aftir that adawe;

And gan betir mynde and resoun to hir take;
But wondir soore he was abashid, ywis!
And with a sigh, whanne he gan bet awake,
He seide, 'O mercy God! what thing is this?'
'Whi do ye with youre selven thus amys?'
Quod tho Cryseyde, 'is this a mannes game?
Wole Troylus, do thus, allas, for schame?'

And therwith hir arme over him sche leide,
And al forgaf, and ofte tyme him kist.
He thanked hir, and to hir spak, and seide
As fel to purpose, of his hertis rest;
And sche to that answerde as hir list,
And with her goodly wordis him disporte
She gan, and ofte hise sorwes to counforte.

Quod Pandare, 'For ought I can asprien,
This light nor I ne serveth here of nought;
Light is not good for syke folkis iyen;
But, for the love of God, sithen ye ben brought
In this good plight, lete now non hevvy thought

Been hanginge in the hertis of you twey ;
And bare the candel to the chymeney.

Soone aftir this, though it no nede were,
Whanne sche suche oother as hir list devise
Hadde of him take, hir thought tho no feere,
Ne cause eke non, to bidde him thenne rise :
Yet lesse thing than othes may suffice,
In manye case, for every wight, I gesse,
That loveth wel and meneth but gentilnesse.

But, in effecte, sche wolde wite anone,
Of what man, and where, and also why,
He jelous was, sithen ther was cause noone :
And eke the signe that he tooke it by,
That badde sche him to telle hir bisily ;
Or ellis, certeyn, sche bare him on honde,
That this was done of malice her to fonde.

Withoute moore, shortly for to seyn,
He muste obey unto his ladies heest ;
And for the lesse harme he most feyn ;
He seide, whanne she was at suche a feest,
Sche might on him have loked at the leest ;—
Not I not what, al dere ynow a rische,
As he that nedis most a cause out fisch.

And sche answerde, ' Swete, all were it so
What harme was that, sithen I non yvel mene ?
For, by that God that wrought us bothe twoo !
In al thing al myn entent is clene :
Suche argumentis ben not worthe a bene !
Wole ye the childische jalousye countirfete ?
Now were it worthi that ye were ybete.'

Thanne Troylus gan sorwfully to syke ;
Lest sche be wrooth, him thought his herte diede ;
And seide, ' Allas ! upon my sorwes syke,
Have mercy, my swete herte, my Cryseyde !
And if that in the wordis that I seide

Be any wronge, I wole no more trespase;
Doth that you list, I am al in youre grace.'

And sche answeride, 'Of gilt mysericorde!¹
This is to seie, that I foryeve al this;
And evermore on this night ye recorde,
And beth wel ware ye do no more amys.'
'Naye, deere herte myn,' quod he, 'ywis!
'And now,' quod sche, 'that I have done you smarte,
Foryeve it to me, myn owene dere herte!'

This Troylus with blisse of that surprised,
Putte al in Goddis sonde, as he that ment
Nothing but wel, and sodenly avised,
He in hise armes her to him fast hent:
And Pandare, with a ful good entent,
Leide him to slepe, and seide, 'If ye be wise,
Swowneth not now, lest more folke arise.'

What might or may the sely larke seie,
Whanne that this sparhawk hath it in his foote?
I can no more, but of this ilke tweie,
'(To whom this tale sugre be or sote)
Though that I tarie a yeere, suntyme I mote,
Aftir myn auctour, telle hir gladnesse,
As wel as I have telde hir hevynesse.

Cryseyde, whiche that felt hir thus ytake,
As writen clerkis in hir bookis olde,
Right as an auspen leef sche gan to quake,
Whanne sche him felt hir in hise armes foold:
And Troylus, al hool of cares coolde,
Gan thanke tho the bright goddis sevene;
Thus sundry peynes bringeth folk to Hevene.

Thus Troylus gan hir in armes streyne,
And seiede, 'O swete, as ever mot I gone!
Now be ye caught, now is ther but we tweyne,

¹ That is, 'There is mercy for guilt.'

Now yeldith you, for other boote is noone!¹
 To that Cryseyde answeride thus anoone,
 'Nad I or now, my swete herte deere,
 Be yolden ywis, I were now not here!'

O soth is saied, that heled for to bee,¹
 As of a fyver, or othir greet sicknesse,
 Men must drinke, as men may often se,
 Ful bittir drinke: and for to have gladnesse
 Men drinketh ofte peyne, and greet distresse:
 I mene it here by, as for this aventure,
 That thourgh a peyne hath founden al his cure.

And now swettnesse semeth moore swete,
 That bitternesse assaied was biforne;
 For oute of woo in blisse now they flete,
 Noon suche thei felten sithen thei were borne;
 Now is it bettir than bothe two were lorne!
 For love of God! take every womman hede,
 To wirke thus, if it come to the nede.

Cryseyde, al quite from every drede and tene,
 As sche that juste cause hadde him to triste,
 Made soche feeste, joye it was to sene,
 Whanne sche his trouthe and entent clene wiste:
 And, as aboute a tre with manye a twiste
 Bitrent and writhen is the swete woodbynde,
 Can eche of hem in armes other wynde.

And as the newe abasched nightyngale,
 That stynteth firste, whanne sche begynneth singe,
 Whanne that sche heereth any heerdys tale,
 Or in heggis any wight steringe;
 And, aftir, siker doth her vois out ring;
 Right so Cryseyde, whanne hir drede stint,
 Opened hir herte, and tolde him hir entent.²

¹ Harl. MS. 3943 reads *yvel for to kenne*, which agrees with the context neither in sense nor metre. MS. 1239 has therefore been followed.

² Of the many poets who have drawn images and similes from the

And right as he that seeth his deeth yshapen,
 And dien mote, in oughte that he can gesse,
 And sodenly rescouse doth thanne him ascapen,
 And from his deeth is brought in sikernesse;
 For al the world, in suche a present gladnesse
 Was Troylus, and hath his lady swete:
 With werse hap God let us never mete!

Her armes smale, her streight bak and softe,
 Her sidis longe, fleishely, smoothe, and white,
 He gan to stroke; and good thrifte bad ful ofte¹
 On her snowe whit throote, her breestis rounde and
 Thus in this Hevyn he gan hym delite, [lite:
 And therwithal a thousand tymes hir kist,
 That what to do for joye unnethis he wiste.

Thanne seide he thus:—‘O Love! O Charite!
 Thi modir eke, Sitheres² the swete,
 After thi silf, next heried be sche,
 Venus mene I, the welewally³ planete!
 And next that, Ymeneus, I the grete!
 For never was man to you, goddis, yhold
 As I, whiche ye have brought from cares coolde.

‘Benigne Love! thou hooly bond of thingis!
 Who so wole grace, and liste the not honouryn,
 Lo, his desire wole flie withouten winges;
 For noldist thou of bounte hem socouryn
 That servyn best, and althermost labouryn,
 Yit were al lost, that dar I seie wel certis,
 But if thi grace passe alleoure desertis.

nightingale, not one has produced anything so true to nature, or so admirably applied, as Chaucer, in this exquisite passage. There is nothing corresponding to it in the *Filostrato*.

¹ To bid good thrift, means to invoke good luck.

² *Sitheres* means Cytherea, Venus, so called because worshipped in the island of Cythera.

³ The Harl. MS. 1239 reads *welwilly*, another, and perhaps a purer, form of the same word, which means *well-wishing* or propitious.

' And for thou me, that coude leest disserve
Of hem that joinpred been unto thi grace,
Hath holpen, there I was lyke to sterve,
And me bistowed in so high a place,
That ilke boundis may no blisse pace,
I can no more, but laude and reverence
Be to thi bounte and to thi excellence!'

And therwithal Cryseyde anoon he kiste,
Of whiche, certeyn, sche felt no disese,
And thus seide he:—' Now wolde God I wiste,
Min herte swete, how I mighte you plesse!
A! what man,' quod he, ' was ever thus at ese,
As I, on whiche the fairest, and the best
That ever I sey, deineth hir hert rest?

' Here may ye se that mercy passith right,
The experience of that is felt in me,
That am unworthy to so swete a wight;
But, herte myn, of youre benygnyte,
So thinketh, though that I unworthi be,
Yet mote I nede amende in some wise,
Right thorugh the vertu of youre hie service.¹

' And, for the love of Gode! my lady dere,
Sith Gode hath wrought me you to serve,
As thus he wyl, how that ye be my sterve,
To doo me lyve, if that ye lust, or sterve,
So techith me, how that I may deserve,
Your thonke, so that I through mine ignoraunce,²
Ne do nothing that yow be displesaunce.

' For certes, fressh and womanliche wyf,
This dar I seyn, that trouthe and diligence,
That shal ye fynde in me al my lyf,

¹ It was one of the first principles of the chivalrous code of honour, that to bestow the affections upon a noble object is conducive to virtue. See vol. iv. p. 152, note 4.

² The Harl. MS. 3943 reads, *so that do you no displeaunce*, and omits the next line altogether. The omission is supplied from MS. 1239.

Ne I wole not certein breke your defense;
 And yf I doo, presente or in absence,
 For love of Gode, let sle me with that dede,
 Yif that it like unto your womanhede.

'Ywis,' quod she, 'myn owne hertes luste,
 My grounde of ese, and al myn herte dere,
 Gramercy! for on you is all my truste.
 But let us falle away fro this matere,
 For this sufficeth, wyche that seide is here;
 And at oo worde, withoute repentaunce,
 Welcome my knyght, my pes, my suffisaunce!'

Of her delite or joyes oon of the leste
 Were impossible to my witte to sey;
 But jugeth ye that have been at the feste
 In suche gladnesse, yf that hem lust to play:
 I can no more but thus, this ilke twey,
 That nyght, bytwyxe drede and sikernesse,
 They felte in love the grete worthinesse.

O, blisfull nyght, of hem so longe ysought,
 How blithe unto hem bothe to you were!
 Why nade I suche oon wyth my soule bought?
 Ye, or the leste joye that was there?
 Away! thou foule daunger, and thou fere!
 And let hem in this heven blisse dwelle,
 That so high is, that no man can it telle.

This ilke two that been in arme lefte,
 So lothe to hem a sonder gone it were,
 That eche from other wende be byrefte;
 Or ellys, loo! this was hir moste fere,
 Lest al this thinges but nice dremes were;
 For wych ful ofte eche of hem seide, 'O swete!
 Clippe I you thus, or elles I hit mete.'¹

¹ I thus embrace (clippe) you, or else I surely must dream it.
 V. CHAUCER.

And, lorde! so he gan godely on her see,
 That never his eye ne blente from hir face;
 And seide, 'O dere herte! may it bee
 That this be sothe, that ye be in this place?'
 'Yee, herte myn, Gode thonke I of his grace!'
 Quod tho Cryseyde, and therwythal hym kyste,
 That where his spirit was, for joye he nyste.

This Troylus ful ofte hir eyen twoo
 Gan for to kysse, and seid, 'O eyen clere!
 Hit were ye that wroughten me this whoo,
 Ye humble nettes¹ of my lady dere!
 Thogh ther be mercy wryten in your chere,
 Gode wote thet tixte ful harde is, sothe,² to fynde;
 How cowde ye me wythouten bonde bynde?' .

Therwyth he gan hir faste in armes take,
 And wel a thowsand tymes gan he sike;
 Noo suche sorowful sikes as men make
 For sorwe, or elles whan that folke been sike;
 But esy sikes, suche as been to like,³
 That sweyd⁴ his affection wythinne;
 Of wyche sikes cowde he not blynne.

Sone after this, spake they of sundry thinges
 And felle to purpos of this aventure;
 And pleyng enterchaungeden hir ringes,
 Of wych I can not telle no scripture;⁵
 But wel I wote, a broche of golde and asure,⁶
 In wych a rubye was sette like an herte,
 Cryseyde hym yafe, and stake it on his sherte.

¹ Troylus calls her eyes 'humble,' because of their benign expression,—'nettes,' because they have caught and entangled his heart. .

² *Sothe* seems to be here an adverb, meaning truly.

³ Such as are to be liked.

⁴ *Sweyd* appears to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Sweg*, a sound. If so, the sentence would mean, 'These sighs were such as gave utterance to his inward affections.'

⁵ I cannot tell the mottos, or poesies, which were upon them.

⁶ The colour blue, or azure, denoted truth (see vol. ii. p. 223, note 3), and was, therefore, appropriate for a true-love token.

Lord! trowe ye that a covetous wreche,
 That blameth love, and halt¹ of hit despite,
 That of tho penes that he gan mockere and keche,
 Was ever right yit yeve suche delite,
 As is in love, in o poynt in som plite?²
 Nay, doutelesse! for, al so Gode me save,
 So parfite joye may no negarde have.

They wyl sey yes! but, lorde! so they lye,
 Tho besy wrechis ful of who and drede,
 That clepen love a wodenesse for folye!
 But it shal fal hem, as I shal you arede;
 They shall forgoo the white, and eke the rede,³
 And lyve in who, there Gode yeye hem mysschaunce!
 And every lover in his trouthe avaunce.

As wolde God! tho wrecches that despise
 Servise of love had eres al so longe
 As had Mida,⁴ ful of covetise;
 And therto dronken had as hotte and stronge
 As Cresus⁵ did, for his affectes wronge;
 To techen hem that they ben in the vice,
 And lovers not, although they hold hem nice.

¹ *Halt*, or *holt*, is the contracted form of *holdeth*. See *ante*, p. 83, note 2.

² That is, 'Lord! do you think that to a covetous wretch, who blames and despises love, was ever yet given, by the pence which he can lay hold of and amass, such delight as is felt in love, even in the smallest point or moment of time, under these circumstances?' Harl. MS. 3943, for *penes* (pennies) reads *peynes*, a mere blunder of the scribe. *Mockere* means to heap up, amass, from the Anglo-Saxon *mucy*, a heap; whence the East-Anglian word *muck-heap*, meaning dung-hill.

³ *The white and eke the rede* means the silver and gold. Gold, when much copper is used in alloying it, is of a reddish or orange hue, and, is, therefore, often called red.

⁴ The allusion is to the foolish avarice of Midas, who, when Silenus offered him a boon, asked that whatever he touched might be changed into gold. His ears were changed into those of an ass by Apollo, whose singing he pronounced inferior to that of Pan. See Ovid, *Met.* xi.

⁵ Croesus, King of Lydia, who is said to have been put to death by being obliged to drink molten gold.

This ilke two, of wyche I you seye,
 Whan that hir hertes bothe assured were,
 Than gonne they to speke and to pley,
 And eke rehersen how, and whan, and where
 They knew hem first, and every woo or fere
 That passed was; but al their hevynesse,¹
 Ythonked Gode, was toured to gladnesse.

And evermore, whan that they fille to speke
 Of any woo of suche a tyme ygone,
 Wyth kyssyng al that tale shulde breke,
 And fallen in a new joye anone;
 And diden al hir myght, sith they were oon,
 For to recovere blisse, and been at ese,
 And passed woo wyth joye countrepese.²

Reson wyl not that I speke of slepe,
 For it acordith not to my matere;
 God woote! they toke of that ful litel kepe!
 But leste this nyght, that was to hem so dere,
 Ne shulde in vayne escape in no manere,
 Hit was bysette in joye and besinesse,
 Of al that souneth into gentilnesse.

But soth is, thogh I can not tellen alle,
 As can myn auctour³ of his excellence,
 Yit have I seide, and God toforn shal,
 In every thing the grete of his sentence:⁴
 And yit that I, that love reverence,
 Have ony thing in eched for the beste,
 Doth therwythalle ryght as your self lyst.

For my wordes here, and every parte,
 I speke hem alle under correccion
 Of you that felyng have in loves arte,

¹ Harl. MS. 3943 reads *besinesse*; but *hevynesse*, being required by the context, is here adopted from MS. 1239.

² That is, 'To counterbalance, make amends for, past woe, by present joy.'

³ See Introduction.

⁴ *The grete of his sentence* means the substance, or most important part, of his meaning.

And putte hem hole in your discrecion,
Tencrece or make diminicion
Of my langage, and that I you beseche;
But now to purpos of my rather¹ speche.

Whan that the cok, commune astrologer,²
Gan to his brést to bete, and afftyr, crowe;
And Lucifer, the dayes messanger,
Gan for to rise, and out his stremes throwe;
And estward roos, to hym that cowde it knowe,
Fortuna maior,³ than anon Cryseyde,
With herte sore, to Troylus thus seide:—

‘Myn hertis lyf, my trust, and my plesaunce!
That I was born, alas! that me is woo,
That day of us must make disseverance!
For tyme it is to ryse, and hennes goo,
Or elles I am but lost for evermoo.
O nyght, alas! why nylt thou over us hove,
As longe as whan Alcmena lay by Jove?’⁴

¹ Earlier, former; the comparative degree of *rathe*, early.

² The word *astrology*, though now appropriated exclusively to *judicial astrology*, means properly, as here, the science of the heavenly bodies. The cock is called an astrologer, because he regulates the times of his crowing by the situation of the sun in the heavens; and *commune*, because he makes known to all, by his crowing, the result of his astrological observations. Thus, in *The Nonne Prest his Tale*:—

‘By nature knew he (the cock) ech ascensioun,
Of equinoxial in thilke town.’—Vol. iii. p. 217.

And again, in *The Assembly of Foules*, the cock is called the ‘horiloge of thorpes lite.’

³ Speght says that Fortuna Major is the planet Jupiter.

⁴ Alcmena was the wife of Amphitryon. Jupiter assumed the form of her husband, and prolonged the night in which he visited her beyond its natural duration. Thus, in the witty play of Plautus on this subject, Sosia, the slave, exclaims:—

‘Credo ego hâc nocte Nocturnum obdormivisse ebrium.
Nam neque se Septentriones quôquam in cælo commovent,
Neque se Luna quôquam mutat, atque uti exorta, est semel.

* * * * *

Neque ego hâc nocte longiorem me vidisse censeo,
Nisi item unam, verberatus quam pependi perpetem.

* * * * *

Credo, ædepol, equidem dormire Solem, atque appotum probe.’

'O blakke Night! as folk in bookes reede,
 That schapen art bi God, this world to hide
 At certeyn tymes, with thi derke weede,
 That undir that men might in her rest abide,
 Wel oughten beestis thus pleyne, and folkis chide
 That there as day with labor wolde us brest,
 Ther, thou right fleest, and deynest not us rest.¹

'Thou dost, al so schortly thin office,
 Thou rakel Night! that God, maker of kynde,
 Thee for thin hast and thin unkynde vice,
 So fast unto oure emyspery bynde,
 That nevermoore undir the grounde thou wynde;
 For thurgh thy rakel hyinge out² of Troye,
 Have I forgon thus hastily my joye.'

This Troylus, that with thise wordis felte,
 As thoughte him tho, for pitouse distresse,
 The bloodi teeris from his herte melte,
 As he that never yit suche hevynesse
 Assaide hadde out of so greet gladnesse,
 Gan therwithal Cryseyde, his ladi deere,
 In armes streyne, and seide in this manere:—

'O cruel Day!³ accuser of the joye
 That night and love have stole, and fast ywrien!
 Acursid be thi comyng into Troye,
 For every bowre hath oon of thi bright yen:
 Envious Day! what liste thee to aspien?
 What hast thou lost? whi sekest thou this place?
 There God thi light so quenche, for his grace!

¹ The poet seems to allude to Virgil, *Æneid.* iv. 525:—

' ——— pecudes, pictæque volucres,
 Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
 Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti
 Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.'

² Harl. MS. 3943 reads, *thou highest so out of Troie*. This is so lame a line, that the reading of MS. 1239 has been adopted in preference.

³ For *day*, the reading of MS. 1239, MS. 3943 reads *ladi*.

' Alas! what have thise lovers thee agilt?
 Dispitouse Day, thine ben the peynes of Helle!
 For manye a lover hast thou slayn, and wilt;
 Thi powring in wole lat hem nowhere dwelle:
 What? profrist thou thi light here for to selle?
 Go selle it hem that smale seelis grave,¹
 We nill thee not, us nedeth no day to have.'

And eke the sunne Tytan gan he chide,
 And seyde, ' O foole, wel may men the despise!²
 Thou hast the Dawnyng al night the beside,
 And suffrist hir to soone up fro thee rise,
 For to disese us loveris in this wise:
 What! holde thi bed there, and eke thy Morwe!³
 I bidde God so yeve you bothe sorwe!'

Therwith ful sore he sighed, and thanne he seyde:—

' My ladi right, and of my wele or woo
 The welle and roote, of good likinge, Cryseyde,
 And shal I rise? alas! and shal I so?
 Now fele I that my herte mot atwo;
 For how schulde I my lyf an houre save,
 Sith that with you is al the lyf I have?

' What shal I do? For certis I not how,
 Ne whanne alas! I schal the tyme se,
 That in this place I may be efte with you;
 And of my lyf, God wote how that schal be,
 Syn that desire right now so streineth me,
 That I am deed anon but I retourne;
 How schulde I longe alas! fro you sojourne?

' But natheles, myn owene ladi bright!
 Yit were it so that I wist utterly,
 That I youre humble servaunt and your knyght,

¹ The sun is bid to sell his light to those who engrave little seals, because the minuteness and delicacy of this work requires that a strong light should be thrown upon it.

² Harl. MS. 3943 reads, *Wel mooven manye men the despise*.

³ By the *Dawnyng*, or *Morwe*, is meant Aurora, here supposed to be the wife of Apollo.

Were in youre herte yset so fermely,
 As ye in myn, the whiche thing truly
 Me lever were than this worldis twayne,
 Yit schulde I the bettir endure al my peyne.'

To that Cryseyde answerid right anoone,
 And with a sigh sche seide, 'O herte dere!
 The game, ywis, so ferforthe now is gone,
 That furste schal Phebus falle from his spere,
 And hevene egle be as the douves fere,
 And every rock out of his place sterte,
 Er Troylus out of Cryseydis herte.¹

'Ye be so depe right in my herte grave,
 That thogh I schulde turn it out of my thought,
 As wisly verrey God my soule save,
 To die in the peyne,² I couthe nought:
 And, for the love of God that us hath wrought,
 Let in your herte no noyouse fantasie
 So crepe, that it cause me to die.

'And that ye wolde me have als fast in mynde,
 As I have you, that wole I you biseche;
 And if I wiste sothely that to fynde,
 God might not oo poynt of my joyes eche.³
 But, herte myn, withouten more speche,
 Beth to me trew, or ellis were it routhe,
 For I am youres, bi God and bi my trouthe!

'Be glad forthi, and lyveth in sikernesse,—
 This seid I never or this, ne schal no mo,—
 And if it to yow were a greet gladnesse,

¹ Chaucer probably had in his mind the well-known passage in Virgil:—

'Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi,
 Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces;
 Ante pererratis amborum finibus exul,
 Aut Ararim Parthus bibet, aut Germania Tigrim,
 Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.'—*Bucol.* i.

² See *ante*, p. 41, note 2.

³ God could not add one point, or particle, to my happiness.

To tourne ayen soone aftir that ye go,
 Als fayn wolde I as ye that it were so,
 As wisly God my herte bringe at rest!
 And him in armes took, and ofte kist.

Ayens his wille, sith it mot nedis be,
 This Troylus up roos and fast him cledde,
 And in hise armes toke his ladi fre
 An hundred tyme, and on his weie him spedde;
 And with suche vois, as though his herte bledde,
 He seide: 'Farwel, my dere herte swete!
 That God us graunte sound and soone to mete!'

To whiche for sorwe no word sche answerd,
 So sore gan his parting hir distreine,
 And Troylus unto his paleis ferd,
 As woo begone as sche was, soth to seine;
 So hard him wrong of scharp desire the peine
 For to be efte ther he was in pleasaunce,
 That it may never out of his remembraunce.

Retourned to his paleys royal soone,¹
 He softe into his bed gan for to slynke²
 To slepe longe, as he was wont to done,
 But al for nought; he may wel lye and winke,
 No sleep may there in his herte synke,
 Thenking how sche, for whom desyre hym brende,³
 A thousand folde was worthi more than he wende.

And in his thought, gan up and doun to wynde
 Hire wordis alle, and every countynaunce,
 And fermely impressen in his mynde
 The lest poynt that to him was pleasaunce;
 And verily, of thilke remembraunce,

¹ This line is from MS. 1239. MS. 3943 reads *And retourned into a rial palaise soone*.

² *Slynke* is taken from MS. 1239. MS. 3943 reads *thrinke*, which may perhaps be written for the sake of the rhyme, for *thringe*, to crowd or hasten. Speght reads *sinke*; Urry, *shrinke*.

³ MS. 3943 reads *fro whom he hende*. The reading in the text is from MS. 1239.

Desire al newe him hent, and lest to hede¹
Gan more than arst, and yet toke he non hede.

Cryseyde also, right in the same wise,
Of Troylus gan in hire herte schete
His worthines, his list, hise dedis wise,
His gentilnesse, and how sche with him mette,
Touchinge love he so wel hir bisette;
Desiringe ofte to have hire herte dere
At suche a plight, that sche durst make him chère.

Pandare, on morwe whiche that comen was
Unto his nece, gan hir faire to grete,
And seide, 'Al this night so reyned it, allas!
That al my drede is, that ye, nece swete,
Have litel leyser hade te slepe and mete:
Al night,' quod he, 'hath rain so do me wake,
That some of us, I trowe, her hedis ake.'

And nigh he come and seid, 'How stant it now?
This Mey morwe, nece, how kunne ye fare?'
Cryseyde answerde, 'Never the bet for yow!
Fox that ye ben, God yeve yow hertis care!
God helpe me so, ye cansteth al this fare,
Trowe I,' quod sche, 'for allé youre wordis white;
O, ho so seeth you, knoweth you but alite!'

With that sche gan hir face for to wrie
With the schete, and wex for schame reed;
And Pandare gan undire for to prie,
And seide, 'Nece, if that I shal be dede,
Have here a swerd, and smiteth of myn heed:
With that his arme sodenly he thrust
Undir hir nek, and at the last hir kist.

¹ MS. 1239, followed by all the printed editions, reads *lust to brede*, which is not at all in Chaucer's manner. *Lest to hede*, the reading of MS. 3943, is probably written by mistake for *lestihede*.

I passe al that which chargeth not to seie:
 What! God foryaf his deeth,¹ and sche also
 Foryaf; and with her uncle gan to pleie,
 For other cause was ther non but so.
 But of this thing right to the effecte to go,
 Whanne tyme was, home to hir hous sche went,
 And Pandare hadde fully his entent.

Now tourne we ayen to Troylus,
 That resteles ful longe in bedde lay,
 And prively sent after Pandarus,
 To him to come in al the hast he may;
 He come anoone, not oones seid he nay,
 And Troylus ful sobrelly he grette,
 And doune upon the beddis side him sette.

This Troylus, with al the affecciou
 Of friendis love that herte may devise,
 To Pandarè on knees fel adoun;
 And, or he wolde of the place arise,
 He gan him thanke on his beste wise
 An hundrid tymes, and gan the tyme blesse
 That he was borne, to bringe hym fro distresse.²

And seyde, 'O frend, of frendis althirbest
 That evere was! the soothe for to telle,
 Thou hast in hevne brought my soule to rest
 Fro Flegiton, the firy floode³ of helle;
 That, though I might a thousand tyme selle
 Upon a day my lyf in thi service,
 It mighte not in that a myte suffice.

¹ An allusion to our Saviour's praying for forgiveness for those who were crucifying him. Luke xxiii. 34.

² Instead of this line, taken from MS. 1239, MS. 3943 reads, *That he of his modir borne wessee.*

³ MS. 3943 reads *feende*. Phlegethon was one of the rivers of Tartarus:—

'Quæ rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis
 Tartareus Phlegethon.'—*Æneid*, vi. 550.

‘The Sunne, whiche that al the world may se,
Saughe nevere yit, my lyf that dare I leye,
So joly, so faire, so goodly, as is she
Whos I am al, and schal till that I deye;
And that I thus am hers dare I seye,
That thanked be the highe worthinesse
Of love, and eke thi kynde businesse!

‘Thou hast now me no litle thing iyeve;
For whiche to thee obliſched be for ay
Mi lyf; and whi? for thorough thi helpe I lyve,
Or ellis deed hadde I be for manye a day.’
And with that worde doune on his bedde he lay,
And Pandare ful ſobrely him herde,
Til al was ſeide, and thanne he thus answerde.

‘My dere frende! if I have do for thee,
In any caas, God woote it is me leef,
And am as gladde as man may of it be;
God helpe me ſo! but take now not agreef,
That I ſchal ſeie,—beware of this miſcheef,
That there as now thou art brought in bliſſe,
That thou thi ſelfe ne cauſe it not to myſſe.

‘For, of fortunes ſcharp aduerſite,
The werſt kynde of infortune is this,
A man to have be in proſperite,
And it remember, whanne it paſſid is.
Thou art wiſe inow; forthi, do not amis,
Be not to rakel, though thou ſitte warme;
For if thou be, certeyne it wole thee harme.

‘Thou art at eſe, and holde thee wel therynne;
For, al ſo ſure as reed is every fire,
Als greet a crafte is to kepe wele as wynne;
Bridel alwei wel thi ſpeche and thi deſire,
For worldly joye holt not but bi a wire;
That preveth wel, it brekith al day ſo ofte;
Forthi nede is to wirche with it ſofte.’

Quod Troylus, 'I hope, and God to forn,
 My dere frende, that I shal so me bere,
 That in my gilt ther shal nothing been lorn,
 Ne rakel nel I be for to grevyn here;
 Hit nedith not al day this thing to tere;¹
 For wist thow my herte wele Pandare,
 God wote, of this ful litil woldist thow care.'

Tho gan he telle hym of his glade nyght,
 And wherof ferst his herte dred, and how;
 And seid, 'Frend, as I am a trewe knyght,
 And by that feith I shal to God and yow,²
 I had hit nevere half so hoot as now;
 And ay the more that desire me bitith,
 To love her best the more hit me delitith.

'I not my selfe not wisly, what it is,
 But now I fele a newe qualite,
 Ye! al another than I ded or this.'
 Pandare answerd and seid thus, 'that he
 That may onys in hevyn blisse be,
 He felith other wise, dare I ley,
 Than thilke tyme he herd ferst of hit sey.'

This is a word for al :—this Troylus
 Was never ful³ to speke of this matere,
 And for to prayse unto Pandarus
 The bounte of his right lady dere,
 And Pandare to thonkyn, and makyn chere;
 This tale was ay span newe⁴ to bygynne,
 Til that the night departid hem a twynne.

¹ *To tere*, means to tear in pieces the subject, or discuss it in an exaggerated way. Thus, in *Hamlet*, 'O, it offends to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow, tear a passion to tatters.'—Act iii. sc. 2.

² There seems to be a verb understood here. The ellipsis is a common one.

³ That is, 'Troylus was never satiated (full) with speaking on this subject.'

⁴ *Span-new*, quite-new, bright-new. Various attempts have been

Sone aftir this, for that fortune it wolde,
 Ycomyn was the blisful tyme swete,
 That Troylus was warnid, that he sholde,
 Ther he was arst, Cryseyde his lady mete:
 For which he felt in joy his herte flete,
 And feithfully gan al the goddes hery;
 And let se now, if that he can be mery.

And holdyn was the forme, and al the wyse
 Of his comyng, and eke of here also,
 As hit was arst, which nedith not devise;
 But pleynly, right to the effecte for to go,
 In joy and seurte, Pandarus hem two
 Abedde broght, whan that hem bothe lest;
 And thus thei be in quiete and in rest.

What nedith it to yow, seth thei be met,
 To aske at me, if that thei blithe were?
 For if it eft was wele, tho was it bet,
 A thousand folde, than arst; it nedith not to enquire;
 And gone was every sorow and every fere,
 And both ywis thei had, and so thei wende,
 As mich joy as hert myght comprehende.

made to trace the origin of this phrase, more familiar under the form of spick-and-span-new; but none of them are very satisfactory. By some philologists *spick* is referred to the Italian *spicco*, brightness; Howell derives it from *spica*, an ear of corn, and Grose from the spike of a spear. *Span* is supposed to come from *spangle*; it has also been referred to the Saxon *spannan*, to stretch. Nares, adopting Johnson's derivation, says, 'span-new is fresh from the *stretchers*, or frames, alluding to cloth, a very old manufacture of the country; and spick-and-span is fresh from the spike, or tenter and frames.' The antiquity of the phrase is shown in its use by Chaucer. It is frequently employed by later writers. The following are examples:—

'Am I not totally a new-span gallant?'

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—*False One*, iii. 2.

'Sir, this is a spell against them, spick and span new.'

BEN JONSON.—*Barth. Fair*, iii. 5.

'Then while the honour thou hast got,

Is spick and span new, piping hot.'—BUTLER.—*Hud.* i. 3.

This is no litil thing of for to sey;
 This passith eny wyt for to devise,
 For eche of hem gan othirs lust obey;
 Felicite,¹ which that thes clerkes wise
 Commendyn so, ne may not here suffice;
 This joy ne may not writyn be with ynk;
 This passith al that herte may bethink.

But cruel Day, so welaway the stound!
 Gan for to aproche, as thei by signes knewe;
 For which hem thoght thei felte dethes wound;
 So wo was hem, that chaungyn gan her hewe,
 And Day thei gunne to despise al newe,
 Callyng hit traytour, envious and wors;
 And bittirly the Dayes light to curs.

Quod Troylus, 'Alas! now I am ware
 That Pirois,² and tho swifte stedis thre,
 Which that drawyn forth the Sunnis chare,
 Hath go some bi path³ in despite of me;
 That makith hit so sone day to be;
 And for the Sunne hastith hym so to rise,
 Ne shal I never done hym sacrifice.'

But nedis day departe hem must sone;
 And whan hir speche done was, and hir chere,
 They twyn anone, as thei be wont to done,
 And settyn tyme of metyng eft yn fere;
 And meny a nyght thei wroght in this manere.

¹ This is an allusion to the *summum bonum* of the heathen philosophers.

² Chaucer probably mistook Piroeis, the name of one of the horses, for that of the god. This is the more probable, as Ovid assigns four horses, not three, to the chariot of the sun:—

'Interea volucres Piroeis, et Eöus et Æthon,
 Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon,' &c.—*Met.* ii. 153.

³ Troylus says that the sun is rising so early, because he has taken a short-cut, or by-path, in his journey round the world.

And thus, for Fortune, a tyme bydde in joy
Cryseyde, and eke this kinges sonne of Troy.¹

In suffisaunce, in blis, and yn likynges,
This Troylus gan al his lyf to lede;
He spendith, justith, and makith festynges,
He yevith oft frely, and chaungith wede;²
He holt about hym alwey, out of drede,
A world of folk,³ as come him wel of kynd,
The fresshest and the best he myghte fynd.

That suche a vois of hym was, and a stevene,
Thurghout the world, of honour and largesse,
That it up rong unto the yate of hevene;
And as in love he was in suche gladnes,
That in his hert he demyd, as I ges,
That ther is no lover in this world at ese,
So wele as he, and thus gan love hym plese.

The goodliheed or bewte, which that Kynd
In eny other lady had ysette,
Can not the mountaunce of o knot unbynd,
About his hert, of al Cryseydes nette:⁴
He was so narwe ymasked, and yknette,
That hit undone on eny maner side,
Hit nel not be, for noght that may betide.

And by the honde ful ofte he wold take
This Pandare, and ynto gardyn lede,
And such a feést, and such a processe make

¹ That is, 'And thus, by the gift of Fortune, Cryseyde, and this son of the king of Troy, abode (bydde) in joy, or happiness.'

² *Chaungeth wede* appears to mean that he wore a variety of dresses, a sign of gaiety and enjoyment, and of the desire to please.

³ The expression, 'a world of ladies,' has already occurred in *The Flower and the Leaf*. The meaning of the passage is, 'He holdeth in his service a vast retinue of dependants, as well becomes his high lineage.'

⁴ The beauty of other ladies cannot undo so much as one knot of the net in which Cryseyde holds his heart prisoner. The phrase, 'the mountaunce of a gnat,' meaning anything very small, has occurred already.

Hym of Cryseyde, and of her womanhede,
 And of her beute, that, withoute drede,
 It was an hevyn his wordis for to here,
 And thanne he wold syng in this manere:—

‘Love, that of erth and se hath governaunce!
 Love, that his heestes hath in hevyn hye!
 Love, that with an holsome aliaunce
 Holt peple joyned, as him list hem gye!
 Love, that knitteth law and companye,
 And couples doth in vertu for to dwelle!
 Bynde this accorde, that I have told and telle!

‘That the world, with feith which that is stable,
 Diversith so, his stoundis according;—
 That elements, that bethe discordable,
 Holdyn a bonde, perpetuelly during;—
 That Phebus mote his rosy day forth bring,
 And that the Mone hath lordship over the nyght;—
 Al this doth Love, ay heryed be his myght!’¹

‘That the see, that gredy ys to flowyn,
 Constreyneth to a certein ende so
 His flodes, that so fersly they ne growyn
 To drenchen erthe and al for evermo;
 And yif that Love ought let his brydyl go,
 Al that now loveth asunder sholde lepe,
 And lost were alle that Love holt now to kepe.’²

‘So, wolde Gode, that auctor is of kynde,
 That, with hys bonde, Love of his vertu list
 To cheryssen hertes and alle, faste bynde,
 That from hys bonde no wight the wey out wyste!
 And hertes cold, hem wold I that he twyste,
 To make hem love, and that hem list ay rewe
 On hertes sore, and kepe hem that ben trewe.’

¹ That is, ‘It is love which by an invariable law produces those changes which take place in the world according to the succession of the seasons.’

² This is taken from Boethius.—See vol. iv. p. 152.

In al the nedis for the tounys werre
 He was, and ay the ferst in armys dight;¹
 And certainly, but if that bokys erre,
 Save Ector, moost ydred of eny wight;
 And this encrece of hardynes and myght
 Come hym of love, his lady grace to wyne,¹
 That alterid his spirit so withynne.

Out of Troy² an haukyng wold he ride;
 Or ellis hunte bore, bere, or lyoun;
 The smale bestis lete he go beside;
 And whan he come ryding to the toun,
 Ful oft his lady, fro³ her wyndow down,
 As fresshe as faucon comith out of mewe,⁴
 Ful redy was hym goodly to salewe.

And most of love and vertu was his speche,
 And in despite had al wrecchidnes;
 And, douteles, no nede was hym beseche
 To honouryn hem that haddyn worthines,
 And esyn hem that weryn in distres;

¹ Under the system of chivalry, to obtain his lady's favour was the knight's strongest incentive to heroic actions. Thus, in the General Prologue, the Squier is said to have been

— 'Somtyme in chivachie
 In Flaundres, in Artoys, and in Picardie,
 And born him wel, as in so litel space,
 In hope to stoufden in his lady grace.'—Vol. i. p. 80.

² The printed editions read, *In time of truce*, which is perhaps better.

³ The MS. reads *fre*, which is probably a mistake of the scribe for *fro*. The printed editions read *from*.

⁴ The *mewe* was the chamber in which falcons were kept when moulting, and the greatest care was taken that, during this process, their feathers should be kept smooth and unbroken, because, if they were at all injured, the bird's flight was impeded. So great were the pains taken upon this point, that if by chance a tail or long feather were broken, it was spliced with a needle, one end of which was stuck into the stump of the old feather, and the other into that which was added. This was technically called *imping*. Cryseyde is said to have appeared at her window to salute Troylus on his return, as freshly attired as a falcon just come out of the moulting-place with her new feathers.

And glad was he if eny wight wel ferde
That lover was, whan he hit wist or herde.

For, sothe to seyn, he lorn held every wight,
But if he were in Lovis hye servise;—
I mene folk that oght it bene of right;—
And over al this, so wele couthe he devise
Of sentement, and yn so uncouth wise
Al his aray,¹ that every lover thoght,
That al was love that ever he seyde or wrought.

And, thogh that he be come of blood ryal,
Hym lest of pride at no wight for to chace;
Benyng he was to eche in general,
For which he gate hym thonk in every place:
Thus wolde Love, yheried be his grace!
That pride, envi, ire, and avarice,
He gan to fle, and every othir vice.

Thow lady bright, the doughtir of Dione!²
Thy blynd and wyngyd son, eke, daun Cupide!
Ye sustryn nine eke, that by Elicone
In hill Pernaso, leste to abyde!³
That ye thus ferre han deynid me to gyde,
I can no more, but seth that ye wol wende,
Ye heried be for aye withoutyn ende!

Thurgh yow have I seid fully, in my song,
Theffect and joy of Troylus servise,
Al be that there were some dissesse among,

¹ Troylus observed the eighteenth statute of Love. See vol. iv. p. 147.

² A Nereid, and, according to Homer, the mother of Venus, by Jupiter:—

ἡ δ' ἐν γούνασι πίπτε Διώνης δὲ Ἀφροδίτῃ
μητρὸς ἑῆς. IΛΙΑΔ. ε. 370.

³ The nine Muses, to whom the mountain Parnassus, in Phocia, was sacred. Helicon is another mountain on the borders of Bœotia and Phocis, in which was the fountain Hippocrene, also sacred to the Muses and Apollo.

As to myn autour¹ leste to devise.
 My thridde boke now ende I in this wise,*
 And Troylus, in lyst and in quiete,
 Is with Cryseyde, his owne herte swete.

EXPLICIT LIBER TERTIUS.

BUT al to litil, welawey the while!
 Lastith such joy, ythanked be Fortune!
 That seemith trusty whan she wole bygile,
 And can to folis so her song entune,
 That she hem hent, and blent,² traitor commune!
 And, whan a wight is from her whele ythrow,
 Than lawghith she, and makith hym the mow.³

From Troylus she gan her brighte face
 Away to wrye, and toke of hym none hede,
 And cast hym clene out of his lady grace,
 And on her whele she set up Diomede;⁴
 For which right now myn herte gynnith to blede;
 And now my penne alas, with which I write,
 Quakith for drede of that I must endyte.

For how Cryseyde Troylus forsoke,
 Or at the lest, how that she was unkynde,
 Mote hennisforth be matere of my boke,
 As writyn folk thurgh which it is in mynd.
 Alas, that ever thei shold cause fynd
 To speke her harme! and if thei on her lye,
 Ywis hemself shuld have the vilanye.

¹ See Introduction.

² *Hent* and *blent* are the contracted forms of *henteth* and *blendeth*, or *blindeth*. See *ante*, p. 83, note 2.

³ That is, 'Makes mows, or faces, at him.' Thus in the *Psalms*, 'With the flatterers were busy mockers, making *mows* at me, and ceased not.'

⁴ Diomede was King of the *Ætoli*ans, and accompanied Ulysses in his expedition to Troy to steal the Palladium, a circumstance which may perhaps have suggested to the poet the idea of sending him to convey Cryseyde to the Grecian host.

O ye Herynes!¹ nightis doghtryn thre,
 That'endeles compleynyn ever in pyne,
 Megera, Alecto, and thow Tesiphone!
 Thow cruel God eke, father of Qwyrine!²
 This ferthe book me helpith for to fyne,
 So that the loos, and love, and lyf, yfere,
 Of Troylus be fully shewid here.

INCIPIT LIBER QUARTUS.

LYGGYNG yn oost, as I have seyde or this,
 The Grekys strong aboute Troye toun,
 Byfel,³ whan that Phebus shynyng is
 Upon the brest of Hercules Lyoun,⁴
 That Ector, with meny a bold baroun,
 Cast on a day with Grekys for to fighte,
 As he was wont, to greve hem what he mighte.

Note I how long or short hit was bytwene
 This purpos, and that day that he thus ment;
 But, at the day, wele armyd bright and shene,
 'Ector and meny a worthy wight out went
 With spere in honde, and big bowys bent,

¹ Erinnyes was one of the names of the Eumenides or Furies, who, according to some mythologists, were daughters of Acheron and Night, as here supposed. Chaucer's accuracy in giving their Greek names to his personages tends to establish the fact that the *Filostrato* was his original, for Boccaccio was one of the earliest Greek scholars in the West.

² Quirinus was a name given to Romulus after his Apotheosis:—

'Proxima lux vacua est, et tertia dicta Quirino.
 Qui tenet hoc nomen, Romulus ante fuit.
 Sive quod hasta curis priscis est dicta Sabinis;
 (Bellicus a telo venit in astra Deus)
 Sive suum regi nomen posuere Quirites;
 Seu quia Romanis junxerat ille Cures.'

OVID.—*Fasti*, ii. 475.

³ *The Grekys ligging* is a nominative absolute; the sentence means, 'While the Greeks were lying encamped about Troy, it befel,' &c.

⁴ That is, 'When the sun was in that part of the heavens where is situated the constellation supposed to represent the lion's skin which Hercules bore.'

And in the berde,¹ withouten lenger lette,
 Her fomen in the feld anone they mette,
 The longe day, with speris sharpe yground,
 With arwes, dartis, swerdis, macys felle,
 Thei fight, and brynge hors and man to ground,
 And with her axes out the braynys quelle;
 But, in the last stoure, the sothe to telle,
 The folk of Troye hem self so mysleddyn,
 That, with the wors, homward at nyght thei fleddyn.

Atte whiche day was takyn Anthenor,
 Maugre Polidemas, or Menesteo,
 Xantippe, Sarpedon, Polistenore,
 Or Polyte, or the Troyan daun Riphio,
 And other lasse folk, as Phebuseo;²
 So that for hem that day the folk of Troy
 Dreddyn to lese a grete parte of hir joy.

Of Priamus was yeve, at Grekys requeste,
 A tyme of trews; and tho thei gunnyn trete
 Her prisoners to chaunge, most and leste,
 And, for the surplus, yeven sommes grete,
 This thing anone was couthe in every strete,
 Thurgh the sege, in toun eke, every where,
 And with the first hit come to Calcas ere.

Whan Calcas knew this tretys sholde hold,
 In consistorie among the Grekys as sone
 He gan yn thringe forth with lordis old,
 And set hym ther as he was wont to done;
 And with a chaungid face he hade³ a bone,
 For love of God, to do that reverence,
 To stynte noyse, and yeve hym audience.

¹ *In their berde* means 'to their face'; hence the expression to 'beard a person,' meaning to oppose him to his face.

² The names of Menestheus, Xantippus, Polites, Polymnestor, and Rypheus, being spelt with the Italian termination in *o*, betrays the fact that Chaucer's original was written in that language.—See Introduction.

³ That is, 'Prayed that a boon might be granted him.'

Than seyð he thus, 'Lo! lordis myn, I was
A Troyan, as it is knowe, out of drede;
And, if that yow remembre, I am Calcas,
"That altherferst yaf comfort to your nede,
And tolde wele how ye sholdyn spede;¹
For, dredeles, thurgh you, shall, in a stound,
Ben Troy ybrent, and drewyn down to ground.

' And in what forme, and yn what maner wise
This toun to shent, and al your lust acheve,
Ye have, or this, wele herd me yow devise:
This knowyn ye, my lordis, as I leve;
And, for the Grekys weryn me so leve,
I come my self, in my proper persone,
To teche yow what you was best to done,

' Havyng unto my tresour, ne my rent,
Right no regard in respect of your ese;
Thus al my good I lost, and to yow went,
Wenyng in this, my lordis, yow to plese;
But al my losse ne doth me no dissese,—
I vouchesaaf, al so wisely have I joy,
For yow to lese al that I had in Troy,—

' Save of a doghter that I left, alas!
Slepyng at home, whan out of toun I stert.
O sterne, O cruel fadir, that I was!
How myght I in that have so hard an hert?
Alas! that I ne had her broght in her shert!
For sorow of which I wole not lyve to morow,
But if ye, lordis, wole ruwe on my sorow.

' For by that cause I sawe no tyme or now
Her to delivere, iche holden have my pees;
But now or nevere, if it likith you,
I may her have, for that is douteles:
O, help and grace! among al this pres,

¹ It was Calchas who revealed to the Greeks that Troy could not be taken until Iphigenia was sacrificed.

Rewith on this old caytif in distresse,
Thurgh yow seth I am brought in wrecchidnes!

'Ye have now caught, and fetrid in prisoun,
Troians ynow, and if your willes be,
My child with one may have redempcioun;
Now, for the love of God, and of bounte!
One of so fele, alas, so grauntith me!
What need were it this prayer now to werne,
Seth ye shul have both folk and the toun as yerne?

'Up peril of my lyf I shal not lye,
Apollo hath me told ful sikirly;
I have eke foundyn by astronomye,
By sort, and by augury eke truly,
And dare wele sey, the tyme is faste by,
That fere and flaum on al the toun shal sprede,
And thus shal Troy turne in to asshen dede.

'For, certeyn, Phebus and Neptunus bothe,
That madyn al the wallis of the toun,
Be with the folk of Troy alwey so wrothe,
That thei wole bryng hem to confusioun;
Right in despyte of king Lameadoun,¹
Bycause he nold not paye hem her hire,
The toun of Troye shal be set a fire.'

Tellyng his tale alwey, this olde gray,
Humblely in his speche and loking eke,
The salte teris from his eyen tway,
Ful faste ronnen down on either cheke;
So longe of mercy he gan hem byseke,
That, for to help hym of his sorowis sore,
They than gave hym Antenore without more.²

¹ The Harl. MS. 3943 reads *Lameadoun*, but the person intended is *Laomedon*. He was the son of Ilus, and having employed Neptune and Apollo, then banished from heaven, to build the walls of Troy, refused to reward them for their labour.—See OVID, *Met.* xi. 194.

² That is, 'Without more ado.'

But who was glad ynow but Calcas tho?
 And of this thing ful sone his nede he leyde
 On hem that sholdyn for the tretys go,
 And hem for Antenore ful ofte preyde,
 To bringen home kyng Thoas¹ and Cryseyde;
 And, whan Priamus her safe conduyt hem sent,
 The ambassiatours to Troye streight thei went.

The cause ytold of her comyng, the old
 Priamus the kyng, ful sone in general,
 Gan therupon his parlement² to holde,
 Of which th'effect rehersyn yow I shal:
 Thambassiatours hem answerd for final,
 The chaunge of prisoners, and al this nede
 Hem likith wele, and forthe thei gan procede.

This Troylus was present in the place,
 Whan askid was for Antenore Cryseyde;
 For which to chaunge sone gan his face,
 As he that welny with the word is deide;
 But, natheles, he no word to hit seide;
 Lest men shold his affeccioun asprie,
 With mannys herte he gan his sorowis drye,

And, ful of anguisshe and of grysly drede,
 Abode what other lordis wold to hit sey;
 And if thei wolde graunte, as God forbede!
 Th'eschaunge of her, than thoght he thingis twey:—
 Ferst, for to save her honour; and what wey
 He myghte best the graunting of her withstonde,
 This cast he tho how al this myghte stonde.

¹ The Harl. MS. 3943 reads *Koas*; but Thoas, son of Andramon and Garge, is probably the person intended.

Αἰτωλῶν δ' ἤγειτο Θοας, Ἀνδράμονος υἱὸς—ΙΑΙΑΔ. β.

² Critical objections have been taken to the anachronism of representing Priam as calling a parliament in Troy; yet it must be allowed that the application of modern words and ideas to heroic times, impart life and reality to the poem. If Chaucer had used some Greek word to express his meaning, that word would have conveyed no distinct and vivid idea to our minds; but when he speaks of parliament, we know at once that he means the supreme council of the nation.

Love hym made al prest to do her byde,
 Or rathir dyen than she sholde go;
 But Reson seyde hym, on that othir side,
 ' Without th' assente of her do not so,
 Lest for thy worke she wolde be thy foo;
 And sey, that thurgh thi meddlyng is yblow
 Your bothe love,¹ ther it was arst unknow.'

For which he gan deliberyn for the best,
 That thogh the lordis wolde that she went,
 He wolde suffre hem graunte what hem lest,
 And telle his lady ferst what that thei ment;
 And whan that she had told hym her entent,
 Thereaftir wold he wurkyn also blive,
 Thogh al the world ayen hit wolde strive.

Ector, which that wele the Grekis herde,
 For Antenore how thei wolde have Cryseyde,
 Gan hit withstond, and sobrely answerd:—
 'Sirs, she is no prisoner,' he seyde,
 'I note on yow ho this charge leyde;
 But, for my parte, ye may wel sone hym telle,
 We usyn here no wymmen for to selle.'

The voys of the peple stert up than at onys,
 As breme as blase of straw yset a fyre,²
 For Infortune wolde for the nonys,
 They sholdyn her confusioun desire:
 'Ector,' quod thei, 'what goost may yow enspire

¹ That is, 'The love of you both.'

² This passage shows that in Chaucer's time the people had a voice in the management of public affairs, because it is his uniform practice to paint the manners of the ancients after those which prevailed in England in his own age. As Mr. Macaulay observes, *Hist. of Eng.* vol. i. c. i., it was not till after the civil wars of the 15th century that the free institutions of the middle ages sunk under the despotism of the Tudors and Stuarts. In so early a writer as Philippe de Commines, we find the great principle which Hampden died to establish, stated clearly and distinctly. 'Done pour continuer mon propos, y-a-t-il roy ni seigneur sur terre, qui ait pouvoir, outre son domaine, de mettre un denier sur ses sujets, sans octroy et consentement de ceux qui le doivent payer, sinon par tyrannie ou violence?'—*Mém. de Philippe de Commines*, liv. v.

This woman thus to sheld, and done us lese
Daun Antenore?—a wrong wey now ye chese,—

‘That is so wyse, and eke so bold baroun;
And we have need of folk, as men may se,
He eke is one the grettest of this toun;
O Ector, lette suche fantasies be!
O kyng Priam,’ quod thei, ‘lo! thus sey we,
That al our wil is to forgo Cryseyde.’
And to delivere Antenore thei preyde.¹

O Juvenal, lorde, trewe is thy sentence,
That litel witen folk what is to yerne;
That thei ne fynde, in hire desire, offence,
For cloude of errour lette hem discerne
What best is; and lo! here ensauple as yerne:—²
This folk desiren now delyveraunce
Of Antenor, that brought hem to myschaunce.³

For he was, aftir, traitour to the town
Of Troye; alas! they quite hym oute to rathe!
O nyce world, lo! thy discrecioun!
Cryseyde, whiche that nevere dide hem skathe,
Shal now no longer in hire blisse bathe,
But Antenor, he shal com hom to towne,
And she shal oute, thus seyde here and howne.⁴

¹ Here the Harl MS., 3943, from which the text has been hitherto taken, appears to have been defective. The remainder of the poem is written in a running hand of a much later period, and is quite useless as an authority. The hand of the MS. marked 1239, with which the former has been collated in all cases of difficulty, changes somewhat before this part of the poem, and the latter portion is written in a later hand, and with much less accuracy. For the remainder of the poem, therefore, a very beautiful MS., marked 2280 in the same collection, has been followed. It is written in a uniform hand throughout; and though the orthography differs slightly from that of the former MSS., it is remarkably consistent in itself.

² The allusion is to *Juvenal*, Sat. x:—

— pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona.’

³ It was Antenor who advised the Trojans to bring the wooden horse, in which the Greeks were concealed, into Troy.

⁴ ‘Both hare and hound,’ that is, ‘Men of all parties.’ The expres-

For which deliberid was by parlemente,
 For Antenor to yelden oute Crysyde,
 And it pronouncid by the president,
 Al theigh that Ector 'nay' fulle ofte preyde;
 And, finally, what wight that it withseyde,
 It was for nought, it moste ben, and sholde,
 For substaunce¹ of the parlement it wolde.

Departed out of parlement echone,²
 This Troylus, withoutyn wordis mo,
 Unto his chambre spedde hym faste allone,
 But yif it were a man of his or two,
 The which he bad oute faste for to goo,
 Bycause he wolde slepen, as he seyde;
 And hastely upon his bed hym layde.

And as in wynter leues ben byraft,
 Eche eftir other, til the tre be bare,
 So that ther nys but barke and braunche ylaft,
 Lithe Troylus, byraft of eche welfare,
 Yboundyn in the blakke barke of care,
 Disposid wode oute of his wit to brayde,
 So soore hym sat the chaungynge of Cryseyde.

He rysith hym up, and every dore he shette,
 And wyndow eke, and tho this sorwful man
 Upon his beddes syde adown hym sette,
 Ful like a dede ymage, pale and wan;
 And in his breste the hepid wo bygan
 Out brast, and he to werke in this wyse,
 In his wodenesse, as I shal yow devyde.

Right as the wilde bole bigynneth sprynge
 Now here, now ther, ydarted to the herte,
 And of his deth roreth, in compleynynge;

sion occurs in the same sense in the proverb applied to those who wish to keep well with opposing factions, 'To run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.'

¹ *Substaunce* seems to mean 'the majority.'

² That is, 'When each was departed out of the parliament.'

Right so gan he aboute the chambre sterte, .
 Smytynge his brest ay with his fistis smerte;
 His hede to the wale, his body to the grounde,
 ' Ful ofte he swapte, hymself to confownde.

Hys eyne tho, for pite of his herte,
 Out stremyde as swyfte welles tweye;
 The highe sobbis of his sorwes smerte
 His speche hym refte, unnethes myght he seye,
 ' O deth, alas! why nyltow do me deye?
 Acorsed be that day whiche that Nature
 Shope me to ben a lyves creature!'

But efter, whanne the fury and al the rage,
 Which that his herte twiste, and fast threste
 By lengthe of tyme, somwhat gan asswage,
 Upon his bedde he layde hym down to reste;
 But tho' bigonne his teris more oute breste,¹
 That wondre is the body may suffise
 To half this wo, which that I yow devyse.

Than seyde he thus:—' Fortune, alas the while!
 What have I don? what have I thee agilte?
 How mightestow for routhe me bygyle?
 Is ther no grace? and shal I thus² be spilte?
 Shal thus Cryseyde away, for that thow wilte?
 Allas! how maistow in thyn herte fynde
 To ben to me thus cruel and unkynde?

' Have I the nought honourid al my lyve,
 As thow wel wost, above the Goddes alle?
 Why wiltow me fro joye thus depryve?
 O Troylus! what may men the now calle,
 But wrecche of wrecches, out of honour falle

¹ Chaucer has high authority for making his hero cry for the loss of his lady. Thetis thus addresses Achilles, who has complained to her of Agamemnon's having taken Briseis away from him:—

Téknon, τί κλάεις.—*ILIAΔ.* α.

² In the margin is a gloss, explaining *thus*, *sine causâ*.

Into mysere? in whiche I wil biwaille
Cryseyde allas! til that the breth me faille.

'Allas, Fortune! if that my life in joye
Displesid hadde unto thy foule envye,
Whi ne haddestow my fader, kyng of Troye,
Biraft the life, or don my bretheren dye,
Or slayn my self, that thus compleyne and crye?
I combre world, that may of nothyng serve,
But evere dye, and nevere fully sterue.¹

'If that Cryseyde allone wer me lasfe,
Nought rought I whedere thow woldest me sterve,
And hire, allas! than hastow me byraft:
But everemore, lo! this is thy manere,
To reve a wyght that moost is to hym dere,
To preve in that thy geirful violence:
Thus am I lost, ther helpeth no defence.

'O verrey Lorde, O Love, O God, allas!
That knowest best myn herte and alle my thought,
What shal my sorwful lyf don in this cas,
If I forgo that I so dere have bought?
Syn ye Cryseyde and me han fully brought
Into your grace, and both oure hertes seled,
How may ye suffre, allas! it be repeled?

'What I may don, I shal, whil I may dure
On lyve, in torment and in cruel peyne,
This infortune, or this disaventure,
Allone as I was borne I woll compleyne;
Ne nevere wol I sene it shyne or reyne,
But ende I wol, as Edippe,² in derkenesse
My sorwful lyf, and dyen in distresse.

'O wery goost, that errest to and fro!
Why niltow flen out of the wofulleste
Body, that evere myght on grounde go?

¹ That is, 'Be always dying, and yet never die,' an apparent paradox.

² Edipus, who tore out his eyes in remorse, when he found that he had, in ignorance, slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta.

O soule! lurkyng in this wofull neste!¹
 Fle forth out myn herte, and let it breste,
 And folow alwey Cryseyde, thi lady deere!
 Thi righte place is now no longer here.

'O woful eyen two! syns youre disporte
 Was al to sen Cryseydes eyen brighte,
 What shal ye don, but, for my discomforte,
 Stonden for naught, and wepen out your sighte,
 Syn she is queynte, that wont was you to lighte?
 In veyne, fro this forth, have ich eyen tweye
 Yformed, syn your vertu is aweye.

'O my Cryseyde! O lady soverayne
 Of this woful soule that thus cryeth!
 Who shal now yeven comfort to thy payne?
 Allas! no wight; but, whan myn herte dyeth,
 My spirit, which that so unto yow hyeth,
 Receyve in gre, for that shal ay yow serve;
 Forthyn no fors is, though the body sterue.²

'O ye lovers! that heighe upon the whiel
 Ben set of Fortune in goode aventure,
 God lene that ye fynde ay love of stiel,³
 And longe mote youre lyf in joye endure!
 But, whan ye comen by my sepulture,
 Remembreth that youre felowe resteth there;
 For I loved eke, though ich unworthy were.

'O olde, unholsom, and myslyved man!
 Calkas I mene, allas! what ayled the
 To ben a Greke, syn thow ert born Troian?

¹ MS. 2280 reads *wo unneste*, in the margin *go out of the nest*. Speght's reading is here adopted. Troylus calls his bosom the woful nest of his weary soul.

² That is, 'Receive with favour my spirit, which hasteth unto you, for that shall always serve you; therefore it is no matter whether my body die or not.'

³ That is, 'God grant that you may always find love as true as steel.'

O Calkas! which that wolt my bane be,
In cursed tyme was thow borne for me!
As wolde blisfull Jove, for his joye,
That I thee hadde wher I wold in Troye!

A thousand sikes, hottere than the glede,
Out of his breste, ech efter othere, wente,
Medled with pleyntes new, his wo to fede,
For which his woful teris nevere stente;
And, shortly, so hise paynes hym to-rente,
And wax so maat, that joye or pennauce
He feleth non, but lith forth in a traunce.

Pandare, which that in the parlamente
Had herde what every lord and burges seyde,
And how ful graunted was, by oon assente,
For Antenor to yelden out Cryseyde,
Gan wel neigh woode out of his wit to breyde;
So that, for wo, he nyste what he mente,
But, in a rees, to Troylus he wente.

A certeyn knyght, that for the tyme kepte
The chaumbre dore, undid it hym anon;
And Pandare, that ful tendrelyche wept,
Into the derke chaumber, as stille as stone,
Towarde the bedde gan softly to gone,
So confuse, that he nyste what to seye;
For verray wo, his wit was neigh awaye.

And, with his chere and lokynge al to-torn,
For sorowe of this, and with his armes folden,
He stode this woful Troylus biforn,
And on this pitous face he gan biholden;
But, Lord! so soft he gan his herte colden!
Seynge his frend in wo, whose hevynesse
His herte slough, as thoughte hym,¹ for distresse.

This woful wight, this Troylus, that felte
His frend Pandare ycomen him to see,
Gan as the snow ayein the sonne melte;

¹ See *ante*, p.¹ 139, note 3.

For which this sorwful Pandare, of pite,
 Gan for to wepe as tendrelich as he;
 And specheles thus ben thise ilke tweye,
 That neither myght a word for sorwe seye.

But, at the laste, this woful Troylus,
 Neigh ded for smerte, gan bresten out to rore,¹
 And with a sorwful noise he seyde thus,
 Amang hise sobbes and his sikes sore;—
 'Lo! Pandare, I am ded with outen more!
 Hastow nat herd at parlement,' he seyde,
 'For Antenor how loste is my Cryseyde?'

This Pandarus ful ded and pale of hewe,
 Ful pitously answerde, and seyde, 'Yis!'²
 As wisly were it fals as it is trewe,
 That I have herde,³ and woot al how it is!
 O mercy God! who wold have trowed this?
 Who wold have wende, that, in so litel a throwe,
 Fortune oure joye would have overthrowe?

'For in this worlde there is no creature,
 Als to my dome, that evere saugh ruyn
 Straunger than this, thorowgh cas or aventure;
 But who may al eschue or al devyne?
 Swich is this world! forthi I thus defyne:—
 Ne truste no wight to fynden in Fortune
 Aye properte; her yiftes ben commune!⁴

¹ It is quite Homeric to make the hero roar for the loss of his mistress.—See *ante*, p. 189, note 1.

² In answer to the negative question, 'Hastow *not* herd,' &c.; if the question had been 'Hastow herd,' the answer would have been 'Ye!'—See vol. ii. p. 249, note 1.

³ *Wisly* is commonly interpreted *certainly*; but in many instances it appears to have an optative force, as here; Pandarus answers 'Yes, and would to God that what I have heard, and know all about, were as false as it is true.'

⁴ That is, 'Let no one expect to find in the gifts of Fortune such happiness as he can enjoy as his own lasting possession, since all her gifts are common, such as are not his to enjoy except for so long as she may choose to give them.' No man has a right of property in her gifts, but only that of usufruct, as in a common pasture.

' But tel me this, why thow ert now so mad
 To sorwen thus? why listow in this wyse,
 Syn thi desire al hōlye hastow had,
 So that by right it ought ynough suffise?
 But I, that nevere felte in my servyse,
 A frendly chere or lokynge of an eye,
 Lat me thus wepe and waylen til I dye.

' And over al this, as thow wel woost thi selve,
 This town is ful of ladis al aboute,
 And to my doom, fayrer than swich twelve
 As evere she was, shal I fynden in som route,
 Ye! oon or two, withouten any doute:
 Forthi be glade, myn owen deere brother!
 If she be lost, we shal recovere another.

' What! God forbede alwey that ech plesaunce
 In o thinge were, and in noon other wight!
 If on kan synge, another kan wel daunce;
 If this be goodly, she is glad and light;
 And this is fair, and that kan good aright;
 Ech for his vertu holden is for deere,
 Both heroner, and faucoun for ryvere.¹

' And eke as writ Zausis,² that was ful wis,
 The newe love oute chaceth oft the olde:
 And upon newe cas lith a newe avys;³
 Thynke ek thi lif to saven ertow holden,
 Swich fire by processe shal of kynde colden;

¹ The falcon used for taking the heron was of the largest and strongest kind, and was always of the long-winged species; as the jer-falcon. Thus, at the 'Battle of Lillyard's Edge,' as the Scots began to charge the English, the Earl of Angus, seeing a heron fly out of the marsh, cried out, 'O that I had my white hawk (jer-falcon) here, that we might all join battle at once!'—*Scott's Hist. of Scotland*, vol. i. The goshawk was that chiefly used for the river, that is in taking duck, widgeon, and other water-fowl.—See vol. iii. p. 118, note 3.

² Of Zausen or Zausis, for the name is so spelt in the printed editions, nothing is known.

³ That is, 'A new mode of conduct must be adopted as new circumstances arise.'

For, syn it is but casuel plesaunce,
Som cas shal putte it oute of remembraunce.

‘For, al so seur as day cometh after nyght,
The newe love, labour or other wo,
Or elles selde seyng of a wight,
Don olde affeccions al over go;
And for thi part, thou shal have oon of two,
Tabrigge with thi bittre peyntes smerte;
Absens of hire shal dryve hire out of herte.’

These wordes seyde he for the noones alle
To helpe his frend, list he for sorwe dyede,
For, douteles to don his wo to falle,
He rought nought what unthrift that he seyde:
But Troylus, that neigh for sorw dyede,
Took litel hede of alle that evere he mente;
Oon ere it herde, at other out it wente.

But, atte last, answerde, and seyde, ‘Frend,
‘This lechecraft, or heled thus to be,
Were wel sittynge if that I were a fend,
To traysen a wight that trwe is unto me;
I preye God, let this counseyle never ythe,
But do me rather sterve anon right here,
Er I thus do, as thou me woldest leere!’

‘She that I serve, ywis, what so thou seye,
To whom myn herte enhabit is by right,
Shal have me holby hires, til that I dye;
For, Pandarus, syn I have trowthe hire hight,
I wol nat ben untrewre for no wight,
But, as hire man, I wole ay lyve and sterve,
And nevere other creature serve.

‘And ther thou seist thou shalt as faire fynde
As she,—lat be!’ make no comparisoun
To creature yformed here by kynde!
O leve Pandare! in conclusioun,
I wol not ben of thyn opinioun,

Touchyng al this; for whiche I the beseche,
So holde thi pees; thow slest me with thi speche!

'Thow biddest me I sholde love another
Alle freshly newe, and lat Cryseyde go;
It lith nat in my power, leewe brother!
And though I myghte, I wol not do so;
But kanstow pleyen raket, to and fro,
Nettle in dokke out, now this, now that, Pandare?¹
Now foule falle hire for thi wo that care!²

'Thow farest ek by me, thow Pandarus!
As he that, whan a wight is wo bygon,
He cometh to hym apaas, and seith right thus:—
'Thinke not on smerte, and thow shalt fele none!
Thow moost me ferst transmuwen in a stoon,
And reve me my passiouuns alle,
Er thow so lightly do my wo to falle.

'The deth may wel out of my brest departe
The lyf, so longe may this sorw myne;³
But fro my soule shal Cryseydes darte
Out nevermo, but down with Proserpine,
Whan I am dede, I wol go wone in pyne;
And ther I wol eternally compleyne
My wo, and how that twynned be we tweyne.

'Thow hast here made an argument, for fyne,⁴
How that it sholde lasse peyne be
Cryseyde to forgon, for she was myne,
And lyved in ese and in felicite;
Why gabbestow, that seydest unto me,

¹ Troylus compares the inconstancy recommended by Pandarus to the game of racket, in which the ball is struck back and forwards from one to another; and to the vulgar incantation, 'Dock in, nettle out,' still used when a place stung with a nettle is rubbed with a leaf of the dock, as a cure. The incantation is improperly transposed in the text, but so it is in the MS.

² That is, 'Now may she have ill-luck that cares for you!' *scil.*, because by these base sentiments you show yourself unworthy of a woman's love.

³ The verb, *to mine*, or burrow.

⁴ That is, 'For the end,' or, 'to end the matter.'

That hym is wors that is fro wele ithrowe,
Than he hadde erst non of that wele yknow?

'But tel me now, syn that thee thinketh so lyght
'To chaungen so in love ay to and fro,
Why hastow nat doon bysily thy myghte
To chaungen hire, that doth the al thy wo?
Why nyltow let hire from thin herte ygo?
Why nyltow love another lady swete,
That may thin herte setten in quiete?'¹

'If thow hast hadde in love ay yet meschaunce,
And kanst it nought oute of thyne herte dryve,
I that lyved in luste and in plesaunce
With hire, as muche as creature on lyve,
How shold I that foryete, and that so blyve?
O wher hastow ben so longe hyde in muwe,
That kanst so wel and formeliche arguwe?'²

'Nay! God woot, nought worthi is al thi rede!
For which, for what that evere may befaller,
Withouten wordes mo, I wol be dede:
O Deth! that endere ert of sorwes alle,
Com now, syn I so oft efter the calle!
For sely is that deth, soth for to seyne,
That oft ycleped, cometh and endeth payne.

'Well wote I, whil my lif was in quiete,
Er thow me slewe I wolde have yeven hire';³
But now thi comynge is to me so swete,

¹ As Troylus is the personification of what a lover ought to be, so Pandarus represents the basest form of love; the one is successful, but, as it were, dies a martyr; the other never succeeds at all, but he is exempt from any violent suffering. In all Chaucer's love-poems there is, as here, a sort of parallism with Christian theology.—See vol iv. p. 179, note 4.

² That is, 'Where can you have lived, that you should know so little of mankind, as to suppose that love can be put to flight by formal argument?'

³ This passage is obscure. It appears to mean, 'While I lived in quiet and happiness, I would have given you a bribe (hire) not to slay me,' &c.

That in this world I no thinge so desire:
O Deth, syn with this sorw I am a-fire,
Thow outhur do me anon in teres drenche,
Or with thy colde strooke myn herte quenche!

'Syn that thow slest so fele in sondry wyse
Ayens hire wil, unpreyed day and nighte,
Do me at my requeste this servyse!
Dilivere now the world, so dostow right,
Of me, that am the wofulleste wight.
That evere was; for tyme is that I sterve,
Syn in this world of right nought may I serve.'

This Troylus in teres gan distille,
As licour out of alambic, fulle fast;
And Pandarus gan hold his tonge stille,
And to the ground his eyen down he caste;
But natheles, thus thought he at the last,
'What? parde! rather than my felawe deye,
Yet shal I somewhat more unto hym seye.'

And seyde, 'Frende, syn thow haste swich distresse,
And syn the list myn arguments to blame,
Why nylt thy selven helpen don redresse,
And with thi manhod letten al this grame?
Go, ravyshe hire, ne kanstow nought for shame?
And outhur lat hire out of towne fare,
Or hold hire stille, and leve thi nyce fare.

'Ertow in Troye, and hast non hardimente
To tak a womman which that loveth the,
And wold hire selven ben of thyn assent?
Now is nat this a nyce vanyte?
Rise up anon, and lat this wepynge be!
And right thow ert a man, for in this houre
I wol ben dede, or she shall leven oure.'

¹ That is, 'I will die, or she shall remain in our possession.'

To this answerde hym Troylus ful soft,
 And seyde, 'Parde, leve brother deere,
 Al this have I my self yet thought ful oft,
 And more thinge than thow devysest here;
 But why this thinge is laft, thow shalt wel here,
 And when thow me hast yeven audience,
 Ther efter maistow telle alle thi sentence.

First, syn thow wqost this town hath alle this werre
 For ravyshyng of wommen so by myght,¹
 It sholde nought be suffred me to erre,
 As it stant now, ne don so grete unright;
 I sholde han also blame of every wyght,
 My fadres graunt if that I so withstode,
 Syn she is chaunged for the townes goode.

'I have ek thought, so it were hire assente,
 To axe hire at my fader of his grace;
 Than thynke I, this were her accusemente,²
 Syn wel I woot I may hire nought purchase;
 For syn my fader, in so heigh a place
 As parlement, hath hire eschaunge enseled,
 He nyl, for me, his lettre be repeled.

'Yet drede I most hire herte to pertourbe
 With violence, if I do swich a game;
 For if I wolde it openly distourbe,
 It moost be disclaundre of hire name,
 And me were levere ded than hire defame;
 As nolde God, but if I sholde have
 Hire honour, levere than my lif, to save.

'Thus am I lost, for ought that I kan se;
 For certein is, syn that I am hire knyght,
 I most hire honour levere han than me
 In every cas, as lovers aught of righte;
 Thus am I in desire and reson twight:—

¹ On account of the ravishing of Helen, wife of Menelaus, by Paris, Priam's son.

² 'This would be to ruin her reputation.'

Desire, for to distourben hire, me redeth,
And reson nyl not, so myn herte dredeth.'

Thus wepyng, that he koude nevere cesse,
He seyde, 'Allas, how shall I, wrecche, fare?
For wel fele I alway my love encresse,
And hope is lasse and lasse alway, Pandare!
Encresen ek the causes of my care,
So waylawey! why nyl myn herte breste?
For as in love ther is but litel rest.'

Pandare answerde, 'Frend! thou mayst for me
Don as the lest; but hadde ich it so hoote,
And thyn estate,¹ she sholde go with me!
Though al this town cryed on this thyng by note,
I nolde sette at al that noyse a grote;
For when men han wel cryed, than wol they rowne,
Ek wonder last but nine nyght nevere in towne.'²

Devyne nat in reson ay so depe,
Ne curtaisyly, but helpe thi self anon;
Bet is that othere than thi selven wepe;
And namely, syn ye two ben al oone,
Rise up, for, by myn hed, she shal not gon!
And rather be in blame a lite yfounde,
Than sterve here as a gnat withouten wounde.'³

'It is no shame unto yow, ne no vyce,
Her to withholden, that ye loveth most;
Peraunter she myght holden the for nyce,
To laten hire go thus unto the Grekes oost;
Thynk ek, Fortune, as wel thi selven wooste,

¹ That is, 'Did I love her so ardently, and were I of such high rank as you.'

² The common phrase is *a nine days' wonder*; nine-night is analogous to our *fortnight* and *se'nnight*. The reason for adopting *nine* days to denote the short period during which any wonder interests people, is probably because, in classical times, a special festival, called *sacrum novendiale*, which lasted nine days, as its name imports, was celebrated when any singular prodigy occurred, particularly when it rained stones. A nine days, or nine-nights' wonder, then, is such a miracle as would be honoured with a *sacrum novendiale*.

³ That is, 'Than pine away like a fly at the approach of winter.'

Helpeth hardy man unto his emprise,
And weyveth wrechcs for hire cowardyse.¹

'And, though the lady wolde alite hire greve,
Thow shalt thi self thi pees hereafter make;
But, as for me, certeine, I kannot leve,
That she wolde it as now for evel take.
Why sholde thanne for fered thyn herte quake?
Think ek how Paris hath, that is thi brother,
A love; and why shaltow not have another?

'And, Troylus, o thinge I dar the swere,
That if Cryseyde, which that is thi lief,
Now loveth thee, as wel as thow dost hire,
God helpe me so! she nyl not take a-gryefe,
Theigh thow do boote² anon in this meschief;
And if she wilneth fro the for to passe,
Thanne is she fals; so love hire wel the lasse.

'Forthi, take herte, and thynk, right as a knyght,
Thorwe love is broken alday every lawe;
Kythe³ now somewhat thi curage and thi myght;
Have mercie on thi self for any awe;⁴
Lat not this wretched wo thyne herte gnawe;
But, manly, set the world on six and sevene,⁵
And, if thow deye a martyr,⁶ go to hevене.

¹ That is an allusion to the proverb, 'Unhardy is unsely.'—See vol. i. p. 231, note 1.

² That is, 'Though you relieve yourself by the strong hand.'

³ MS. 2280 reads *Right*; *kythe* is from MS. 1239.

⁴ That is, 'Notwithstanding any awe, or fear of consequences which you may have.'

⁵ At sixes and sevens is a common-place, meaning in confusion; the phrase then would signify, 'But throw the world into confusion, like a man, rather than forego your love.' Or it may mean, to stake the world on the cast of the dice. Thus, Shakspeare:—

'Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.'

Richard III. v.

⁶ Pandarus says that Troylus, if slain in such a quarrel, would die a martyr to love, and go at once to heaven, thus accommodating to the worship of the imaginary God of Love, the ideas and terms of the Christian religion.

'I wol my selfe ben with the at this dede,
Theigh ich and alle my kyn, upon a stownde,
Shul in a strete, as dogges, liggen dede,
Thorowgh gyrt with many wyde and bloody wounde;
In every cas I wol a frend be founde;
And if the list here sterven as a wreche,
Adieu, the devel spede hym that it reche!

This Troylus gan with tho wordes quykken,
And seyde, 'Frend, graunte mercy, ich assente;
But certeynly, thow maist not so me priken,
Ne payne non ne may me so tormente,
That, for no cas, it is nôt myn entente,
At shorte wordes, though I dyen sholde,
To ravyssh hire, but if hire self it wolde.'

'Why, so mene I,' quod Pandarus, 'al this day;
But tel me thanne, hastow hire wil asayde,
That sorwest thus?' and he answerde hym, 'Nay.'
'Wherof ertow,' quod Pandare, 'thanne amayed,
That nost not that she wol ben yvel apeyed
To ravyssh hire, syn thow hast nought ben there,
But if that Jove told it in thyn ere?

'Forthy, ris up as nought ne were, anon
And wessh thi face, and to the kyng thow wende,
Or he may wondren wheder thow ert gon;
Thow most with wisdom hym, and other, blende,
Or upon cas he may efter the sende,
Or thow be war; and shortly, brother deere,
Be glad, and lat me werke in this matere.

'For I shal shape it so, that, sikerly,
Thow shalt this nyght somtyme, in som manere,
Com speken with thi ladie prively,
And by hire wordes ek, as by hire chere,
Thow shalt ful soone aperceyve and wel here
Of hire entent, and, in this cas, the beste;
And fare now wele, for in this pointe I reste.'

The swifte Fame, which that fals thynges
 Egal reporteth, like the thinges trewe,
 Was thorough Troye yfled, with preste wynges,
 Fro man to man, and made his tale al newe,
 How Calkas doughter, with hire brighte hewe,
 At parlement, withouten wordes more,
 Ygraunted was in chaunge of Antenore.

The whiche tale anon right as Cryseyde
 Hadde herde, she, which that of hir fader roughete,
 As in this cas, right nought, ne when he deyed,
 Ful bisily to Juppiter besoughte
 Yeve hym meschaunce that this tretis broughte:
 But shortly, lest his tales sothe were,
 She dorst at no wight axen it for feere.

As she that hadde hire herte and al hire mynde
 On Troylus ysette so wonder faste,
 That al this world ne myghte hire love unbynde,
 Ne Troylus out of hire herte caste;
 She wol ben his whil that hire lif may laste;
 And she thus brenneth bothe in love and drede,
 So that she nyste what was best to rede.

But as men seen in town, and alle aboute,
 That wommen usen frendes to visite,
 So to Cryseyde of wommen com a route,
 For pitous joye, and wenden hire delite,
 And with hire tales, dere ynough a myte!¹
 Thise wommen, which that in the cite dwelle,
 They set hem down, and seyde as I shal telle.

Quod, firste that oon, 'I am glad trewly,
 By cause of yow that shal youre fader se.'
 Another seyde, 'Ywys, so nam not I,
 For al to litel hath she with us be.'
 Quod tho the thridde, 'I hope, ywis, that she

¹ That is, 'Dear enough if purchased for a mite, or half-a-farthing.'

Shal brynge us the pees on every syde;
Thanne, when she goth, almyghty God hire gyde!

Tho wordes, and tho wommannishe thynges,
She herde hem right as though she thennes were,
For, God it woot, hire herte on other thynges is;
Although the body sate amonge hem there,
Hire advertens is alwey elles where;
For Troylus ful fast her soule soughte,
Withouten worde, on hym alwey she thoughte.

Thise wommen that thus wenden hire to plesse,
Aboute nought gonne al hire tales spende;
Swich vanite ne kan don hire non ese,
As she that al this mene while brende
Of other passioun than that they wende;
So that she felt almoost her herte dye
For wo, and wery of that compaignye.

For whiche myght she no longer restreyne
Hir teris, thei gonne so up to welle;
That gaff signes of hir bitter peyne,
In which hir spirite was, and muste dwelle,
Remembring hir frome heven unto which helle
She fallen was, sythe she forgoth the sight
Of Troylus; and sorowfully she syght.¹

And thilke fooles, sittynge hire aboute,
Wenden that she wepte and syked soore,
Bycause that she shold out of that route
Departen, and nevere pleye with hem moore;
And they that hadde knowen hire of yore,
Seigh hire so wepe, and thought it kyndenesse,
And ech of hem wepte eke for hire distresse.

And bisily they gonnen hire comforten
Of thing, God woot, on which she litel thoughte;
And with hire tales wenden hire disporten,

¹ This stanza being omitted in MS. 2280, is supplied from MS. 1239.

And to be glad they ofte hire bysoughte ;
But which an ese therwith they hire wroughte,
Right as a man is esed for to feele,
For ach of hed to clawen hym on his heele.

But efter al this nyce vanite,
They took hire leve, and hom they wente alle ;
Cryseyde, ful of sorwful pitee,
Into hire chaumbre up wente out of the halle,
And on hire bed she gan for ded to falle,
In purpos nevere thennes for to rise,
And thus she wroughte, as I shal yow devyse.

Hire ownded here, that sonnyssh was of hewe,
She rente, and ek hire fyngeres longe and smale
She wronge ful oft, and bad God on hire rewe,
And with the deth to don boote on hire bale ;
Hire hewe, whilom bright, that tho was pale,
Bar witnesse of hire wo, and hire constreynte ;
And thus she spak, sobbynge in hire compleynte.

'Allas!' quod she, 'out of this regioun,
I, woful wrech, and infortuned wight,
And born in corsed constellacioun,
Moot goon, and thus departen fro my knyght!
Wo worth, alas! that ilke dayes lyght,
On which I seigh hym first with eyen tweyne,
That causeth me, and ich hym, al this peyne!'

Therwith the teres from hire eyen two
Downe fille, as shoure in Aprille swithe ;
Hire white brest she bet, and for the wo,
Efter the deth she cryed a thousand sythe,
Syn he that wont hire wo was for to lithe,
She moot forgon ; for which disaventure
She held hire self a forlost creature.

She seyde, 'How shal he doon and ich also?
How shold I lyve if that I fro hym twynne?
O deere herte, ek, that I love so,

Who shal that sorw slen, that ye ben inne?
 O Calkas, fader, thyn be al this synne!
 O moder myne, that cleped were Argyve,
 Wo worth that day that thow me bere on lyve!

'To what fyn shold I lyve and sorwen thus?
 How shold a fissh withouten water dure?
 What is Cryseyde worth from Troylus?
 How shold a plaunte, or lyves creature,
 Lyve withouten his kynde noriture?
 For which ful oft a by worde¹ here I seye,
 That rooteles mot grene soone deye.

'I shal doon thus, syn neither swerde ne darte
 Dar I non handle for the cruelte,
 That ilke day that I from yow departe,
 If sorwe of that nyl nat my bane be,
 Thanne shal no mete or drynke com in me,
 Til I my soule out of my brest unshethe;
 And thus my selven wold I don to dethe.

'And, Troylus, my clothes everychon
 Shal blake ben, in tokennyng, herte swete!
 That I am out of this worlde gon,
 That wonte was yow to setten in quite;
 And of myn ordre,² ay til deth me mete,
 The observaunce evere in youre absens,
 Shal sorw ben, compleynte, and abstinence.

'Myn herte, and ek the woful goost ther inne,
 Byquethe I with youre spirit to compleyne
 Eternally, for they shal nevere twynne;
 For though in eirth ytwynned be we tweyne,
 Yet in the feld of pite, out of peyne,
 That height Elisos,³ shal we ben yfeere,
 As Orpheus and Erudice his feere.⁴

¹ A by-word means properly a proverb.

² Cryseyde says she will bind herself by a rule, as those did who entered a religious order, to spend her life in complaint and abstinence.

³ Elysium.

⁴ The beautiful story of Orpheus and Eurydice is told in Ovid's

‘ Thus, herte myne, for Antenor, *allas!*
 I soone shal ben chaunged, as I weene;
 But how shul ye don in this sorwful cas?
 How shal youre tendre herte this *sästene?*
 But, herte myne, foryet this sorw and teene,
 And me also; for, sothly for to seye,
 So ye wel fare, I reche noughte to deye.’

How myght it evere yherde ben or ysonge,
 The pleynte that she made in hire distresse,
 I not; but, as for me, my litel tonge
 If I discryven wold hire hevynesse,
 It sholde make hire sorwe seme lesse
 Thanne that it was, and childisshly deface
 Hire heighe compleynte; and therfor ich it pace.

- Pandare, which that sente from Troylus
 Was unto Cryseyde, as ye han herda devyse,
 That for the beste it was acorded thus,
 And he ful glad to don hym that servyse,
 Unto Cryseyde, in a ful faire wyse,
 Ther as she lay in torment and in rage,
 Com hire to telle alle holly his message;

And fonde that she hire selven gan to trete
 Ful pitously; for, with hire salte teres,
 Her breste, hire face ybathed was ful wete,
 Her mighty tresses of hire sonnysshe heres
 Unbroiden, hangen al aboute her eeres;
 Which yaf hym verray signal of matere
 Of deth, which that hire herte gan desire.

Whan she hym saugh, she gan, for sorwe, anon
 Hire tery face atwixe hire armes hyde;
 For which this Pandare is so wo bigon,

Metamorphoses, x. Eurydice, stung by a serpent in the foot, dies, and Orpheus, her husband, seeks her in Tartarus; where he so prevails with the melody of his song, that she is granted to his prayers, and is permitted to follow him, provided he does not look back in his return to the upper regions. Just as he is on the point of emerging, however, he forgets the condition, looks back to be sure that she is following, and sees her form fade away into the darkness.

That in the hous he myght unneth abyde,
As he that pite hadde on every syde;
For if Cryseyde hadde erst compleyned soore,
Tho gan she pleyne a thousand tyme moore.

And in hire aspre pleynte, thus she seyde:—
'Pandare first, of joies moo than two
Was cause causynge unto me, Cryseyde,
That now transmuwed ben in cruell wo;
Wher shal I seye to yow welcom or no,
That aldirfirste me brought unto servyse
Of love, alas! that endeth in swich wyse?

'Endeth thanne love in wo? Ye! or men lieth,
And alle worldly blisse, as thynketh me;
The ende of blisse ay sorw it occupieth;
And who so troweth not that it so be,
Lat hym upon me, woful wreche, yse,
That my self hate, and ay my burthe acorse,
Felynge alwey, fro wikke I go to worse.

'Who so me seeth, he seeth sorwe al atones,
Peyne, torment, pleynte, wo and distresse;
Out of my woful body harm ther non is,¹
As angwissh, langour, cruel bitternesse,
Anoy, smert, drede, furye, and ek sekenesse;
I trowe ywis from heven teres reyne,
For pite of myn aspre and cruel peyne.'

'And thow, my suster, ful of discomfort,
Quod Pandarus, 'what thynkestow to doo?
Why ne hastow to thi selven som reporte?
Why wiltow thus thiself allas fordo?
Leef al this werk, and take now hede to
That I shal seyne, and herkene, of goode entente,
This message, whiche by me Troylus the sent.'

¹ That is, 'There is no sorrow in the world that is not concentrated in me.'

Tourned hire tho Cryseyde a wo makynge
So grete, that it a deth was for to se;
'Allas!' quod she, 'what wordes may ye brynge?
What wol my deere herte seyne to me,
Which that I drede neveremo to se?
Wol he han pleynte or teres, or I wende?
I have ynoughe, if he therafter sende.'

She was right swich to seen in hire visage,
As is that wight that men on beere bynde;
Hire face, like of Paradis the ymage,
Was al ychaunged in another kynde;
The pleye, the laughtre men was wonte to fynd
On hire, and ek hire joyes everychone
Ben fled, and thus lith now Cryseyde allone.

Aboute hire eyen two a purple rynge
Bytrent, in sothfast tokening of hire payne,
That to beholde it was a dedely thyng;
For which Pandare myght nat restreyne
The teres from his eyen for to reyne;
But natheles, as he best myght, he seyde
From Troylus thise wordes to Cryseyde.

'Loo! nece, I trowe ye han herde al howe
The kynge, with other lordes, for the beste,
Hath made eschaunge of Antenor and yowe,
That cause is of this sorw and this unreste;
But how this cas doth Troylus moleste,
That may non erthly mannes tonge seye;
For verray wo his wit is alle aweye.

'For which we han so sorwed, he and I,
That into litel both it hadde us slawe;
But, thorough my counseil this day fynaly,
He somewhat is fro wepyng withdrawe;
And semeth me that he desireth fawe
With yow to ben al nyght, for to devyse
Remede in this, if ther were any wyse.

'This, shorte and pleyne, theffect of my message,
Als ferforth as my wit kan comprehendē;
For ye that ben of tourmente in swich rage,
May to no longe prologe as now entende.
And hereupon ye may answer to hym sende;
And, for the love of God, my nece deere,
So lef this wo or Troylus be heere.'

'Gret is my wo,' quod she, and sighte soore,
As she that feleth dedly sharp distresse;
'But yet to me his sorwe is michel more,
That love hym bet than he hymselfe, I gesse;
Allas, for me hath he swich hevynesse!
Kan he for me so pitously compleyne?
Ywis, this sorw dowbleth al my peyne.

'Grevous to me, God woote, is for to twynne,'
Quod she, 'but yet it hardere is to me,
To sen that sorwe which that he is ynne;
For well wot I it wol my bane be,
And dye I wol in certeyne,' tho quod she:
'But bid hym come, er deth that thus me threteth,
Dryve out that gost, which in myne herte beteth.'

These wordes seyde, she on hire armes two
Fil gruf, and gan to wepen pitously:
Quod Pandarus, 'Allas, why do ye so?
Syn wel ye wode the tyme is faste by
That he shal com; aris up hastely,
That he yow nat biwepen thus ne fynde,
But ye wol have hym woode out of hys mynd.

'For wiste he that ye ferde in this manere,
He wold hymselfen sle: and if I wende
To han this fare, he ne shold nat com heere,
For al the good that Priam may despende:
For, to what fyn he wold anon pretende,
That knowe ich wel; and, forthi, yet I seye,
So lef this sorwe, or, platly, he wol deye.

'And shapeth yow his sorw for tabbrigge,
 And nought encrese, leve nece swete!
 Beth rather to hym cause of flat than egge,¹
 And with som wysdom ye his sorwe beete:
 What helpeth it to wepen ful a strete,
 Or though ye bothe in salte terys dreynte?
 Bet is a tyme of cure ay than of pleynte.

'I mene thus:—whan iche hym hyder brynge,
 Syn ye be wyse, and bothe of oon assente,
 So shapeth how distourbe your goynge,
 Or come aycyn soone efter ye be wente;
 Wommen ben wyse in short avysement;²
 And lat sen how youre wit shal now availe,
 And what that I may help, it shal not faile.'

'Go,' quod Cryseyde, 'and, uncle, trewely
 I shal don al my myght me to restreyne
 From wepyng in his sight; and bysily
 Hym for to glade I shal don al my peyne;
 And in myn herte seken every veyne;
 If to his soor there may be founden salve,
 It shal not lakke, certeyne, on myn halve.'

Goth Pandarus, and Troylus he soughte,
 Til in a temple he fonde him al alone,
 As he that of his lif no lenger roughete,
 But to the pitouse goddes everychone
 Ful tenderly he preyde, and made his mone,
 To doon hym soon out of this worlde to pace,³
 For wel he thoughte ther was no other grace.

And, shortly³ al the sothe for to seyne,
 He was so fallen in dispaire that day,
 That outrely he shope hym for to deye;

¹ That is, 'Do not cut his heart with your sorrow, as with the edge of a sword; but rather smooth it down as with the flat.'

² That is, 'Women have presence of mind to adopt the wisest course in a sudden emergency.'

³ The Harl. MS., 2280, reads *sothely*.

For righte thus was his argument alwey,
He seyde he nas but lorne, waylawey!
'For al that cometh, cometh by necessite;
Thus to ben lorne, it is my desteyne.

'For certeynly, this woote I wel,' he seyde,
'That foresight of devyne purveyaunce
Hathe seyn alwey me to forgon Cryseyde,
Syn God seth every thyng, out of doutaunce,
And hem disponeth, thorough his ordinaunce,
In hire merites sothely for to be,
As they shul comen by predesteyne.

'But natheles, allas! whom shal I leve?
For ther ben grete clerkes many oone,
That destyne, thorwgh argumentes, preve;
And som seyn, that nedely ther is noon,
But that fre choys is yeven us everychon:
O waylaway! so sleighe art clerkes olde,
That I not whos opinion I may holde.

'For som men seyn if God seth all byforne,
Ne God may not deseyved ben, parde!
Than moot it fallen, theigh men had it sworne,
That purveyaunce hath seyn befor to be;
Wherefor I seye, that, from eterne, if he
Hathe wiste byforn our thought ek as'oure dede,
We have no fre choys, as thise clerkes rede.

'For other thoughte, nor other dede also,
Myght nevere ben, but swich as purveyaunce,
Which may nat ben deceyved nevere moo,
Hath feled byforne, withouten ignoraunce;
For if ther mighte ben a variaunce,
To wrythen out fro Goddes purveying,
Ther ner no prescience of thyng comynge;

'But it were rather an opinyon
Uncertein, and no stedfast forseynge;
And, certes, that were an abusioun,

That God shold han no perfit clere wetynge,
 More than we men, that han doutous wenynge;
 But swich an erreure upon God to gesse,
 Were fals, and foule, and wikked corsednesse.

'Ek this is an opinyon of some,
 That han hire top ful heigh and smothe yshore,¹
 They seyn right thus, that thing is nat to come,
 For that the prescience hath seyne byfore
 That it shal come; but they seyn, that therfore
 That it shal come, therfor the purveyaunce
 Woot it biforne, withouten ignoraunce.

'And, in this manere, this necessite
 Retourneth in his part contrarye agayn;
 For nedfully byhoveth it not to be,
 That thilke thynges fallen in certeyn,
 That ben purveyed; but nedly, as they seyne,
 Bihoveth it that thynges, which that falle,
 That thei in certein ben purveyed alle.

'I mene as though I laboured me in this,
 To enqueren which thyng cause of which thyng be;
 As, whether that the prescience of God is
 The certein cause of the necessite
 Of thynges that to comen ben, parde!
 Or, if necessite of thyng comynge
 Be cause certein of the purveying.

'But now ne enforce I me nat in shewynge,
 How the ordre of causes stant; but wel woot I
 That it bihoveth, that the bifallynge
 Of thynges, wiste bifor certainly,
 Be necessarie, al seme it nat therby,
 That prescience put fallyng●necessaire
 To thyng to come, al falle it foule or faire.

¹ By those who have their 'top ful heigh and smothe yshore,' he means clergymen, the tonsure being the distinguishing mark of the clerical profession in the middle ages.

' For, if ther sit a man yonde on a see,¹
Than by necessite bihoveth it,
That certes thyn opinioun soth be,
That wenest, or coniectest, that he sit;
And, further over, now ayenward yit,
Lo right so is it on the part contrarie,
As thus,—nowe herkene, for I wol nat tarie:—

' I sey, that if the opinioun of the
Be soth for that he sit, than seye I this,
That he moot sitten by necessite;
And thus necessite in either is,
For in hym nede of sittying is, ywis,
And in the, nede of soth; and thus forsothe
Ther mot necessite ben in yow bothe.

' But thow maist seyne, the man sit nat therfore,
That thyn opinioun of his sittynge sothe is;
But rather, for the man sate there byfore,
Therfor is thyn opinioun soth, ywis;
And I seye, though the cause of soth of this
Cometh of his sittynge, yet necessite
Is enterchaunged both in hym and in the.

' Thus in the same wyse, out of doutaunce,
I may wel maken, as it semeth me,
My resonyng of Goddes purveyaunce,
And of the thynges that to comen be;
By whiche reson men may wel ysee,
That thilke thynges that in erthe falle,
That by necessite they comen alle.

' For although that for thynges shal come, ywis,
Therfor it is purveyed certeynly,
Nat that it cometh for it purveyed is;
Yet, natheles, bihoveth nedfully,
That thynges to come be purveyed trewely;

¹ See here means seat, as in the expression ' a bishop's see.'

Or elles thynges that purveyed be,
Than they bytiden by necessite.

‘ And this sufficeth right ynough, certeyne,
For to destroye oure fre choys everydele.
But now is this abusioun, to seyne,
That fallynge of the thynges temporel,
Is cause of goddes prescience eternel;
Now trewely that is a fals sentence,
That thyng to com sholde cause his prescience.

‘ What myght I wene, and I hadde swich a thought,
But that God purveieth thyng to come,
For that it is to come, and elles nought?
So myghte I wene, that thynges, alle and some,
That whilom ben bifalle and overecome,
Ben cause of thilke soveyren purveyaunce,
That forwoot alle, withouten ignoraunce.

‘ And over al this, yet seye I moore herto,—
That right as whan I woot there is o thyng,
Ywis, that thyng mot nedfully be so;
Ek right so, whan I woote a thing comynge,
So mot it come; and thus the bifallynge
Of thynges that ben wiste before the tyde,
They mowe not ben eschued on no syde.’¹

Than seyde he thus; ‘ Almighty Jove in trone,
That woost of al this thyng the sothfastnesse,
Rewe on my sorwe, or do me dyen sone,

¹ The doctrines of predestination and absolute decrees on the one hand, and of the freedom of the will and conditional decrees on the other, formed an inexhaustible subject of disputation in the schools. The Dominicans, with St. Thomas Aquinas at their head, took the former side of the discussion, not however in Calvin's sense; and the Franciscans, led by Duns Scotus, the latter. It is a question which appears to have interested Chaucer, and he has touched upon it in *The Knightes Tale*, vol. i. p. 141; and in *The Nonne Prestes Tale*, vol. iii. p. 228. In this passage he exhibits a power of stating logical arguments with clearness and accuracy in verse which none of his successors, except Dryden, has ever approached. The whole essence of the question is preserved in these few stanzas.

Or brynge Cryseyde and me fro this distresse.¹
And while he was in al this hevynesse,
Disputynge with hymselfe in this matere,
Come Pandare in, and seyde as ye may here.

‘O myghty God,’ quod Pandarus, ‘in trone!
Eigh! who say evere a wyse man faren so?
Whi Troylus, what thynkestow to doon?
Hastow swich luste to ben thyn owne fo?
What! parde, yet is nat Cryseyde ago!
Why lust the so thi self fordoon for drede,
That in thyne hed thyn eyen semen dede?

‘Hastow nought lyved many a yere byforne
Withouten hire, and ferde ful wel at ese?
Ertow for hire and for non other borne?
Hath Kynde the wroughte al oonly hire to plesse?
Lat be! and thynke right thus in thy disese,
That, in the dees right as ther fallen chaunces,
Right so in love there com and gon plesaunces.

‘And yet this is a wonder moost of alle,
Why thow thus sorwest, syn thou nost not yit,
Touchynge hire goynge, how that it shall falle;
Ne yif she kan hire self distourben it,
Thow hast nat yit assayed al hire wit;
A man may al bytyme his nekke beede
Whan it shal of, and sorwen at the nede.

‘Forthi, take hede of al that I shal seye,
I have with hire yspoke, and longe ybe,
So as accorded was bytwixe us twey;
And evermoo me thynketh thus, that she
Hath somewhat in hire hertes privite,
Wherewith she can, if I shal right arede,
Distourbe al this, of which thow ert in drede.

‘For which my counseil is, whan it is nyght,
Thow to hire go, and mak of this an ende;
And blisful Juno, thorwgh hire grete myghte,

Shal as I hope, hire grace unto us sende.
 Myn herte seith, certein she shal nat wende;
 And forthi, put thyne herte a while in reste,
 And hold this purpos, for it is the beste.'

This Troylus answerde, and sighte soore,
 'Thow saist right wel, and I wol doon right so;
 And what hym liste, he seyde unto hym moore.
 And, whan that it was tyme for to go,
 Ful prevely hymself, withouten mo,
 Unto hire come, as he was wont to doon,
 And how they wroughte I shal yow tellen soone.

Soth is, than when they gonnen first to meete,
 So gan the peyne hire hertes for to twyste,
 That neither of hem myghte other grete,
 But hem in armes tooke, and efter kyste;
 The lasse woful of hem bothe nyste
 Wher that he was, ne myghte o word out brynge,
 As I seyde arst, for wo and for sobbynge.

The woful teres that they leten falle
 As bittre weren, out of teres kynde,
 For peyne, as is ligne aloes, or galle,¹—
 So bittre teres wo pe nought, as I fynde,
 The woful Mirra,² thorwgh the barke and rynde,—
 That in this world there nys so hard an herte,
 That nolde han rewed on hire peynes smerte.

But, when hire woful, wery, gostes tweyne
 Retourned ben, ther as hem owen³ to dwelle,
 And that somewhat to weken gan the peyne

¹ The poet represents their tears as being bitter, contrary to the nature of tears, on account of their excessive grief. He appears to use the epithet bitter, not in a metaphorical, but in a literal sense.

² Myrrha, the daughter of Cinyras, King of Cyprus, was changed into the tree called myrrh, from whence exudes a bitter sap used in medicine.

³ *Hem* is here the dative case. The construction is, 'There as it belongs to them to dwell.'

By lengthe of pleynte, and ebben gan the welle
Of hire teres, and the herte unswelle,¹
With brokyn vois, al hors for shrigh^t,² Cryseyde
To Troylus thise ilke wordes seyde.

'O Jove, I dye, and mercy I beseeche!
Helpe, Troylus!' and therewithal hire face
Upon his breste she leyde, and lefte speche,
Her woful spirit, from his propre place,
Right with the worde, alwey in point to pace;
And thus she lith, with hewes pale and grene,
That whilom fressh and fairest was to sene.

This Troylus, that on hire gan biholde,
Clepyng hire name, and she lay as for dede,
Withouten answe^re, and felt her lymes colde,
Hire eyen throwen upwarde to hire hed;
This sorwful man kan now noon other rede,
But ofte tyme hire colde mouthe he kyste;
Wher hym was wo, God and hymself it wiste!

He rist hym up, and longe streite he hire layde;
For signe of lyf, for ought he kan or may,
Kan he non fynde in nothyng of Cryseyde,
For which his songe ful oft is, 'Walaway!'
But, when he saugh that spechelesse she lay,

¹ That is, 'As soon as they ceased to experience the painful feeling incidental to violent grief, as if the heart was rising into the throat, and stopping the utterance.'

² This is one of those trifling coincidences of expression which indicate that the *Filostrato* was the original of this poem:—

'Ver Troilo suo Griseida, gl' occhi alzati,
Traendo fuor dal petto alti sospiri,
Con roca voce disse:' &c.

Though it is very natural that Cryseyde's voice should have been hoarse with weeping, still it is a minute circumstance which the two poets could hardly have agreed in selecting by chance; nor is it likely that they should have obtained it from a common original. Chaucer, it will be observed, explains why she was hoarse, *scil.*, for shrigh^t, or from shrieking. This is the same grammatical construction as has been already observed.—See *ante*, p. 86, note 3.

With sorwful vois, and herte of blisse al bare,
He seyde how she was fro this worlde yfare.

So efter that he longe hadde hire compleyned,
His hondes wronge, and seyde that was to seye,
And with his teris salt hire breest byreyned,
He gan tho teris wepen of ful dreye,
And pitously gan for the soule preye,¹
And seyde, 'O Lord, that set ert in thi trone,
Rew ek on me, for I shal folwe hir sone.'

She colde was, and withouten sentemente,²
For ought he woot, for breth felte he non;
And this was hym a preignant argument,
That she was forth out of this world agone:
And when he sey ther was non other wone,³
He gan hire lymes dresse, in swich manere,
As men don hem that shal be layde on beere.

And efter this, with sterne and cruel herte,
His swerde anon out of his shethe he twyghte,
Hym self to sleen, how sore that hym smerte,⁴
So that his soule, hire soule folwen myghte,
Ther as the dome of Mynos⁵ wold it dighte;
Syn Love and cruel Fortune it ne wolde,
That in this world he lenger lyven sholde.

Than seyde he thus, fulfild of heigh disdayn,
'O cruel Jove, and thow Fortune adverse,
This al and som, that falsly have ye slayn

¹ To make Troylus pray for the repose of Cryseyde's soul is one of the many anachronisms of this poem.

² *Sentement* means sensation, or feeling.

³ *Wone* generally means *custom*; then *habitation*, or the place where one is accustomed to dwell. Here it appears to be put for *one*, referring to *argument*.

⁴ That is, 'Whatever pain it might give him.'

⁵ That is, 'To the place where the doom, or judgment, of Minos might dispose of it.' Minos was the king and legislator of Crete; and for his justice was rewarded by being made the judge of the departed spirits in Hades.—See *Æneid*, vi.

Cryseyde! and syn ye may do me no werse,
Fy on your myght, and werkes so dyverse!
Thus cowardly ye shul me nevere wynne,
Ther shal no deth me fro my lady twynne.

‘För I this world, syn ye have slayn hire thus,
Wol lete, and folw hire spirit low or heye;
Shal nevere lover seyne, that Troylus
Dar not, for fere, with his lady dye;
For, certein, I wol bere hire companye;
But, syn ye wol not suffre us lyven here,
Yet suffreth that our soules ben yfere.

‘And thow, cite, in which I lyve in wo!
And thow, Priam, and bretheren alle ifere!
And thow, my moder, farwel, for I go!
And, Attropes,¹ mak redy thow my beere!
And thow, Cryseyde, O swete herte deere,
Receyve now my spirit!’ wolde he seye,
With swerd at herte, al redy for to dye.

But, as God wold, of swough she therwith brayde,
And gan to sike, and, ‘Troylus,’ she cryede;
And he answerde, ‘Lady myn Cryseyde,
Lyve ye yit!’ and lete his swerde down glide:
‘Ye, herte myn, and thanked be Cupide!’
Quod she, and therwithal she sore sighte,
And he bigan to glade hire as he myghte.

Toke hire in armes two, and kyste hire ofte,
And, her to glade, he dide al his entente,
For which hire gooste, that flikered ay o² loft,
Into hire woful herte ayen it wente:
But, at the laste, as that hire eye glente
Asyde, anon she gan his swerde aspye,
As it lay bare, and gan for feere crye,

¹ One of the *Parcæ* or *Destinies*.—See *ante*, p. 141, note 6.

² *O* is put for *on*.

And asked hym whi he it hadde out drawe;
 And Troylus anon the cause hire tolde,
 And how hymself therwith he wolde han slawe;
 For which Cryseyde upon hym gan byholde,
 And gan hym in hire armès faste holde,
 And seyde, 'O mercy God, lo, which a dede!
 Allas! how neigh we weren bothe dede!

'Thanne if I nadde yspoken, as grāce waš,
 Ye wold han slayn yowre selfe anon?' quod she.
 'Ye, douteles:' and she answerde, 'Allas!
 For, by that ilke lorde that made me!
 I nolde a forlonge wey o lyve have be,
 After your deth, to han ben crowned quene
 Of al that londe the sonne on shyneth sheene.

'But with this selve swerde, which that here is,
 My self I wolde han slayn,' quod she tho.
 But hoo! for we han right ynowgh of this;
 And lat us rise and streighte to bedde go;
 And ther lat us speken of oure wo,
 For by this mortar,¹ which that I se brenne,
 Know I ful wel that day is not ferre henne.¹

¹ Mortar is a word still in use, to mean a kind of light so contrived as to burn a certain number of hours. In Sir Francis Kynaston's version of *Troilus and Cryseyde* in Latin rhyme is the following note upon it. 'This word doth plainly intimate our author, Jeffrey Chaucer, to have been an esquire of the body in ordinary to the king, whose office it is, after he has charged, and set the watch of the guard, to carry in the mortar, and set it by the king's bed-side; for he takes from the cupboard a silver bason, and therein pours a little water, and then sets a round cake of virgin wax in the middle of the bason; in the middle of which cake is a wick of bumbast (bombasine), which being lighted, burns as a match-light all night at the king's bed-side. It has, as I conceive, the name of *morter*, from the likeness it has when near consumed, to a mortar wherein you bray spices; for the flame, melting first the middle of the wax cake which is nearest to it, the wax by degrees, like the sand in an hour-glass, runs evenly from all sides to the middle to supply the wick. This royal ceremony Chaucer wittily fancies to be in Creseide's bed-chamber, calling this kind of match-light by the name of *morter*, which very few courtiers besides the esquires of the body (who only are admitted after all Night is served to come into the king's bed-chamber) do understand

When they wer in hire bedde in armes folde,
 Naught was it lik tho nygghtes here biforn,
 For pitously ech other gan byholde,
 As they that haddent al hire blisse ylorn,
 Bywaylynge ay the day that they were borne;
 Til, at the laste, this sorwful wight, Cryseyde,
 To Troylus thes ilke wordis seyde.

‘Loo! herte myne, wel woot ye this,’ quod she,
 ‘That if a wight alwey his wo compleyne,
 And seketh naught how holpen for to be,
 It is but folye, and encresse of peyne:
 And, syn that here assembled be we tweyne,
 To fynde boote of wo that we ben inne,
 It were al tyme soone to beginne.

‘I am a woman, as ful wel ye woote,
 And as I am avysed sodeynly,
 So wol I telle yow, whil it is hoot;e;
 Me thynketh thus, that nouthur ye nor I,
 Ought half this wo to maken skilfully;
 For ther is art ynough for to redresse
 That yet is mys, and slen this hevynesse.

‘Soth is, the wo the whiche that we ben inne,
 For aught I wot, for nothyng elles is,
 But for the cause that we sholden twynne;
 Considered al, there nys no more amys:
 But what is thanne a remede unto this,
 But that we shape us soone for to mete?
 This al and som, my dere herte swete!

‘Now, that I shal wele bryngen it aboute
 To com ayen, soone efter that I go,
 Thereof am I no maner thyng in doute;
 For, dredeles, within a wowke or two,
 I shal ben here; and that it may be so,

what is meant by it.’ It is not at all necessary to suppose, as Sir Francis Kynaston intimates, that nobody but the king was in the habit of burning a mortar by his bed-side.

By alle righte, and in wordes fewe,
I shal yow wel au heepe of weyes shewe.

‘ For which I wol nat maken longe sermoun,
For tyme ylost may nought recovered be,
But I wol gon to my conclusioun,
And in the best, in aught that I kan see :
And, for the love of God, foryeve it me,
If I speke aught ayenis your hertes reste;
For trewely I speke it for the beste ;

‘ Makynge alwey a protestacioun,
That now this wordes, which that I shal seye,
Nys but to shewen yow my mocion,
To fynde unto oure help the beste weye,
And taketh it non otherwyse, I yow preye ;
For, in effect, what so ye me comaunde,
That wol I don ; for that is no demaunde.¹

‘ Now herkeneth this :—ye han wel understonde,
My goynge graunted is by parlement
So ferforth, that it may not be withstonde
For al this world, as by my jugement ;
And, syn ther helpeth non avysement
To letten it, lat it passe out of mynde,
And lat us shape a better wey to fynde.

‘ Tho sothe is, the twynnyng of us tweyne,
Wol us disese, and crueliche anoye :
But hym bihoveth somtyme han a peyne,
That serveth love, if that he wol have joye :
And, syn I shal no forther out of Troye
Than I may ride ayein on halfe a morwe,
It oughte lasse causen us to sorwe.

‘ So as I shal not so ben hidde in muwe,²
That day by day, myn owne herte deere,
Syn wel ye wot that it is now a truwe,

¹ The meaning appears to be, ‘ There is no necessity to ask me to do this.’

² See *ante*, p. 178, note 4.

Ye shal ful wel al myn estate yheere :
 And er that truce is don, I shal ben here,
 And thanne have ye bothe Antenor ywonne,
 And me also ; beth glád now if ye konne.

‘ And thynk right thus :—Cryseyde is now agon ;
 But what ? she shal com hastily ayein !
 And when, alas ? bi God, lo ! right anon
 Er dayes ten, this dar I sauffy seyne ;
 And than, at erste, shal we be so feyne,
 So as we shal togideres evere dwelle,
 That all this worlde ne myght oure blisse telle.

‘ I see that oft tyme, ther as we bene now,
 That for the beste, our counseil for to hide,
 Ye speke not with me, nor I with yowe,
 In fourtenyght, ne se yow go ne ride :
 May ye nought ten dayes thanne abide,
 For myn honour, in swich an aventure ?
 Ywis, ye mowe elles lite endure.

‘ Ye knewe eke how that al my kyn is here,
 But if that onlich it my fader be ;
 And eke myne other thynges, al yfere,
 And nameliche, my dere herte ! ye,
 Whom that I nolde leven for to se,
 For al this world, as wyde as it hath space,
 Or elles se iche nevere Joves face !

‘ Why trowe ye my fader in this wyse
 Coveiteth so to se me, but for drede,
 Lest in this town that folkes me dispise,
 Bicause of hym, for his unhappi dede ?
 What woot my fader what lyf that I lede ?
 For, if he wiste in Troie how wel I fare,
 Us neded for my wendynge nought to care.

‘ Ye seen, that every day, ek, more and more,
 Men trete of pees, and it supposed is,
 That men the queene Eleyne shal restore,

And Grekes us restoren that is mys :
 So, though ther nere comfort non but this,
 That men purposen pees on every syde,
 Ye may the bettre at ese of herte abyde.

' For if that it be pees, myn herte deere,
 The nature of the pees moot nedes dryve,
 That men most entrecomunen yfere,
 And to and fro ek ride and gon as blyve,
 Al day as thykke as been fleen from an hyve;
 And every wight han liberte to bleve
 Wher as hym liste bet withouten leve.

' And, though so be that pees ther may be non,
 Yet hider, though ther never pees ne were,
 I most come; for whider shold I gone?
 Or how, mischaunce!¹ sholde I dwelle there
 Amonge the men of armes, evere in feere?
 For which, as wysely God my soule rede!
 I can not sene wherof ye sholden drede.

' Have here another wey, if it so be
 That al this thyng ne may yow not suffise;
 My fader, as ye knowen wele parde,
 Is old, and elde is ful of coveityse;
 And I right now have founden al the gyse,
 Withouten net, wherwith I shal hym hente;
 And herkeneth how, if that ye wol assente.

' Loo! Troylus, men seyne, that ful harde it is
 The wolfe ful, and the wether hoole to have;²
 This is to seyn, that men ful oft, ywis,
 Moot spenden parte, the remenaunte for to save:
 For ay with gold, men may the herte grave,³

¹ This phrase is analogous to the vulgar one still in use, 'How the mischief should I dwell,' &c.

² The meaning of the proverb is fully explained in the succeeding line.

³ To *grave*, here means, to make an impression upon.

Of hym that set is upon coveityse;
And how I mene, I shal it yowe devyse.

'The moeble, which that I have in this town,
Unto my fader shal I take, and seye,
That right for truste, and for savacioun,
It sent is from a frende of his or tweye;
The whiche frendes fervently hym preye,
To sende efter more, and that in heye,¹
While that this town stante thus in jupartye.²

'And that shal ben of gold an huge quantite,
Thus shal I seyn, but lest it folk aspide,
This may be sente bi no wight but by me.
I shal ek shewen hym, if pees betyde,
What frendes that ich have on every syde,
Towarde the courte, to don the wrathe pace
Of Priamus,³ and don hym stonde in grace.

'So, what for o thinge and for other, swete,
I shal hyn so enchaunten with my sawes,
That right in hevene his soule is, shal he mete;⁴
For alle Apollo, or his clerkes lawes,
Or kalkulynge, avayleth nought thre hawes:
Desire of gold shal so his soule blende,
That, as me liste, I shal wel make an ende.

'And if he wol aught by his sorte⁵ it preve
If that I lye, in certeine I shal fonde
Deistourben hym, and plukke hym by the sleve,⁶

¹ *In heye* means in haste—from the verb to *heye*, or *hie*, to hasten.

² This mode of spelling the word clearly indicates its derivation from the *jeu-parti*. The safety of Troy is said to stand in as much doubt as the question in the *jeu-parti*.—See Introduction to *Court of Love*, vol. iv. p. 110.

³ That is, 'To make the wrath of Priamus pass away.'

⁴ 'He shall dream that his soul is in heaven.'

⁵ That is, 'If he shall try to prove by lot, or divination, whether I lie or no.'

⁶ To pluck by the sleeve seems to mean to interrupt, put out of his reckoning.

Makyng his sorte, and beren hym on honde,
 He hath not wele the goddes understonde;
 For goddes speken in amphibologies,¹
 And, for o soth, they tellen twenty lyes.

'Ek drede fond firste goddes, I suppose,
 Thus shal I seyn, and that his coward herte,
 Made hym amys the goddes text to glose,
 Whan he for ferde out of Delphos sterte:
 And, but I make hym sone to converte,
 And don my rede, withinne a day or tweye,
 I wol to yow oblige me to deye.'

And treweliche, as writen wel I fynde,
 That al this thyng was seyde in goode entent;
 And that hire herte trewe was and kynde
 Towardis hym, and spak right as she mente;
 And that she starf for wo neigh whan she wente,
 And was in purpos evere to be trewe;
 Thus writen they that of hire werkes knewe.

Tho Troylus, with herte and eres spradde,
 Herde al this thyng devysen to and fro,
 And veriliche it semed that he hadde
 The selve witte;² but to late hire go
 His herte mysforyafe hym everemo;
 But, finaly, he gan his herte wreste
 To trusten hire, and toke it for the beste.

For which the grete furye of his penaunce
 Was queynte with hope; and therewith hem bytwene
 Bygan for joye the amoureuse daunce;
 And as the bryddes, whan the sonne is shene,
 Deliten in hire songe, in leves grene,

¹ An amphibology is a sentence of ambiguous meaning, such as were generally the replies of the oracle at Delphi. Thus Cræsus was encouraged to pass the Halys, by being told that if he did so, he should destroy a vast empire, which he understood to mean that of Persia; but the empire which he destroyed was his own.

² That is, 'The same opinion.'

Right so the wordes that they spake yfere
Deliten hem, and make hire hertes chere.¹

But, natheles, the wendynge of Cryseyde,
For al this world may not out of his mynde;
For whiche ful oft he pitously hire preyde,
That of hire heste he may hire trewe fynde;
And seyde hire, ' Certes if ye be unkynde,
And but ye come, at day set, into Troie,
Ne shal I nevere have hele, honor, ne joy.

' For al so sothe as sounne uprist o morwe,
And, God, so wysely thow me, woful wreche,
To reste brynge out of this cruel sorwe,
I wol my selven sle, if that ye drecche:
But, of my deth though litel be to recche,
Yet, or that ye me causen so to smerte,
Dwelle rather here, myn owne swete herte.

' For trewely, myn owne lady deere,
The sleightes that yit I have herde you stere,
Ful shapely ben to faylen alle yfeere;
For thus men seith, that oon thynketh the bere,
But al another thynketh the ledere;²
Your sire is wis, and seyde is, out of drede,
Men may the wise out renne, and nought out rede.³

' It is full hard to halten unespied
Bifor a crepul, for he kan the craft;
Youre fader is in sleighte as Argus⁴ eyed;

¹ This pretty simile is a literal translation from the *Filostrato* :—

' Così come l'uccel, di foglia in foglia,
Nel nuovo tempo prende diletanza
Nel canto suo, così facean costoro
Fra baci consolandosi fra loro.'

² The bear has one object,—his leader, or keeper another. This proverb belongs to the times when bear-baiting was a popular amusement, and means that he who is in another's power, whatever he may wish, cannot do what he likes.

³ Harl. MS., 2280, reads, *Men may the wise at renne, and nought at rede.*

⁴ Argus had an hundred eyes, and was therefore set by Juno to

For, al be it that his moeble is hym byraft,
His olde sleighte is yit so with hym laft,
Ye shal nat blende hym for yowre womanhede,
Ne feyne arighte; and that is alle my drede.

'I not if pees shal everemo betyde;
But, pees or no, for earnest ne for game,
I woot, syn Calkas on the Grekes syde
Hath oones ben, and lost so foule his name,
He dar no mor com here ayein for shame;
For whiche that wey, for aught I kan espye,
To trusten on, nys but a fantasye.

'Ye shal ek sen your fader shal yow glose
To ben a wife, and, as he kan wel preche,
He shal som Greke so preyse and wele alose,
That ravysshyn he shal yow with his speche;
Or do yow don by force as he shal teche;
And Troylus, on whom ye nyl han routhe,
Shal causeles so sterven in his trouthe.

'And over al this, youre fader shal despise
Us alle, and seyne this cite nys but lorne,
And that thassege nevere shal arise,
For why? the Grekes han it alle sworne,
Tyl we be sleyne, and down our walles torne;
And thus he shal yow with his wordes feere;¹
That ay drede I, that ye wol bleven there.

Ye shal ek seen so many a lusti knyght,
Amonge the Grekes, ful of worthynesse;
And ech of hem, with herte, wit, and myght,
To plesen yow don alle his bisynesse,
That ye shul dullen of the rudenesse
Of us sely Troians, but if routhe
Remorde² yow, or vertu of your trouthe.

watch Io, whom she had changed into a heifer. The construction of the sentence appears to be, 'Your father is eyed (endowed with eyes) like Argus.'

¹ Frighten.

² The verb *to remorde* has not survived in our language, though we

'And this to me so grevous is to thynke,
That fro my breeste it wol my soule sende;
Ne, dredeles, in me ther may not synke
A good opynyoun, if that ye wende;
For why? youre faderes sleighte wol us shende;
And, if ye gon, as I have told you yore,
So thynke I nam but deede, withoute more.

'For which with humble, trewe, and pitouse herte
A thousand tyme mercy I yow preye,
So reweth on myn aspre peynes smerte,
And doth somewhat, as that I shal yow seye:
And lat us stele away bytwyxe us tweye,
And thynke that foly is, whan man may cheese,
For accident his substaunce ay to lese.

'I mene thus, that syn we mow or day
Wele stele away, and ben togidere so,
What wit were it to putten in assay,
(In cas ye sholden to youre fader go)
If that ye myghten com ayein or no?
Thus mene I, that were a grete folye
To putten that sikernes in jupart.

'And, vulgarly to speken of substaunce,
Of tresour may we bothe with us lede,
Ynoughe to lyve in honour and plesaunce,
Til unto tyme that we shal be dede;
And thus we may esshuen al this drede;
For every other wey ye kan recorde,
Myn herte ywis may therwith nought acorde.

'And, hardily, ne dredeth no poverté;
For I have kyn and frendes elles where,
That, though we comen in oure bare sherte,
Us sholde neyther lakken golde ne gere,
But ben honoured whil we dwellen there;

And gowe¹ anone, for as in myne entente,
This is the best, if that ye wol assente.'

Cryseyde, with a syk, ryght in this wyse
Answerde, 'Ywis, my dere herte trewe,
We may wel stele away, as ye devyse,
And fynden swich unthrifty wayes newe;
But efterward ful sore it wol us rewe,
And, helpe me God so at my most nede!
As causeles ye suffren alle this drede.

'For thylke day that I for cherisyng,
Or drede of fader, or of other wight,
Or for estat, delit, or for weddyng,
Be fals to yow, my Troylus, my knyghte,
Saturnes doughter Juno, thorough hyre myghte,
As wood as Athamante² do me dwelle
Eternaliche, in Stix,³ the put of Helle!

'And this, on every god celestial
I swere it yow, and ek on ech goddesse,
On every nympe, and deyte infernal,
On satyry and fawny more and lesse,
That halve goddes ben of wildernesse;
And Attropos my thred of lif to-breste,
If I be fals! now trowe me if yow leste.

'And thow Symoys,⁴ that, as an arwe, clero
Thorough Troye rennest ay downwarde to the se,
Ber witnesse of this word that seyde is here!

¹ In the MS. this is one word. It is still commonly so used in East Anglia. Thus a farmer, meaning to intimate that in former times masters used to work with their labourers, would exclaim, 'When I was a boy my father used not to say, Go and plough that piece, but gow,'—meaning go we, or let us go.

² Athamas, King of Thebes, married to Ino, whose happiness was displeasing to Juno. She therefore sent Tisiphone to inspire Athamas with sudden madness.—See OVID, *Metam.* iv.

³ The Styx, one of the rivers, here called the *put*, or pit, of hell.

⁴ The Simois was a river of Troas, which rose in Mount Ida, and fell into the Xanthus. Modern travellers have failed to identify it with any degree of certainty.

That thilke day that ich untrewed be
 To Troylus, myn owen herte fre,
 That thou retourne backwarde to thy welle,
 And I with body and soule synke in Helle.¹

'But that ye speke away thus for to go,
 And letten alle youre frendes,—God forbede,
 For any woman that ye sholde so!
 And namely, syn Troye hath now swich nede
 Of helpe; and ek of o thing taketh hede,—
 If this were wist, my lif lay in balaunce,
 And youre honour; God shilde us fro myschaunce!

'And if so be that pees hereafter be take,
 As al day happeth after angre game,
 Why, lord! the wo and sorwe ye wolden make,
 That ye ne dorste come ayeyne for shame;
 And er that ye juparten so youre name,
 Beth nought to hastif² in this hote fare,
 For hastif man ne wantethe nevere care.

'What trowe ye ek the peple alle aboute
 Wold of it seye? it is ful right tareded,
 They wolden seye, and swere it oute of doute,
 That love ne drof yow nought to don this dede,
 But lust voluptuous, and cowarde drede;
 Thus were al loste, ywis, myn herte dere,
 Your honour, whiche that now shyneth so clere.

'And also thynketh on myn honeste,
 That floureth yet, how foul I shold it shende,
 And with what filthe it spotted sholde be,

¹ Thus in Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, she exclaims:—

—— 'O you Gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
 If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
 Do to this body what extremes you can:
 But the strong base and building of my love
 Is as the very centre of the earth,
 Drawing all things to it.'—iv. 2.

² This is the French word *hâtif*.

If in this fourme I sholde with yow wende,
 And, though I lyved unto the worldes ende,
 My name shold I never ayeynwarde wyne;
 Thus were I lost, and that were routhe and synne.

'And forthi, sle with reson al this hete;
 Men seyn, the suffraunt overcommeth, parde!
 Ek whoso wol han lefe, he lyfe moot leete;
 Thus maketh vertu of necessite
 By paciens; and thynke that lorde is he
 Of fortune ay, that naught wol of hire reche,
 And she ne daunteth no wight but a wreche.

'And trusteth this, that certes, herte swete,
 Er Phebus suster, Lucina¹ the shene,
 The Leon passe oute of this Ariete,²
 I wol ben here, withouten any wene;³
 I mene, as helpe me Juno, Hevynes quene!
 The tenth day, but if that deth messaile,⁴
 I wol you sene, withouten any fayle.'

'And now, so this be soth,' quod Troilus,
 'I shal wel suffre unto the tenthe day,
 Syn that I se that nede it mot be thus;
 But, for the love of God, if it be may,
 So lat us stele pryvely away:
 For evere in oone, as for to lyve in reste,
 Myn herte seith that it wol be the beste.'

'O mercy God! what lyfe is this?' quod she,
 'Allas! ye sle me thus for verray tene!
 I se wel now that ye mystrusten me,
 For by youre wordes it is wel ysene:
 Now, for the love of Cynthia the sheene,

¹ The Harl. MS., 2280, reads *Lucyus*, which is evidently a mere mistake of the copyist for *Lucina*, one of the names of *Diana*, here used to express the moon.

² *Leon* and *Ariete* are the Italianized forms of *Leo* and *Aries*.—See Introduction.

³ That is, 'I do not say I *think* or *wene* that I shall be here, for I am positive I shall.'

⁴ A contraction for 'me assaile.'

Mystruste me nought thus causeles, for routhe,
Syn to be trew I have yow plyght my trouthe.

And thynketh wel, that somtyme it is wit
To spende a tyme, a tyme for to wynne;¹
Ne, parde, lorne am I naught fro yow yit,
Though that we ben a day or tweye atwinne:
Dryfe oute the fantasies yow withinne,
And trusteth me, and leveth ek youre sorwe,
Or, here my trouthe, I wol nought lyve tyl morwe.

For, if ye wist how soore it doth me smerte,
Ye wolde ceese of this; for, God, thow wost!
The pure² spirit wepeth in myne herte
To se yow wepen which that I love moost,
And that I moot gon to the Grekes ost;
Ye! nere it that I wiste a remedye
To com ayeyn, right here I wolde dye.

'But, certes, I am nought so nyce a wight,
That I, ne kan ymagynen a way
To come ayeyn that day that I have hight;
For who may holde a thyng that wol away?
My fader naught, for al his queynte pleye;
And, by my thifte,³ my wendinge out of Troye,
Another day, shal tourne⁴ us al to joye.

'Forthi with al myn herte I yow beseke,
If that yow liste done ought for my preyere,
And for that love whiche that I love you eke,
That er that I departe fro yow here,
That of so goode a comfort and a chere
I may yow seen, that ye may brynge at reste
Myn herte, whiche that is at poynte to breste.

¹ That is, 'It is sometimes the best policy to let an opportunity pass, in order to have a better one at a future time.'

² *Pure* means *very*: thus, in *The Knightes Tale*:—

'The pure feteres of his schynes grete.'

Vol. i. p. 129, note 2.

³ She appropriately swears by her thrift, or skilful management.

⁴ MS. 2280 reads *com*.

'And, over alle this, I preye yow,' quod she tho,
 'Myn owne hertes sothfaste suffisaunce,
 Syn I am thin alle hole withouten mo,
 That, whil that I am absente, no plesaunce
 Of other do me fro youre remembraunce;
 For I am evere agast; for why? men rede,
 That love is thyng ay ful of bysy drede.

'For in this worlde ther lyveth lady noon,
 If that ye were untrew, as God defende,
 That so betraysed were, or wo bygon,
 As I, that alle trouthe in yow entende:
 And, douteles, if that iche other wende,
 I nere but ded, and er ye cause fynde,
 For Goddes love, so beth me nought unkynde.'

To this answerde Troylus and seyde,
 'Now God, to whom ther nys no cause ywrye,
 Me glad as wis I nevere unto Cryseyde,
 Syn thilke day I saugh hire first with eye,
 Was fals, ne never shal tyl that I deye.
 At shorte wordes, wele ye may me leve,
 I kan no more, it shal be founde at preve.'

'Graunte mercy, goode herte myn, ywis!' quod she,
 'And blisful Venus lat me nevere sterve,
 Er I may stonde of plesaunce in degre
 To quyte hym wel, that so wele can deserve:¹
 And whil that God my wit wol me conserve
 I shal so don; so trewe I have yow founde,
 That ay honour to mewarde shal rebounde.

¹ How skilfully Cryseyde manages to assume the offensive! Troylus begins by doubting her truth to him, and after a very few words he finds himself obliged to defend his own position. The same trait of female dexterity is more coarsely drawn in *The Marchaundes Tale*.—See vol. ii. p. 197.

² That is, 'And may Venus grant that I may not die before I stand in such a position as to be able to requite with pleasure him who can so well deserve.'

' For trusteth wel that youre estat real,
 Ne veyn delite, nor oonely worthinesse
 Of yow in werre or tournay marcial,
 Ne pomp, array, nobley, or ek richesse,
 Ne made me to rewe on youre distresse,
 But moral vertu, grounded upon trouthe,
 That was the cause I firste had on yow routh.

' Eke gentil herte, and manhode that ye hadde,
 And that ye hadde (as me thought) in despite
 Every thyng that souned in to badde,
 As rudenesse, and poeplisch appetite,
 And that youre reson bridede youre delite,
 This made, aboven every creature,
 That I was youre, and shal whil I may dure.¹

' And this may length of yeres nought fordo,
 Ne remuable fortune deface;
 But Jupiter, that of his myght may do
 The sorwful to be glad, so yeve us grace,
 Er nightes ten to meten in this place,
 So that it may youre herte and myn suffice!
 And fareth now wel, for tyme is that ye rise.'

¹ In the *Filostrato*, this speech is put into the mouth of Troilo, with much less propriety, because he is represented as falling in love with Griseida at first sight:—

' Non me sospinse all' amor tuo bellezza,
 Che suole il petto altrui spesso ferire;
 Non mi trasse ad amarti gentilezza,
 Che suol pigliar de nobili il desire;
 Non ornamenti, non la tua ricchezza,
 Mi fe nel cor violente amor sentire;
 Delli quali sei tu la più copiosa,
 Che fosse mai fra noi donna amorosa.

Ma gl' atti tuoi altieri e signorili,
 Il prudente parlare, il tuo valore,
 I tuoi costumi nobili e gentili
 Il virginale tuo vago pudore,
 Son questi pregi, che l'anime vili
 Empion di forza, e di corazzio il core,
 E questi sono, o donna mia possente,
 Che si forte infiammaro la mia mente.'

And after that they longe ypleyned hadde,
 And ofte kyste, and streyte in armes folde,
 The day gan ryse, and Troylus hym cladde,
 And rewfulliche his lady gan byholde,
 As he that felte dethes cares colde,
 And to hire grace he gan hym recommaunde;
 Wher he was wo, this holde I no demaunde;

For mannes hed ymagynen ne kan,
 Ne entendement considere, ne tonge telle,
 The cruel peynes of this sorwful man,
 That passen every tourment down in helle;
 For, whan he saugh that she ne myghte dwelle,
 Which that his soule out of his herte rente,
 Withouten more, out of the chaumber he wente.

EXPLICIT LIBER QUARTUS.

INCIPIT LIBER QUINTUS.

APRECHEN gan the fathel destyne,
 That Joves hath in disposicioune,
 And to yow, angry Parcas,¹ sustren thre,
 Committeth to don execucioune;
 For whiche Cryseyde most out of the towne,
 And Troylus shal dwellen forth in peyne,
 Til Lachesis his thred no longer twyne.

The golden tressed Phebus, heigh on lofte,
 Thries hadde alle, with his bemes clere,
 The snowes molte; and Zephirus as ofte
 Ibrought ayeyn the tender leves grene,
 Syn that the sone² of Ecuba the queene
 Bygan to love hire³ firste, for whom his sorwe
 Was alle, that she departe sholde a morwe.

¹ The Parcs.—See *ante*, p. 141, note 6.
Scil., Troylus.

³ *Scil.*, Cryseyde.

Full redy was at prime Diomede,
 Cryseyde unto the Grekes oste to lede;
 For sorwe of which she felt hire herte blede,
 As she that nyste what was best to rede;
 And trewely, as men in bokes rede,
 Men wiste never woman han the care,
 Ne was so loth, out of a town to fare.

This Troylus, withouten reede or lore,
 As man that hath his joyes ek forlore,
 Was waytynge on his lady everemore,
 As she that was sothfaste croppe, and moore,¹
 Of al his lust or joyes here tofore:
 But, Troylus, now farewel al thy joye!
 For shaltow nevere se hire eft in Troye.

Soth is, that while he bode in this manere,
 He gan his wo ful manly for to hyde,
 That wel unnethes it sene was in his chere;
 But, at the yate, ther she sholde out ryde,
 With certeyn folk he hoved² hire tabide,
 So wo bygon, al wolde he not hym pleyne,
 That on his hors unneth he sat for peyn.

For ire he quook, so gan his herte gnawe,
 Whan Diomede on horse gan him dresse,
 And seyde unto hymself this ilke sawe,
 'Alas!' quod he, 'thus foule a wrechedenesse!
 Whi suffre ich it? whi nyl ich it redresse?
 Were it not bet at oones for to dye,
 Than evermore in langoure thus to crye?
 'Why nyl I make atones rich and pore
 To have inough to done or that she go?
 Whi nyl I brynge alle Troie upon a rore?

¹ *Croppe* means the top shoot of a tree or other vegetable. 'Croppe and root' is a common expression, meaning the whole of anything, like our 'root and branch.' Perhaps *croppe* and *moore*, or more, may mean the top and more than the top, by a violent hyperbole.

² Troylus *hoved*, with his attendants, about the gate by which she was to pass out.

Whi nyl I slen this Dyomede also?
 Whi nyl I rather, with a man or two,
 Stele hire away? Whi wol I this endure?
 Whi nyl I holpen to myn owne cure?

But whi he nolde don so fel a deede,
 That shal I seyn, and whi hym liste it spare;—
 He hadde in herte alweyes a manere drede,
 Leste that Cryseyde, in rumour of this fare,¹
 Shold han ben slayn; lo! this was al hise care;
 And elles certeyn, as I seyde yore,
 He hadde it done withouten wordes more.

Cryseyde, when she redy was to ride,
 Ful sorwfully she sighte, and seyde, 'Allas!'
 But forth she mot, for ought that may betide,
 And forth she rite² full sorwfully a pas;
 Ther is non other remedy in this cas.
 What wonder is, though that hyre soore smerte,
 When she forgothe hire owne swete herte?

This Troylus, in gise of curteysie,
 With hauke on hond,³ and with an huge route
 Of knyghtes, rood, and dide hyre compaynye,
 Passynge alle the valeye fer withoute;
 And ferther wold han riden, out of doute,
 Ful fayne, and wo was hym to gon so soone,
 But tourne he moste, and it was eke to done.

And right with that was Antenor ycome
 Oute of the Grekes oste, and every wight
 Was of it glad, and seyde he was welcome;
 And Troylus, al nere his herte lighte,⁴
 He peyned hym with al his fulle myght
 Hym to with holde of wepyng at the leeste,
 And Antenor he kyste, and made feeste.

¹ That is, 'In the confusion of the tumult which this attempt would cause.'

² *Rite* is the contracted form of *rideth*.—See *ante*, p. 83, note 2.

³ Thus in the *Fylostrato*, Troylo accompanies Gryseyda, 'Con un falcone in pugno.'—See vol. i. p. 159, note 1.

And therewithal he most his leve take,
 And caste his eye upon hire pitously,
 And nerre he rode, his cause for to make,
 To take hire by the honde al sobrelly :
 And, Lorde! so she gan wepen tendrely!
 And he ful soft and sleighely gan hire seye,
 'Now hold youre day, and do me not to deye.'

With that his courser turned he about,
 With face pale, and unto Dyomede
 No worde he spak, ne non of al his route;¹
 Of whiche the sone of Tideus² tooke hede,
 As he that kouthe moore than the crede³
 In swiche a craft, and by the reyne hire hente,
 And Troylus to Troye homwarde wente.

This Dyomede, that ledde hyre by the bridel,
 When that he saugh the folk of Troye awaye,
 Thoughte, 'Al my laboure shal not been on ydel,
 If that I may, for somewhat shal I seye;
 For at the werste, it may yit short oure weye;
 I have herde seyde ek, tymes twyes twelve,
 He is a foole that wol foryete hyme selve.'⁴

But natheles, this thoughte he wel ynoughe
 That, 'certeinliche I am aboute noughte,
 If that I speke of love, or mak it tough';⁵

¹ Shakspeare manages this scene with much less delicacy. Troilus himself delivers up Cressida to Diomede, and quarrels with him:—

'Graecian, thou dost not use me courteously
 To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
 In praising her; I tell thee, lord of Greece,
 She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
 As thou unworthy to be called her servant.'—iv. 4.

² Scil., Diomede.

³ The elements of theology are contained in the creed, which was therefore the first thing taught the young; Diomede was more advanced in the science of Love.—See vol. i. p. 202, note 3.

⁴ To leave Troylus for one who could think of love in this way was indeed a fall.

⁵ To make it tough means to take pains about it.

For douteles, if she have in hire thoughte
 Hym that I gesse, he may not ben ybrought
 So soone aweye; but I shal fynde a meene,
 That she nat wit as yet shal what I meene.'

This Dyomede, as he that koude his goode,¹
 When this was don, gan fallen forth in speche
 Of this and that; and axed whi she stood
 In swiche disese, and gan hire ek byseche
 That if that he encresse myght, or eche,
 With any thyng hyre ese, that she sholde
 Comaunde it hym, and seyde he don it wolde.

For treweliche he swor hire as a knyghte, [plese,
 That ther nas thyng with whiche he myght hire
 That he nold don his peyne, and al his myght,
 To don it, for to don hire herte an ese:
 And preye hire she wold hire sorwe apese,
 And seyde, 'Ywis we Grekes kan have joye
 To honouren yow, as wel as folk of Troye.'

He seydeek thus:—'I wot yow thynketh² straunge,—
 No wonder is, for it is to yowe newe,—
 Th'acqueyntaunce of this Troyans to chaunge
 For folk of Grece, that ye nevere knewe:
 But wolde nevere God, but if as trewe
 A Greke ye shold amang us alle fynde,
 As any Trojan is, and ek as kynde.

'And by the cause I swor yow righte now,
 To ben youre frende and helpir to my myghte,
 And for that more acqueyntaunce ek of yow
 Have ich had than an other straunger wight,
 So, fro this forth, I preye yow, day and nyght,
 Commaundeth me, how sore that me smerte,
 To don al that may like unto youre herte;

¹ Understood good manners.

² That is, 'It seemeth strange to you.'—See *ante*, p. 139, note 3.

' And that ye me wolde as youre brother trete,
And taketh nought my frendschipe in dispit.
And though youre sorwes ben for thynges grete,
Not I nat whi, but out of more respit,¹
Myn herte hath for tamende it grete delit;
And if I may youre harmes nat redresse,
I am right sory for youre hevynesse.

' For though ye, Troyans, with us Grekes wroth
Han many a day ben, alwey yet, pardé!
O² god of love, in soth, we serven bothe:
And, for the love of God! my lady fre,
Whom so ye hate, as beth not wroth with me;
For trewely ther kan no wight yow serve,
That half so loth youre wrathe wold disserve.

' And ner it that we been so neigh the tente
Of Calkas, which that sen us bothe may,
I wold of thys yow telle alle myne entente,
But this enseled til an other day:³
Yeve me youre honde, I am and shal ben ay,
God helpe me so! whil that my lif may dure,
Your owen, aboven every creature.

' Thus seyde I nevere or now to womman borpe;
For, God myn herte as wisly glade so!
I loved never womman here beforene,
As paramours, ne nevere shal no mo:
And, for the love of God! beth not my fo,
Al kan I nought to yow, my lady deere,
Compleyne aright, for I am yit to leere.

' And wondreth nought, myne owen lady bryght,
Though that I speke of love to yow thus blyve;
For I have herde or this of many a wight,

¹ Respect.

² O here means *one*.

³ That is, 'This is sealed up, reserved to be disclosed on another opportunity.'

Hath loved thyng he nevere saugh his lyve :
 Ek I am not of power for to stryve
 Ayenis the god of love, but hym obeye
 I wol alwey, and mercy I yow preye.

‘ Ther ben so worthy knyghtes in this place,
 And ye so faire, that everich of hem alle
 Woll peynen hym to stonden in youre grace;
 But, myght to me so faire a grace falle,
 That ye me for youre servaunt wolde calle,
 So lowely, ne so trewely yow serve,
 Nyl non of hem, as I shal til I sterve.’

Cryseyde unto that purpos lite answerde,
 As she that was with sorwe oppressed so,
 That, in effect, she nought his tales herde
 But here and ther, now here a worde or two :
 Hire thought hire sorwful herte braste a-two;
 For when she gan hire fader fer espie,
 Wel neigh down of hire hors she gan to sye.¹

But, natheles, she thonked Dyomede,
 Of alle his travaile and his goode chere,
 And that hym liste his frendshcip hyre to bede;
 And she accepteth it in goode manere,
 And wol do fayn that is hym lief and deere;
 And trusten hym she wolde, and wel she myghte,
 As seyde she, and from hire hors shalighte.²

Her fader hath hire in his armes ynome,
 And twenty tyme he kyste his doughter sweto,
 And seyde:—‘ O dere doughter myne, welcome!’
 She seyde ek, she was fayn with hym to mete,
 And stood forth muwet, mylde, and mansuete;
 But here I leve her with hire fader dwelle,
 And forth I wol of Troylus yow telle.

¹ *Sye* means to fall off, as Mr. Thomas conjectures, from the French *sier*, to fall astern; unless it be read *stie*, from the A. S. *stigan*, descendere.

² Contraction for ‘she alighte.’

To Troye is come this woful Troylus,
In sorwe aboven alle sorwes smerte;
With felon look, and face dispitouse,
Tho sodeinly doun from his hors he sterte,
And thorwgh his paleys, with a swollen herte,
To chaumbre he wente, of nothyng took he hede,
Ne non to hym dar speke a worde, for drede.

And ther his sorwes, that he spared hadde,
He yaf an issue large, and 'Dethe!' he cried;
And in hise throwes, frenetike and madde
He curseth Jove, Apollo, and ek Cupide;
He curseth Ceres, Bachus, and Cipride,
His birthe, hymself, his fate, and ek nature,
And, save his ladie, every creature.

To bedde he goth, and weyleth ther and torneth
In furie, as doth he Ixion¹ in helle;
And in this wyse he neigh til day sojourneth,
But tho bigan his herte alite unswelle,
Thorugh teres, whiche that gonnen up to wele;
And pitously he cryed upon Cryseyde,
And to hym self right thus he spak and seyde.

'Where is myne owene lady, lief and deere?
Where is hire white breste, where is it, where?
Where ben hire armes, and hire eyen clere,
That yester night this tyme with me were?
Now may I wepe allone many a tere,
And graspe aboute I may, but in this place,
Save a pilow, I fynde naught tembrace.

'How shal I don? when shal she com ayein?
I not allas! whi lete ich hire to go?
As wolde God ich hadde as tho ben sleyne!

¹ Ixion, King of Thessaly, was punished for intriguing with Juno by being tied to a wheel which was for ever turning round. Troylus's tossing and turning in bed is well compared with this punishment.

O, herte myn Cryseyde! O swete fo!
 O lady myn! that I love and noo mo,
 To whom for evere mo myne herte I dowe,
 Se how I dye! ye nyl me not rescowe.

' Who seth yow now, my righte lodesterre?
 Who sit right now or stante in youre presence?
 Who kan comforten nowe youre hertes werre?
 Now I am gon, whom yeve ye audiens?
 Who speketh for me right now in my absens?
 Allas! no wight; and that is al my care,
 For well woot I, as yvel as I ye fare.

' How shold I thus ten dayes fulle endure
 When I the firste nyght have al this tene?
 How shal she don ek, sorwful creature?
 For tendrenesse, how shal she thus sustene
 Swiche wo for me? O, pitous, pale, and grene,
 Shal ben youre fresche wommanliche face,
 For langour, er ye torne unto this place.'

And when he fille in any slumberynges,
 Anon bygynne he sholde for to grone,
 And dremen of the dredefulleste thynges
 That myghte ben: as mete¹ he were allone
 In place horrible, makynge ay his mone;
 Or meten that he was emonges alle
 His enemys, and in hire honde falle.

And therwithalle his body sholde sterte,
 And with the sterte alle sodeynliche awake;
 And swiche a tremour fele aboute his herte,
 That of the fere his body sholden quake:
 And therwithal he sholde a noyse make,
 And seme as though he sholde falle depe,
 From heigh of loft, and than he wolde wepe,

¹ That is, 'For instance, he dreamt he was alone.' &c.

And rewen on hymself so pitously,
 That wonder was to here hise fantasye.
 An other tyme he sholde myghtely
 Comforte hymself, and seine it was folie,
 So causeles, swiche drede for to drye;
 And eft bygynne his aspre sorwes newe,
 That every man myghte on his sorwes rewe.

Who koude telle arighte, or ful discryve
 His wo, his pleynt, his langoure, and his pyne?
 Nought al the men that han, or ben, on lyve;
 Thow, redere, maist thi self fulle wele devyne,
 That swiche a wo my wit kan not defyne;
 On ydel for to write it should I swynke,
 When that my wit is wery it to thynke.

On hevene yet the sterres weren seene,
 Although ful pale ywoxen was the moone;
 And whiten gan the orisonte sheene
 Al estewarde, as it was wonte to done;
 And Phebus, with his rosi carte, soone
 Gan efter that to dresse hym up to fare,
 When Troylus hath sente efter Pandare.

This Pandare, that of al the day byforne
 Ne myght han comen Troylus to se,
 Although he on his hed it hadde sworne;¹
 For with the kynge Priam alday was he,
 So that it lay nought in his liberte
 No wher to gon; but on the morwe he wente
 To Troylus, when that he for hym sente.

For in his herte he koude wel devyne,
 That Troylus al nyght for sorw² wooke,
 And that he wolde telle hym of his pyne;

¹ That is, 'Although he had sworn by his head to come and see Troylus, he could not do it.'

² In this MS. *sorrow* is always spelt *sorwe* or *sorw*, which brings it nearer in pronunciation to the original A. S. word *sorg*, as in the fol-

This knew he wele ynowgh withouten booke;
 For which to chaumbre streight the wey he tooke,
 And Troylus tho sobrelích he grette,
 And on the bed ful soone he gan hym sette.

'My Pandarus,' quod Troylus, 'the sorwe
 Which that I drye, I may not longe endure;
 I trowe I shal not lyven til to morwe;
 For whiche I wolde alweyes, on aventure,
 To the devysen of my sepulture
 The fourme, and of my moble¹ thow dispone
 Right as the semeth best it for to done.

'But of the fire and flaambe funeral,²
 In which my body brennen shal to gleden;
 And of the feste and pleyes palestral³
 At my vigile,⁴ I preye the take gode hede
 That that be wel: and offre Mars my stede,
 My swerd, my helme: and, leeve brother deere,
 My shelde to Pallas yef, that shyneth clere.

'The poudre in which myn herte ybrend shal turne,
 That preye I the thow tak, and it conserve
 In a vesselle, that men clepeth an urne,
 * Of gold; and to my lady that I serve,
 For love of whom thus pitouslyche I sterve,

lowing couplet from the *Riming Poem*, in Mr. Conybeare's Introduction:—

'Flán man hwiteth
 Burg sorg biteth.'

¹ That is, 'That thou dispose of my goods and chattels.' *Moble*, or *meuble*, French *meuble*, though now appropriated to furniture, means any personal or moveable property, as distinguished from real property.

² It is perhaps needless to remind the reader that the Greeks and Latins burned their dead, a custom gradually abolished by Christianity, to which, from its Syrian origin, embalming and burying were more congenial.

³ The heathen custom of holding palestral games at funerals survived in the wake-plays which used, till lately, to form part of the ceremony of a funeral in Scotland and in the North of England.

⁴ The vigile was the wake.—See vol. i. p. 183, note 1.

So yeve it hire; and do me this pleasaunce,
To preyen hire kepe it for a remembraunce.

‘For wel I fele by my maladye,
And by my dremes, now and yooore ago,
Al certeinly that I mot nedes dye:
The owle ek, which that hette *Ascaphilo*,¹
Hath efter me shrigh t al these nyghtes two;
And, god *Mercurie*! of me now, woful wreche,
The soule gide, and when thee list it fecche.’

Pandare answerde and seyde, ‘Troylus,
My deere frende, as I have told thee yooore,
That it is folie for to sorwen thus,
And causeles, for whiche I kan no more;
But who so wol nat trowen rede ne lore,
I kan not sen in hym no remedie,
But lat hym worchen with his fantasie.

‘But, Troylus, I preye the telle me nowe,
If that thow trowe, er this that any wight
Hath loved paramours as wel as thow?
Ye, God woot! and fro many a worthy knyght
Hath his lady gon a fourtenighte,
And he not yit made halvendel the care;
What nede is the to maken alle this fare?

‘Syn day by day thow maist thy selven see
That from his love, or elles from his wyfe,
A man mot twynnen of necessite,
Ye, though he love hire as his owen lyfe;
Yet nyl he with hymself thus maken stryfe;
For well thow woost, my leve brother deere,
That alwey frendes may nought ben yfere.

¹ The Harl. MS., 2290, reads *Estiphilo*, a name unknown to classical antiquity; but as the person meant is obviously *Ascalaphus*, whom *Proserpine* changed into an owl, see *Ovid, Met. v.* the reading of the printed edition has been adopted. Chaucer, in this, as in most other cases throughout, uses the Italian termination in *o*, instead of the Latin in *us*, which strengthens the supposition that the *Filostrato* was his original.—See Introduction.

'How don this folk that seen hire loves wedded
By frendes myghte,¹ as it betit ful ofte,
And sen hem in hire spouses bed ybedded?
God woot, they take it wysely, faire, and softe;
For whi? goode hope halt² up hire herte aloft;
And for they kan a tyme of sorwe endure,
As tyme hem hurt, a tyme doth hem cure.

'So sholdestow endure, and latten slyde
The tyme, and fonde to be glad and light;
Ten dayes nys so longe nought tabide;
And, syn she the to comen hath behight,
She nyl hire heste breken for no wight;
For, drede the nought, that she nyl finden weye
To come ayein, my life, that durst I leye.

'Thy swevenes ek, and alle swich fantasie
Dryve oute, and late hem faren to myschaunce;
For they procede of thy malencolye,
That doth thee feele in slepe al this penaunce:
A straw for alle swevenes signifaunce!
God helpe me so, I counte hem nought a bene,
Ther wot no man aright what dremes mene.

'For priestes of the temple tellen this,
That dremes ben the revelaciouns
Of Goddes; and as wel they telle ywis,
That they ben infernals illusiouns.
And leches seyne that of complecciouns
Proceden they, or fast, or glotonie;
Who woot in soth thus what they signifie?

'Ek oother seyne, that thorwgh impressiouns,—
As if a wight hath fast a thyng in mynde,—
That therof cometh swiche avisiouns:
And oother seyne, as they in bokes fynde,
That, efter tymes of the yere, by kynde,

¹ That is, 'By the constraint of their friends.'

² *Betit* and *halt* are the contracted forms for *betideth* and *holdeth*.—
See *ante*, p. 83, note 2.

Men dreme, and that theffect goth by the moone;
But leve no dremen, for it is nought to done.

Wel worth of dremes ay thise olde wyves,¹
And, treweliche, ek augurye of thise foweles,
For fere of which, men wenen leese hire lyves,
As ravenes qualm, or schrychyng of thise owles,
To trowen on it, bothe fals and foul is;
Allas, alas, so noble a creature
As is a man, shal dreden swich ordure!²

‘ For which, with al myn herte, I the beseche,
Unto thi self that alle this thow foryeve;
And ryse now up, withouten more speche,
And lat us cast how forth may best be dryve
This tyme; and ek how fresshly we may lyve,
When that she cometh, the whiche shal be right
soone;
God help me so! thy best is thus to doone.

‘ Ris, lat us speke of lusty life, in Troye
That we han led, and forth the tyme dryve,
And ek of tyme comynge us rejoye,
That bryngen shal oure blisse now so blive;
And langour of this twye dayes fyve
We shal therwith so foryete or oppresse,
That wel unneth it don shal us duresse.

‘ This town is ful of lordes al aboute,
And trewes lasten al this mene whyle;
Go we pleye us in som lusty route,
To Sarpedon, not hennes but a myle;
And thus thow shalt the tyme wel bygile,
And dryve it forth unto that blisful morw,
That thow hire se, that cause is of thi sorwe.

¹ That is, ‘ These old wives set a value on dreams.’

² Chaucer here, in the treatise on the Astrolabie, in *The Chanoun's Yemannes Tale*, and in many other passages, shows himself superior to the influence of superstition.

'Now ris, my dere brother Troylus;
 For certes it non honour is to the
 To wepe, and in thy bed to jouken¹ thus;
 For treweliche of o thyng trust to me,—
 If thou thus ligge, a day, or two, or thre,
 The folk wol wene that thou for cowardyse,
 The feynest sik, and that thou darst not rise.'

This Troylus answerde, 'O brother deere!
 This knowen folk that han ysuffred payne,
 That though he wepe, and make sorwful cheere
 That feeleth harm and smert in every veyne,
 No wonder is; and though ich ever pleyne,
 Or alwey wepe, I am nothyng to blame,
 Syn I have lost the cause of al my game.

'But syn, of fyne, force² I moot aryse,
 I shal aryse, as soone as ever I may;
 And God, to whom myn herte I sacrifise,
 So send us hastely the tenthe day;
 For was ther nevere fowl so fayn of May
 As I shal ben, when that she cometh in Troye,
 That cause is of my tourmente and my joye.

'But whider is thi reed,' quod Troylus,
 'That we may pleye us best in all this town?'
 'By God, my counseile is,' quod Pandarus,
 'To ryde and pleye us with kynge Sarpedoun.'
 So longe of this they spoken up and down,
 Til Troylus gan at the last to assente
 To ryse, and forth to Sarpedoun they went.

This Sarpedoun, as he that honourable
 Was ever hys lyve, and ful of heigh prowesse,
 With al that myght yservyd ben on table,

¹ For *jouken* the printed editions read *rouken*, which means to lie close. Thus we speak of a horse's falling back into the *ruck*, that is, the crowd of horses which are all lying close together in the race.

² The substantive *force* is here taken adverbially, and means necessarily. *Of fyne*, means finally.

That deynte was, al coste it grete richesse,
 He fed hem day by day ; that swich noblesse
 As seyden bothe the meest and ek the leste,
 Was nevere er that day wiste at any feeste.

Nor in this world ther is noon instrumente
 Delicious, thorough wynde, or touch on corde,
 As fer as any wight hath ever wente,
 That tonge telle, or herte may recorde,¹
 But at that fest, it nas wel herde acorde:²
 Ne of ladyes ek so faire a compaignye
 On daunce, er tho, was nevere yseyn with eye.³

But what availleth this to Troylus,
 That, for his sorwe, nothyng of it roughete,
 But evere in oon, as herte pietous,
 Ful bisily Cryseyde his lady soughte?
 On hire was evere al that his herte thoughte,
 Now this, now that, so faste ymagynynge,
 That gladde, ywis, kan hym no feestinge.

Thise laydyes ek that at this feeste ben,
 Syn that he saugh his lady was away,
 It was his sorwe upon hem for to sen,
 Or for to here on instruments so pleye;
 For³ she that of his herte bereth the keye,
 Was absente, lo! this was his fantasye,
 That no wight colde maken melodye.

Nor ther nas houre in al the day or nyghte,
 When he was ther as no man myght hym here,
 That he ne seyde, 'O lufsom lady bryghte,
 How have ye farne syn that ye were here?
 Welcom, ywis, myn owen lady deere!'

¹ *Acorde* means in concert, like the French *d'accord*.

² That is, 'So fair a company of ladies was never, ere that time, seen in a dance.'

³ *For* has here the force of *because*. 'He thought (this was his fancy), that because she who had the key of his heart was absent, no one ought to make melody.'

But, welaway! al this nas but a maze,
Fortune his howen¹ entended bet to glaze.

The lettres ek that she of olde tyme
Hadde hym ysent, he wold allone rede
An hondreth sythe atwexen none and prime,
Refiguryng hire shape, hire wommanhede,
Withinne his herte, and every worde or dede
That passed was; and thus he droof tan² end
The ferthe day, and seyde he wolde wende.

And seyde, 'Leve brother Pandarus,
Intendestow that we shal here bleve,
Til Sarpedoun wol forth congeyen³ us?
Yet were it fayrer that we toke oure leve:
For Goddes love, lat us now soone at eve
Oure leve take, and homwarde lat us tourne;
For trewely I nyl not thus sojourne.'

Pandare answerde, 'Be we comen hyder
To fecchen fire,⁴ and rennen hom ayein?
God help me so! I kan nat tellen whider
We mighte goon, if I shal sothely seyn,
Ther any wight is of us moore feyn
Than Sarpedon; and if we hennes hye
Thus sodeinly, I holde it vilenye.⁵

'Syn that we seyden that we wolde bleve
With hym a wowke, and now thus sodeynly
The ferthe day to take of hym our leve,

¹ Speght reads *hore*, which is only another form of *hove*, hood—Urry, *lore*, which is evidently the gloss of an ignorant copyist. To *glaze* or *glase* is to *glose*, or deceive; but it is not apparent with what propriety Fortune can be said to *deceive his hood*. To *set a man's hove* is a very usual expression, meaning to deceive him.

² Contraction for *to an*.

³ The printed editions read *conveyen*. *Congeyen* is much more expressive. Troylus says, 'Shall we stay here till Sarpedon gives us our congó, or permission to depart? It were much better that we ourselves took our leave.'

⁴ That is, 'Are we come here to go away again in such haste as one who goes to a neighbour's house to fetch a light and hurries back that it may not be extinguished before he reaches home?'

⁵ That is, 'Bad manners.'

He wolde wondren on it trewely :
 Lat us holde forthe oure purpos fermely ;
 And, syn that ye byhighten hym to bide, --
 Holde forward¹ now, and after lat us ride.'

This Pandarus, with alle peyne and wo
 Made hym to dwelle; and at the wekes end,
 Of Sarpedon they toke hire leve tho,
 And on hire weye they spedden hem to wende:
 Quod Troylus, ' Now Lorde me grace sende,
 That I may fynden at myn home commynge,
 Cryseyde comen!' and therwith gan he synge.

'Ye, hasel-wode!'² thought this Pandare,
 And to hymself ful softly he seyde,
 ' God woot, refreyden may this hoot fare,
 Er Calkas sende Troylus Cryseyde!
 But natheles he japed thus and seyde,
 And swor, ywis, his herte hym wel bilighthe,
 She wolde com as soone as evere she myghte.

¹ Let us hold to our former agreement.

² Instead of *hasel-wode*, the Harl. MS. 2280 reads *hastow*, which is consistent neither with the sense nor metre. The printed editions have therefore been followed here. *Hasel-wode* is the first word of the sentence, 'Hasel-wodes shaken,' or 'Hazel-wode shaketh,' which may, perhaps, have been the refrain of some popular song, and which is used to signify anything quite beside the mark. See *ante*, p. 146, note 2. Pandarus knows the world too well to suppose for a moment that Troylus will find Cryseyde returned; he therefore says to himself, 'This is all nonsense.'

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